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WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

WAKE FOREST AT JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

E. W. SIKES.

The most striking feature of Hopkins life is the differentiation of graduates and the undergraduates. The undergraduate is young, dresses well, spends money freely, is fond of athletics, and is fully aware that he is a part of the University. The graduate has passed the age for college freaks, cares very little for stylish costumes, spends little money, does not talk athletics, and seems to care very little for anything save his work. The men who have entered the Johns Hopkins from Wake Forest have, of course, joined the graduate classes. From the life at Wake Forest to the Johns Hopkins is a very abrupt change—the idyl changes to an epic.

NO CAMPUS.

It is disappointing to find no campus, no green sward, where happy students may make the night melodious with college music. It was the purpose of Mr. Hopkins to have the University built at his country home on the suburbs of the city, where are acres of beautiful lawn and woodland. The Trustees, however, have not carried out the wish of the donor. They concluded that the modern University should be placed in the heart of the city, where busy life throbbed around it all the day. The rumbling of the dray-wagon and the rapid rush of the street-car often drown the voice of the lecturer.

It must not be judged from this that the undergraduate at Hopkins finds no place to vent his surplus energies. The gymnasium is recognized as their peculiar property, and here they meet for social intercourse. It is here also that the un-

wary freshman is given a "pot social," a species of hazing that sometimes occurs. They have also their athletic teams, but the inconvenience of grounds will forever prevent Hopkins from excelling in these lines. Annual gymnastic exhibitions are given, snch as were once given at Wake Forest.

Class suppers are a frequent means of social enjoyment, as also are occasional "hops." But it is the graduate student's life that is most interesting to prospective University students.

GRADUATE STUDENTS.

The University is the idea of its President, Daniel C. Gilman. The trustees have very wisely permitted him to carry out his own plans. There has never been any friction between the President and the Board.

The idea upon which the Hopkins is founded is that it should be made a place for special study, a place to which men from other institutions may go and spend years of work in their special line. It has been said that a college is a place to learn a little about everything, while a University is a place to learn all about one thing. It is better to take the B. A. degree at some college. In the college there is an intimacy with the teachers which is not gained at a university, there is a common feeling, an *esprit de corps*, which prevails in a body of college students that is not met with elsewhere.

The graduate student has generally taught before entering the university, consequently there is a seriousness about what he does. The great majority of them have already selected teaching as their profession. Irving's description of a bookworm is a very good description of a Hopkins student. He is not sociable, does not go into society, and many do not even renew their affiliations with their fraternities.

EXAMINATIONS.

The undergraduate is given frequent examinations during the session, but at the close there is one examination covering the work of the entire year. The University furnishes paper,

ink, etc., and a committee remains in the room to render any needed assistance.

The graduate seldom has an examination in the midst of the term. When he does, they count nothing toward his degree. On coming up for his degree he is given a thorough written examination and a final oral in the presence of the entire corps of teachers. The written examination may be not more than six hours in length, the oral one hour. During the written examination he is left alone in the library.

THESIS.

It is the thesis that brings terror and sorrow to the heart of the applicant for a doctor's degree. To be original, to make a contribution to the fund of human knowledge, is the task that devolves upon him.

These theses are subjected to the most critical examinations at the hands of experts. The student is required to have them printed at his own expense and to present the University with a large number of copies (150). There is no examination given on his thesis for he is supposed to be an authority on that subject.

The graduate student feels that he would have an easy time were it not for the thesis which comes before his mind in the night time and in the waking hour. There is no special regulation as to its length; it must be one exhaustive treatment of the subject in hand. It is the work done on theses that has given Hopkins its prestige among American universities and its reputation in Europe.

ADVANTAGES.

There is nothing ostentatious about the University; even the buildings, especially the old ones, are very ordinary structures. There is no display of art nor architecture. Their money has been invested in men. However, in the future, more attention will be paid to the beauty of the buildings. The advertising bill is small; there is no "drag-net system" to gather in students.

The libraries of the city of Baltimore are used by the students; the Peabody is the laboratory where many theses are evolved.

Its proximity to Washington City gives it great advantage in the study of government and history, for Washington City is the best place in the United States for the writing of history. It is very easy to gain access to any of the departments.

While the location has been much criticised, the writer is of the opinion that there was wisdom shown in its location. Modern education should be in close sympathy with the busy, moving world, cloisters belong to monasticism; the great walls that once separated higher education from the outside world are fast tumbling.

Veritas vos liberabit is the motto of the University. There is no tradition to hamper, no old fallacy to pursue, no orthodoxy in religion, politics or government, no sectionalism, no provincialism; the University is like the island of Delos—all the States of Greece come hither.

The Wake Forest man often longs for a rustic in the old college campus, or to roll on the grass once more, to mingle with the boys in their play, or join in the victorious shout that welcomes home the ball team; but alas! they are but dreams and he is in a different life.

A LOYAL DESERTER.

R. C. LAWRENCE. is a good writer

John Walters was one of those quiet, unobtrusive men in whom people seldom expect to find strong traits of character and noble lives. John's stature confirmed this opinion. He was a small, weak, patient man, who seemingly could not be aroused to anger. His character reminds one of Dickens' "Uriah Heep," only that he was entirely free from dissimulation.

John's lot had always been a hard one. In his boyhood his father predicted that he would die before reaching manhood, and was so impressed by his own conviction that he sought to hasten the boy's end by placing upon his shoulders all the arduous burdens of the farm. John took the abuse of his father patiently, and grew up companionless, a silent and moody man.

When John reached manhood, he astonished his father by telling him he was engaged to be married.

"Goin' to be married? Humph! A pretty husband you'd make. Who in the world would have you?" said his father.

"Sallie said she would, father."

Then his father laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks, for Sallie was one of the largest, most masculine women of whom the community boasted, and the idea of matrimony between her and the meek John struck John's father as ludicrous in the extreme. But he assented, treating the matter as a huge joke, and telling his companions what a henpecked husband John would be.

So John was married. More than that, he loved his wife, and as time passed away a child came and softened her character.

Five years later the war opened and John expressed his determination to enlist to protect his home and family, now increased by several children, from the attack of the invader.

Three years passed away and John had not distinguished himself. Beyond being the butt of all ridicule and the servant for the rest of the company, he had acquired no prominence in his troop. It was true that John sometimes gave his scanty rations to some young recruit, who had not learned to endure the privations of army life. Then his comrades said he was a fool. They said they reckoned he wanted to die anyhow, as he was only in the way of others.

One night in the autumn of '63, the company was lying around the camp-fire enjoying the rest they so sorely needed.

They were for the most part strongly built, large men, whom toil and privation had reduced to mere skeletons. All was quiet—the men had no disposition to talk. They were thinking of home and the good meals they had before the war. They took great delight in describing dinners at which they had been, and speculating upon the probability of starving if the war should continue.

The arrival of the postman caused a great stir in camp. News from home was rare, and they eagerly crowded around him in hope that they might hear from home and loved ones.

"Letter for John Walters," said the postman; "where is he?"

"I think he is over there in the fire," drawled out the wit of the company; "but never mind, he is so small he'll never burn up."

There was a feeble laugh at this sally, and John was hunted up and the letter delivered.

John wandered away from the group and read his letter. It contained only these words: "John, Jennie is dead and we are starving. Come home, John, or we die."

Next morning John applied for a furlough, and when the Colonel curtly told him that no furloughs were being granted, as a battle was expected, the tears started to the eyes of the faithful, patient man.

"But, Colonel, my wife is sick, my child is dead, all are starving. Just let me go home for a week," he pleaded.

"Can't do it," and with these words the Colonel dismissed him.

All day the letter weighed upon his mind. He walked about as one in a dream. That afternoon he wandered off by himself to the sunny slope of a hill. He took the letter out and read it again. His head sank upon his knees and his mouth twitched. He thought of his childhood and of his mother. He seemed again to be wandering as a boy over his native hills. He heard again the sighing of the pines and the

lowing of the cattle. Then he thought of his wife and beloved children in his humble home upon the mountain. He saw his wife upon her bed of sickness. He heard her voice—"John, come home! We are starving, John, come home." His head sank lower. His soul was passing through the valley of the shadow. Bitter tears streamed down his face. Finally he arose. His soul had passed through the valley, and he saw his duty before him clearly as the evening sun. He determined to desert.

That night a dark form stole by the picket, and the rising sun next morning found John well upon his way. For several days he continued upon his journey, sleeping by day and traveling by night, until, footsore and weary, he approached his home. His heart beat faster as he neared the familiar spot, and he quickened his steps as the little house loomed up before him. Nearing it he saw his little boy weeping in the yard. Filled with apprehension, he hastened forward and clasped the child in his arms. But his boy had forgotten him and struggled to free himself. He put him down and went into the house.

He had feared it. Stretched upon the bed lay the dead form of his wife. She had not been dead long. The hollow face showed only too well the cause.

John sat there dazed. He did not hear the troop of cavalry ride up to the door and surround the house. But they were there. Sympathetic as they were, they were under the strong necessity of carrying the deserter back to his command. So they hastily dug a shallow grave and reverently laid the body in it. Then they handcuffed John and started upon the return march.

It was near midday when they arrived at camp. Through the crowd of soldiers they bore the handcuffed man to the commandant's tent.

"So you deserted, did you? I am very sorry, but I fear you will have to pay the penalty," said the Colonel.

Then John seemed to awake from his stupor. He became frantic, and breaking from his captors he rushed at the astonished Colonel crying, "It was you that caused it. You ought to have let me go." Then he broke down, and the weeping, delirious man was borne from the tent. That night he lay in the guard-house.

"It's no use passing sentence upon this man. He'll be dead before morning," said the surgeon, as he looked at John and heard his delirious ravings.

"It's a sad case, Doctor," said a young Captain standing near.

"Yes, I know," said the Doctor, "but if he lives, the good of the service will demand that he be made an example."

John was better in the morning, and at 10 o'clock the court-martial convened, and John was brought before them on the charges of desertion and striking a superior officer.

His Colonel was called and recited the circumstances of his desertion and arrest. Then the presiding General called for his defence. John put a tattered letter into his hands and said: "I heard her voice, General, and had to go. I meant to come back, General; indeed I did."

The General read the letter aloud and then his eyes filled with tears. "I wish it were not so, my man; but you see it's the principle. Your example might be followed by half the army, and you can easily see the consequences."

So the court-martial sentenced him to be shot at sunrise on the following morning, and John was conducted to the guard-house to pass away the intervening hours.

That night he heard the rapid firing of the pickets as they were driven in and knew the division had been attacked. He heard the sharp, quick orders of the officers and the call, "Boots and saddles!" Then he heard the roll of musketry and the occasional boom of cannon. Then all was quiet and he knew that the battle had been deferred until the morning.

At the break of day a heavy cannonade commenced to the

front, and John, looking from the narrow window of his prison, saw the deserted camp and a lone sentry pacing the beat before his prison door. He learned from him that the division had advanced to the attack. Then the firing became heavier, and soon the wounded began to be passed to the rear. Finally the sentry was struck by a minie-ball and fell dying at his post. Then John thought of escape. Casting a hasty glance around, he dropped from the window and ran rapidly toward the adjacent woods.

He did not go far before he stopped. He seemed struggling within himself. Finally he came back, and taking up the musket of the dead sentinel, began pacing the measured beat.

It was nearly noon when his Colonel came galloping by. He stopped in amazement as he beheld the well known form of John before the guard-house door.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed.

John saluted and told the Colonel of the sentry's death. "And oh! Colonel," he pleaded, "let me go and be killed in the battle, instead of being shot as a deserter. If I don't get killed, I'll come back."

Upon giving his parol, the Colonel granted his request, and John soon regained his command and plunged into the thickest of the fight.

Then came the order for the charge. Up the steep slope went the division. From the heights a Federal battery poured its leaden hail upon the ranks of the Confederates. The lines wavered. At the head of the storming column the colors were seen to fall. The men seemed panic stricken. They turned and fled.

At the foot of the slope a General re-formed them and said, "Look, men!"

Far up the heights they saw the Confederate colors floating in the breeze and heard a voice calling, "Up, men!" The command rallied and a cheer went up from the ranks. Up the steep slope they went until, joining John, they drove the Federals from the heated guns.

That night, in one quarter, the victorious Southern army was rejoicing ; in another, John was looking through the window of the guard-house, and the tread of a sentry was again heard before the door.

The next morning at sunrise the division was drawn up in a double line and soon John appeared, handcuffed and attended by a detail of infantry. He was placed on the edge of a newly dug grave in front of the division, and all was ready.

A murmur arose from the rear rank which swelled to a hoarse shout of disapproval. The Colonel glanced uneasily up the line as the mutterings reached his ears. He had feared mutiny, and was anxious to have an end.

"Captain, detail your men." The Captain read the names selected for the detail, and gave an order to come forward.

Not a man moved from the ranks. The Colonel was furious. Riding up to one of the detail, he ordered him to come forward and proceed with the execution.

The man hesitated. Then he said, "I cannot, Colonel. He saved the battle yesterday."

The Colonel looked up the line and breathed a sigh of relief as he saw a General approach. He rode to meet him.

"What's the matter, Colonel?"

"Mutiny, General. The men will not obey my commands." Then he told the General the circumstances.

The General faced the division. All ears were strained to catch his words. He said : "The man who is faithful to his family and who rallies a disordered line, deserves more from his country than a deserter's grave."

And the Federal troops across the river wondered at the cheer which went up from the Confederate ranks.

THE JUDICIARY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

There is perhaps no one thing which indicates more clearly the standing and condition of a nation than the standard of its judiciary. If corrupt, the judiciary is always a license to crime; but if pure, it is a terror to evil-doers. Essentially important is it to have good laws with a man of decision and ability in the executive chair; but after all, unless there be upon the bench men of unpurchasable integrity, the outcome will be defiance of law and a prolific crop of criminals.

The judiciary of North Carolina has not so brilliant a record as some bodies have, still that record contains the name of some men of character and exceptional ability, especially during the last thirty years. Before the Revolutionary War this State could hardly have been said to possess a judiciary in the present sense of that word, but it was more nearly allied to our system of magistrates. Courts were held in the private houses of the judges. About the only advantage the system of that period possessed over our own was that then a person could not appeal from one tribunal to a higher, and by the intricate and costly machinery known to advocates at present, to clog the feet of justice so that it is a matter of impossibility for her to proceed. When a man was brought face to face with the majesty of the law in the log palace of his Honor, he was sure to meet rapid justice or injustice, according to the price his Honor placed upon his convictions.

At length, however, the members of the Assembly came to the conclusion that the home-like spirit of the justices' private homes very materially diminished the majesty of the law; so they passed an act which compelled the justices from their private funds to build court houses of the spacious dimensions of 24 feet by 16 feet, but leaving the height to their own discretion.

At that period (1715) there was only one Superior Court in the State, which met at Edenton. The first Chief Justice

mentioned was Peter Henley, who died in 1759; and on his monument was the inscription, "Here lieth a man of learning and integrity." He was succeeded by Charles Perry, who in turn blew out his brains with a pistol, from the effects of which he was gathered unto his fathers. James Hasell succeeded him as Chief Justice.

Maurice Moore, the one man of preeminent capacity who sat upon the judicial bench before the Revolution, was suspended as Associate Justice for his action in regard to the Stamp Act, and Jones was put in his place.

In 1767 the province was divided into five judicial districts, and a new law adopted, with Edenton, Newberne, Wilmington, Halifax, and Hillsboro as the points where the sessions were held. Morton Howard succeeded Hasell as Chief Justice with Richard Henderson and Maurice Moore as associates. This was perhaps the most able court of the State before 1780; but their conduct was infamous in imposing a fine of penury for the five cases of extortion in office, of which Edmund Fanning was found guilty. The outcome of this shameful proceeding was the organization of the Regulators and breaking up of the courts.

When Alexander Martin became Governor of North Carolina in 1773, he established courts of oyer and terminer for the sole purpose of criminal trials, and Samuel Cornell was made Chief Justice; but this court was squelched by Maurice Moore, so there remained no court at all except justices' courts. Judge Moore died soon after this; the Assembly passed a new Court Bill; and James Iredell, Samuel Ashe, and Samuel Spencer were elected to the Superior Court bench. By this law the Superior Court met twice each year, in the places above-named, and the system prevailed until freedom from England made reform and improvement in every department a fixed part of the new order of things.

New circuits were established, and "equity jurisdiction" was given to the Superior Courts. In 1785 was seen the first clash between the judicial and legislative branches, Judge

Ashe triumphing in his position that the law refusing proceedings to recover confiscated property was unconstitutional. In 1790 Judge Iredell was promoted to the Supreme Court bench of the United States, and was succeeded by John Stokes, who died soon afterward. John Sitgraves, in turn, followed him, and Spruce McKoy, a man of learning and talent, was elected as Judge for a newly created district.

In 1795 Judge Ashe was made Governor. Then his vacant place on the bench was filled by David Stone, who was only twenty-five years of age at the time. In 1798 he declined to accept a place in Congress, so Alfred Moore was chosen in his stead, John Taylor being made Judge at the same time. In 1799 Judge Williams died and also Judge Iredell, of the United States Supreme Court, and the latter was succeeded by Alfred Moore.

Another radical change was made this year in the court system. All the judges, after the courts had been held, met twice a year at Raleigh and constituted a conference for the final decision of appealed cases. In 1801 Sitgraves died and was succeeded by Henry Potter, who continued in the position for over half a century. Johnson resigned in 1803, and his place was taken by Francis Locke, of Rowan.

In 1805 the Court of Conference was changed to the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the Judges under this new method were Stone, McKoy, Taylor, Hall, and Locke. On the election of Stone as Governor in 1808, Blake Baker became Judge, along with Wright and Henderson. In 1815 Henderson and Cameron resigned, and were succeeded by Thomas Ruffin and J. J. Daniel. In 1818 the Supreme Court, instead of being a mere assembly of Superior Court Judges, was made a separate institution with judges of its own, John Taylor becoming Chief Justice with Henderson and Hall as associates. Changes now became rapid, and in 1821 courts were established much on the same footing as at present. The Superior Courts was held twice a year in every county, and were entirely distinct from the Supreme Court.

A FRAGMENT FROM LIFE.

NIRWANA.

After a busy, busy day in my office I was out strolling one November evening late. For some reason, I know not why, I drifted in the direction of the old cemetery and in through its massive iron gate, standing open wide as if ever ready for some new occupant to be ushered within. Down the nicely-kept central walk I wandered for three or four blocks, and then turned directly to the right. Finding this pathway, after some little distance, secluded and quiet as the graves by its sides, I dropped my gaze from things around me and with clasped hands gave myself up to the thoughts within. Sufficiently sad and absorbing were those thoughts to make a solitude anywhere. I don't know, therefore, just how far down this walk I had gone when I was aroused into consciousness of the world about me by what sounded like a human voice. Was it indeed that, or was it—something else? Hurriedly glancing in every direction I found that I was in one of the farthest parts of the cemetery enclosure. Within thirty feet in front of me was the high stone wall. At a little greater distance, and off to the right, was the other wall meeting this one. I was in the extreme northwest corner. Only two paths led out from my position; one on the left followed the line of the fence and was so obstructed by dense undergrowth as to be seemingly impassable; the other was the one by which I had come, and it was narrow and only slightly worn as if trodden by only occasional feet. This was the oldest part of the cemetery and, long since filled with its silent inmates, was very much neglected. Some of the stones had fallen, and all were leaning and time-worn.

The voice which had so suddenly aroused me seemed to come from my left and slightly behind. I'll admit that I was somewhat disconcerted at first—the thing was so unexpected and—well—sepulchrally chilling, you know. Of course I

wasn't really frightened. It is hard to conceive how a thing like that could have happened. Why, if a lone and white-robed spirit had perchance have shown itself, it would have given me pleasure to have aided it in finding the grave to which it belonged. If some musty skeleton had arisen and asked for help, I think I could have helped it turn over and compose itself. I am sure that I wasn't frightened, even though under pressure of my surroundings I at first mistook the fluttering of my pantaloons for the rustle of Gabriel's wings. To sum the whole matter up, I had one of those peculiar feelings which brave men sometimes have, but which are entirely due to momentary environment, and cannot be explained when the environments change. A certain argument in my mind that I wasn't really afraid is the fact that I didn't run, even though my legs seemed restless and determined to move. I remained as quietly as possible where I was. Presently my heart stood still at the sound of a deep, long moan, so full of sorrow and woe that it dispelled all fear from pity's place and made me ashamed of my childish start.

A few paces behind me I saw that the tall grass and weeds were bent down and aside, as if some one had forced his way through there. Following the path thus marked I was, after fifteen or twenty steps, in the presence of the one who had uttered the pitiful cry which I had heard. Down prostrate on the ground lay an old white-headed man, his arms thrown around the headstone of the grave upon which his body partly lay. His face was buried in the long, crushed and matted grass. Evidently he had not heard my approach. Presently a strong convulsive shudder swept over his body, and he uttered another moan of heart-rending anguish. Going closer and kneeling by his side, I placed my hand upon his shoulder and gently shook him, as one shakes a sleeping child. He made no motion, and so I called to him to arise. After a moment or two, he slowly turned his head and, removing his arms from around the stone, arose and stood by my side. The twi-

light was now so dim that I could not make out the features of his face, but I saw that his form was very much stooped and I judged that he was very old.

"You will pardon me, sir, for thus trespassing upon your solitude, but happening in my ramble to stray near by I heard you moan as if in distress, and stopped to see whether I might render you any service."

"You need no pardon, young man: I thank you for your considerateness."

Marking the tone of natural nobility in which these words were uttered by the stranger, I became more interested and determined to learn what of his history I could. By degrees I drew him on, encouraging the volubility of old age and sympathy-needing sorrow, until, seating himself upon an old vault near by, he told me the following incidents of his life:

"Fifty-one years ago I was living in Richmond, Virginia. I had come from my old country home into the city to pursue the practice of law. Cases were coming into my hands and I was building up quite a good practice. Life seemed full of promise to me, and no cloud was ever so dark with ill-omen that the eye of hope could not pierce it through. Success was opening up to me a kingdom and Love was coming with a robe and a crown. The alchemy of happiness changed everything into good. Life was then but in the bud, giving promise of glorious beauty in its unfolding. Oh, God! who would have guessed the canker that lay even then in its heart.

"I was in love with her who had been my playmate, my nearest neighbor's youngest child. I had loved her from the time when she was old enough to stretch out her little arms to me and lispingly call me her 'thweetheart.' As she grew into girlhood and then to young womanhood the fairies fastened more and more of the sunshine into her hair, and deepened the eyes once of heaven's own blue into mysterious dark brown depths. Our love had grown with the passing years. The separation of college cycles had made our hearts in truth

grow fonder. We were engaged to be married soon after my return, but on account of a disastrous investment my father lost his property and was forced to give up his home. Then it was that I went to the city to retrieve our wealth, being far too proud to ask Ruth—Ruth Huntingdon was her name—to have me as her husband while I was poor. I made a mistake in that, young man, but then I was too proud to know it.

"Success was mine, as I told you in the beginning, but I wasn't satisfied; money came too slow. I thought that I could gather it faster by moving to the West. I moved. Ruth would gladly have gone with me, but I was unwilling to take her until I could support her as she had been in her home. In bidding her good-bye I told her that if I prospered I would return for her, but that if I did not she would never hear from me again. I can never forget that time. How Ruth clung to me, and told me that I treated her cruelly and that my heart was getting hard as stone! How I longed to marry her then; but the devil gave to pride the triumph over love.

"Stopping at Louisville temporarily I was, in a few years, caught in the stream of those pouring toward California in the crusade for gold. Delirious with the contagious fever, I started to mining for all I was worth. I had appointed five years as the time in which I should be heard from—four of that number were gone. I rose early and worked late. The fifth year was nearly ended and I could send no message yet. Despair was gradually taking hold of me. Life had lost all its joy. The last day of the fifth year came, dragged along its weary length and was gone—and no message had been sent to that eastern home. I was a fool then, but I saw it not. Oh, how bitter seems the folly now.

"Let the veil be drawn over the next three years as despair and darkness were over me then. They covered me like a pall. I had little courage for anything, but somehow I managed to work ahead. In the fourth year I struck a lode. Its treasure seemed boundless; it was the richest lode then

found. When my wealth began to leap up by thousands I sent a telegram to Ruth. No answer came. Vague fears began to take hold upon me. What had become of her? Why no reply? I wrote to the postmaster requesting to know. Several weeks later I received the reply: 'You ask about Ruth Huntingdon. I do not know her whereabouts. More than a year ago she married and moved away from here.'

"Married and gone; words full of sadness, but not equal to those to come. I knew the fact but I knew not its setting. Whom had she married, and why? In reply to a request for the particulars in full, I received only these simple words: 'She married a Mr. Edwinson. She acted very disgracefully with him; and marriage was a necessity.' And that was the thing 'in full.' Bitter words. On how sharp-cutting! Then my fury knew no bounds. I cursed God as an idle superstition. I swore that purity was naught but hypocrisy, and that no such thing as goodness was known. My life was bitter for many years.

"After awhile, however, the poison ceased to rankle so. Anger and bitterness gave place to sorrow with power to soften my life. My wealth being plentiful and its increase insured, I returned to the practice of law. I rose in power in my profession. The old-time love of study came full upon me. I was honored by my State. I lived, I believe, a right useful life. I tried to do right and to make others happy, for I knew the bitterness of an unhappy life. But now my little career is just about run. Arranging all of my business affairs, I came East some months ago to hunt up my old-time love, if that could be, for I wanted to see her again before death came.

"By various means—I need not describe them—I traced her through her wanderings to this place. I learned from the old man who used to keep this cemetery that she was buried here. I sought out her grave. It is there."

The old man stopped, and for a long time could not control his feelings. I took him in my arms as if I had been his son

and held him until the violence of his weeping had passed. The silence in which we sat for some time was broken at length by him.

"You wonder, young man, if I love her still. I do. You are surprised at that. Well, I cannot explain the thing. I never saw her in her shame. I know not what she looked like then. I remember her as she was when a girl in all of her beauty and love. No, no; young man, don't you say that she fell: she was dragged down by the devil himself. Oh, Ruth, dear love, I know that thou art pure. Thou wert 'more sinned against than sinning.' But oh! how couldst thou be thus wronged? How hard it seems, oh God! that she who was fitted by every grace and charm to reign as queen in the purest home should have been thus sinned against by the devil's imps. To me, oh darling, thou art still a queen, for a-down memory's tremulously echoing hall thou dost march as unquestioned queen of a boyish heart, and now, from the old gray-headed man, dost receive the christening of queen even unto death."

Gently the old man stooped and pressed his lips against the blackened slab. A moment more and he was gone.

August 16, 1896.

A VISIT TO GOETHE'S HOME.

J. H. GORRELL.

It was late in the afternoon of a bright, clear summer's day that I waited with a number of fellow-passengers at the dreary railway station of Apolda for the arrival of the train that ran up the Thuringian valley. I had changed cars several times, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that I settled down in a carriage that was to bring me to my destination. All around was the usual German boisterousness; two men to my right were discussing the merits of German beer; another was carrying on an animated conversation with the burly conductor; a French woman seated in a corner appeared to be as un-

comfortable as possible, and a young German to my left was lazily puffing at a cigar and occasionally dozing, until I entered into conversation with him and pictured the glories of America in such vivid terms that he became really enthusiastic and requested me to take him home with me on my return.

An hour after sunset our train came to a standstill, and the conductor shouted into our compartment: "Weimar; one minute stop." I gathered together my few belongings and descended into a little railway station, filled with a bustling crowd of rather rustic-looking folk who had assembled there to meet their friends or to watch the trains. I had to rub my eyes several times and take long looks at the flaming placards to realize that I was actually in that little city, which to the lover of German literature is more interesting than all the magnificent capitals of the empire. My recent acquaintance on the train showed me a neat little hotel, the Kaiserin Augusta, just at the entrance to the city, and it was not long before I was comfortably seated in my little room gazing at the distant mountains, that were already growing misty and indistinct in the dusk of the evening.

Bright and early the next morning I was sauntering along the modern-looking Sophien-strasse, with its two long rows of beautiful little villas almost concealed by the luxuriant foliage that embellished the front courts. At the end of this street we enter into old Weimar, the Weimar of Goethe and of Schiller, with its narrow, winding streets, its low houses with immense gables and slanting roofs covered with red tiles, its curious, dingy little shops—all characteristic of a quaint old German town.

A few steps to the right and you find yourself in a small square, in front of which is the four hundred year old city church where Herder once preached, and where the body of the great writer is now resting. Herder's statue in bronze is placed a few yards in front of the church door, and on the pedestal is engraved his favorite motto, "Licht, Liebe, Leben."

A narrow street to the left leads to the grand ducal palace situated upon a little hill, at the foot of which winds the Ilm amidst a most luxuriant growth of shrubbery. One is strongly tempted to stop on the rustic bridge that crosses the stream and dreamily watch the slow flowing of the water, and seek that quiet communion with Nature that so enriched the poesy of the Fatherland.

But for the transient visitor there is little time left for such reveries, and we turn back into the town and soon find ourselves in front of the old theatre, of which Goethe was for so many years the director, and where the immortal tragedies of Germany's greatest poets were first acted. In the square before the theatre is fittingly placed the celebrated Goethe-Schiller monument designed by Rietschel. As a happy conception of the union of Germany's two greatest geniuses, this monument is without an equal; the handsome, intellectual face of Goethe—the highest type of manly beauty—is turned toward the east; his left hand is laid upon the shoulder of his brother poet, his right clasps the right hand of Schiller, and together they hold a wreath of oak leaves; the thin, poetic countenance of Schiller is directed toward the skies, as if seeking a new inspiration from above. On the pedestal of the monument is this simple inscription, "Dem Dichterpaar Goethe und Schiller—Das Vaterland."

It is with reluctance that I turn from gazing at the statue of these loved poets and pass along quiet Schiller-strasse till I reach an unpretending yellow brick building with a long steep roof from which project two small dormer windows. Above the door is the simple notice, "Here lived Schiller." I entered and passed up a winding staircase to a second-story apartment consisting of a couple of plain rooms. In these Schiller lived, and here he died. A taciturn old gentleman, with white beard and thin white hair, presides over the few treasures that are collected in these rooms. Here we see his work-table, and near by his old guitar and spinet, on which I struck a few keys, making a curious melancholy sound in the

low chamber; near by it is his death-bed, covered with wreaths, on the pillow of which is placed a portrait of the poet taken shortly after his death. There are several marble statuettes, a few portraits of Schiller in the different theatrical roles played by him, and his clock, which the old janitor assured me was over a hundred years old and still keeps excellent time. In a glass case are kept the death-mask of Schiller, his last pen, his and Goethe's court-swords, and other simple belongings of the needy poet.

Goethe's house is not far distant, occupying the northern extremity of a square, in the midst of which plays a diminutive fountain. While waiting for the opening of the house, I amused myself by jotting down the names of those who lived around this square—a most unpoetic collection of personages to be sure: the inn to the Golden Swan, a wholesale wine store, a millinery shop, a tobacco and cigar establishment, a stationery house, and among these are scattered about not a few little restaurants. Precisely at eleven the doors of the Goethe house are thrown open, and after the payment of a mark the visitor is admitted to the upper rooms, which serve as an interesting museum of Goethe collections. The walls are hung with portraits of the poet at different periods of his life, also those of his wife, his children and other members of his family. In glass cases are displayed his letters and bits of writing from the time of his student days in Leipzig, his watch set with garnets, a cross given him by Napoleon, his microscope and other reminiscences of his botanical studies; a fine collection of coins, medals and cameos made by him while in Italy; a golden wreath presented to him on his seventieth birth-day by his native city, Frankfort; the first casts of some choruses of Faust; landscape drawings in water-color, death-masks of Carl August, Lessing, Dante, Schiller and Tasso, and the skull of the painter Van Dyck—a curious collection of relics for a poet. Passing to the rear of the house, one feels as if he were treading on holy ground, for here is Goethe's work-room just as he left it, with a high narrow

desk covered with French, German and English books, and a large writing-table, at which the aged poet sat in a richly upholstered chair and dictated to his amanuensis, Eckermann. Adjacent to this larger apartment is a small room, no larger than an ordinary closet, in which Goethe breathed his last. The visitor is not allowed to enter, but views from without the small bed with its faded quilt, the arm-chair of green in which the great spirit passed away with the faintly uttered words, "More light." No other furniture adorns this unpretentious apartment, except the plain washstand and a small table, on which the coffee-cup and the medicine-glass are still kept as they were when they administered to the last wants of the dying poet.

There is a sense of sorrowful attractiveness which makes one love to stay and meditate amid the scenes where the great have lived and worked and suffered and died, and I was loth to go back to the common every-day world again. But the fresh mountain air and a brisk walk to the park soon dispelled these little clouds from my mind, and I was soon subject to a small share of the same influences that worked so potently upon Goethe, the lover of Nature. The fine park of Weimar, abounding in all varieties of natural beauty, of hill and dale, forest and meadow, wild shrubberry and gay flower-beds, was the work of Goethe, the city councillor. The Ilm meanders with many a crook and turn through the beautiful place, and not far from its banks, surrounded by a thick clump of woods, stands the diminutive Goethehaus, where the poet spent months apart from the bustle of the town in sweet communion with Nature.

It was fitting that I should postpone a visit to the Weimar cemetery till after I had made a thorough acquaintance with the traces of the great men in the town itself. One afternoon, however, I concluded to visit the burial place of the grand ducal family, where repose also the bodies of the poets. For hours I wandered aimlessly amid stately monuments and unpretentious graves, reading the names and the numerous in-

scriptions, and almost envying those who were so fortunate as to be buried so near the last resting place of genius.

The inscriptions are for the most part free from the lengthy eulogies that usually deck the tombs of European cemeteries. Some are full of pathos, such as the following, placed by a sorrowful mother upon the grave of a youth who died in his seventeenth year:

> "In der Bluethe abgerissen
> Eilst du frueh dem Grabe zu.
> O, so nimm zum Sterbekissen
> Mutterthraenen mit zur Ruh."

Another bears this touching quotation from the well known hymn of Feuchtersleben:

> "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath,
> Dass man vom Liebsten,
> Was man hat, muss scheiden."

The summit of the cemetery commanded a fine view of the surrounding valleys, which were just assuming the first golden tints of the ripening grain; everything seemed so peaceful and quiet, and the stillness was interrupted only by the occasional passing of a woman or a child bearing flowers to the grave of a loved one.

I was now in a fitting frame of mind to make my way to the grand ducal vault. This building is situated near the middle of the cemetery, and consists of the vault proper and of a beautiful chapel built in the oriental style of architecture. The interior of the chapel has upon its walls numerous pious inscriptions, such as the following: "Those who sow with tears shall reap with joy: they go forth with weeping and bear precious seed and return with joy, bringing their sheaves with them;" or, "Blessed are those who hear the word of God and follow it." The stone floor is almost covered with funeral garlands and remembrances of different kinds sent by various members of the German nobility.

The aged sacristan lighted a lamp of a very antique pattern and led us down a flight of stone steps to the lower

vault. In this gloomy recess are seen some twenty or thirty metallic caskets containing the bodies of the members of the grand ducal family; the older coffins are surmounted by the suits of armor worn by the old barons. Prominent among these receptacles stands the magnificent sarcophagus of Carl August, the greatest of these rulers, and not far removed are two plain caskets which are almost hidden from view by the abundance of wreaths and decorations that surround them. We raise the mass of wreaths and read on one the simple word, "GOETHE," and on the other, "SCHILLER." Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they are not divided. A garland of gold lies at the head of one, and a wreath of silver at the head of the other. While the wordy old sexton was taking some German strangers among the hidden corners of the vault and indulging in tiresome discourses upon the genealogy of the noble family of Saxony-Weimar, I leaned devoutly over the leaves of oak and ivy that lay above the body of Goethe, and, with feelings that cannot be described, I seemed to hear the faint murmur of that most beautiful song of the aged poet:

"Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh;
In allen Wipfeln spuerest du
Kaum einen Hauch.
Die Voeglein schweigen im Walde;
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch."

HIS FAITHFULNESS BETRAYED THEM.

W. H. HECK.

At sunrise on that September morning thirty Confederate soldiers were slowly making their way along a trail which wound through a dense wood. As they emerged from the thick foliage, a lank old soldier, with sandy complexion and discontented appearance, remarked: "There 's the sun just rising. It 's confounded hard on us that we have to get up here so soon and go trooping around after some of these good-

for-nothing deserters. I'll be confound if they're worth the leather their hides would make, and, by George, the tallow in them 's too sorry to burn."

"Stop your confounding, Pete," said a robust and jocular man of about twenty-five, "and shut up with your grumbling. I'll bet my back teeth you'd fuss with an angel if you saw one because he wouldn't give you a dram."

"No, I wouldn't," retorted Pete, "for I always pay my respects to the divinities, and often hold communion with the angelic creatures. But confound it, why have we got to spend our time hunting after these grovelling cowards, who are hid somewhere in the belly of the earth a-conspirating with the devil. Who's going to get any glory in such a thing as searching after deserters?"

"Well, what's up with you now, Pete?" said another comrade, who had just come within hearing distance of the soldier's expressions of dissatisfaction.

"Everybody knows that I ought to be something big in the world," informed the grumbler, "but as it is, my abilities are going to die away off here for nothing under the sun. Anyway, we'll never find them, and we've thrown away two whole weeks in hunting."

"Old fellow," said his comrade, "don't get so stirred up over the matter. The Captain said we'd leave to-morrow if we couldn't find them to-day. So brighten up, Pete, or old Parson will be giving you one of his long-winded lectures."

"Well, I'm confounded tired of the whole cussed business," reiterated Pete, and he gloomily held his peace.

This small company had been sent in search of a band of deserters, who were known to be in hiding some place near. For two weeks their efforts had been futile; and the soldiers were anxious to return to the army, where, as they said, they could win glory and be doing something worth the trouble. The Captain had finally promised to relinquish the search if another day proved fruitless, in order to quell the rising discontent.

Before daybreak an old negro came to camp and promised to show the company a trail which he supposed had been made by the deserters. This was all the man knew, but even it was enough to revive in the Captain's breast the hope of capture. They started early and wandered for some time through the verdant undergrowth, but the end of the trail and the other side of the wood were reached without their finding any clue. In utter dejection they began to make their way back along the little path. Approaching the thickest part of the foliage, they were startled by the incessant barking of a dog which viciously rushed into the path to hold the soldiers at bay.

"Where did that confounded thing come from?" exclaimed Pete. "Sure as I'm sober that dog's one of those deserters, because he looks as much like one of them as a rabbit's ears are like a mule's."

"I believe there is something in what you say, Pete," remarked the Captain, "and I believe we had better test the truth of it. Let us see if he'll stick to his post, or if he is just some stray animal barking to keep the consumption off."

Then turning to another, he told him to frighten the dog away. With a large stick the man advanced toward the aroused animal and struck him severely, but instead of cowering and driving away the dog, the blows only served to make him the more resolute. All could see that there was some instinctive motive which prompted this act of bravery.

"I'll almost swear," ejaculated Pete, "if those snivelling cowards ain't put him on the guard, and you bet he's holding tight. Hit him again there, Sam, and see how he'll take another salute."

The dog was certainly connected with the deserters.

The Captain turned to his men and said: "You all can see that this animal is guarding something, and that something is just what we have been searching for. As he will not be moved by the stick, let us try him further. Pete Jenkins,

you shoot the dog right above the hind leg, for then we'll see if he'll stop his noise and leave."

Pete did not want to do this at all, for the resoluteness of the dog had won his admiration, so he faltered out: "Captain, get somebody else to do it, for I'll be confound if I can shoot him, even if he is a deserter. If all of them are like that, I'm of the opinion they are better than we are."

"Obey orders as they are given," the officer curtly replied. So Pete had to do it, but he could not help from shutting his eyes when he pulled the trigger.

The dog yelped greatly, yet still kept his stand.

"Shoot him again," commanded the Captain, "and if he doesn't move, then put an end to him."

Again Pete had to obey orders, and as the dog remained true the second time, he was given the third bullet in the head and fell dead at his post.

"I'll be confound if I didn't hate to do it," muttered Pete, "but then it wasn't my fault."

The noble death of the dog touched the soldiers, yet it was no time for sentiment. Evidently the deserters were near, probably in a cellar; so to find their hiding place was the next thing to be done. They all dispersed, by orders, to search in the woods close by. Not much time was lost, for near the the place where the dog lay dead, there was found the top of a smoke-stack about one foot above the earth. Further search showed the outlet of the cellar, a small trap-door, hid mostly by the underbrush.

"Confound if we ain't got them now," cried Pete.

To capture the deserters without injury to themselves was a puzzling difficulty, as they might be shot in attempting to enter the cellar; but while they were discussing the matter the trap-door was suddenly lifted, and a man poked his head out of the opening.

"Surrender!" demanded the Captain, pointing a cocked pistol at his head, "or you're a dead man."

Finding himself thus surrounded and under penalty of sure death if he rebelled, the deserter simply remarked, after a moment's hesitation, "Well, I suppose the best thing for me to do is to give up without a fuss." At the Captain's command he came out and stood with them.

"How many more of you are there?" said the Captain.

"There's fifteen of us in all."

"Tell the truth," threatened the officer, "for lying's bad policy for you at present."

"I'll swear it," imperturbably replied the prisoner.

"Is this the only outlet to the cellar?"

"Yes. We intended to make another, but were afraid we'd be caught at it. Anyway, this one's done us up by itself."

"Will your men surrender without any trouble, you suppose?" asked the Captain.

"I guess they'd better, for a caught man's caught and there's no getting arouud it. I'll hollow down and tell them it ain't no use to kick, since the devil's done given us up."

So the soldier leaned down over the hole and yelled to his comrades: "Boys, we're in it now, and the best thing is to submit. Just come out and do all right, because there are thirty of them, and they're armed all over."

After a few minutes of silence, during which time the deserters seemed to be deliberating, a man appeared on the ladder and climbed out. After him came the others, unarmed, and all were put under guard. When an oath was taken by the captives, on penalty of immediate death, that no one was lurking in the cellar, the undaunted Captain descended the ladder. He found himself in an underground room with plank floor, containing a stove, six beds and a number of firearms; and after a swift inspection he came out again, having determined to return the next day for the articles of any value.

Before the company, with their prisoners, started back to camp, the old parson asked permission to have the faithful

dog buried. This was done; and after signaling for silence, he uttered this requiem over the grave: "Soldiers, you have to-day witnessed the height of faithfulness exhibited by a dog, whom instinct has taught never to swerve from duty. Can we not find an example from this act? Let us resolve to follow the animal in one thing—brave adherence to duty. The dog gave his life for these deserters; should we not be willing to give our life to serve that kindest of all masters, and try to be better men in whatever we do?"

But the words fell on unheeding ears, and the company slowly took their way back to camp. Only one seemed interested. That night Pete Jenkins went to the preacher's tent to talk about the dog, and he returned an hour later feeling "confounded better in spirit."

"MOONSHINING" IN WESTERN CAROLINA.

MACK NEILL.

The manufacture of "moonshine" has become an important industry of some of the counties in western North Carolina. This state of things has not been brought about from the fact that there is "big" money made in its manufacture, for the contrary is true. There is scarcely a case in the memory of any one where the manufacturer has quit this illegal business with as much money as he possessed when he began it. More than that, he usually quits, if he quits at all, with his conscience so benumbed that even the "still small voice" from within ceases its appeals for him to arise and strive towards better things.

Worse still, the blighting influence of this business affects not only the operator of the distillery, but also his family—his innocent but helpless wife and children, who are compelled, by stern necessity, to submit to their surroundings to keep the wolf from the door.

The influence which radiates from these cess-pools of sin extends even further than to the families of their owners. Like the deadly cuttle-fish its tentacles project in every direction and seize in their terrible grasp, from Christian mothers and Christian homes, the boys who are their joy and pride, and upon whom they had hoped to lean in their old age, and into whose hearts they had instilled the principles of morality from their infancy.

This fiend, after it has gained control over one, uses him as a decoy to draw others into the fatal vortex. Like the monster Grendel, who would seize upon the banqueters at the feast spread in honor of a victory and carry them off into his foul cavern filled with a roaring, seething river of blood, there to devour them, this remorseless demon, the blockade distillery, seizes the youth of the country from their homes, the schools and even the churches—from precincts, it matters not how sacred, and places them under its thraldom as complete, submissive servants, who obey its mandates without a murmur, who bend their wills to its in helpless, hopeless obedience. It hardly ever happens that the hero Beowulf appears on the scene and delivers the victim from its remorseless clutches, though sometimes the good citizens of a community, urged on by the influence of the church or its pastor, or driven to action by the fast approaching tide of crime and vice, do rise in their might, and by persuasion, by purchase of the "plant" or by threats of its destruction, do sometimes prevail on the manufacturer to cease the blighting curse in which he is engaged. But if neither of these courses will attain the desired end, then, as a last resort, recourse is taken to the strong arm of the Internal Revenue Law.

Let it be known, though, that it is not always the voice of the good people of a community that is raised against an illicit distillery—not by any means. In fact it more often happens that the revenue laws are made the instrument by which a private revenge is meted out. It often happens that two

neighbors, who, it may be, have been living adjacent to each other for years in perfect peace—the one furnishing the corn or fruit and drinking the liquors made therefrom, the other manufacturing the same—have a personal difficulty. At once the one not engaged in the manufacture of the "blockade mountain dew," seeing an opportunity to take a base advantage of his old friend, reports to some representative of the law the existence of the distillery of the man who but a few days since was his most trusted friend. Immediately, the revenue officer, to whom the information is given, informs the others of his clan and waiting until night they swoop down on the unexpecting victim while he is quietly sleeping and destroy or carry away every attachment of the distillery. In the morning the owner, on going down to again begin work, finds, to his horror, that a flock of vultures, as it were, have just passed, carrying destruction in their wake and have left but charred and blackened ruins behind them. The blockader, in deep grief at his loss, surveys the scene and his brow darkens and his lip quivers as if he were dreaming of revenge, but the reporter, who attended the officers during the destruction of his former friend's property, a gleeful spectator, is at home chuckling in fiendish enjoyment at his present enemy's misfortune.

Such deeds of baseness as this have caused the reporting of a distillery to be held, in the estimation of good citizens, the act of an unprincipled scoundrel—it matters not how righteous are the intentions. It has become so often, as was before stated, the source of a base personal revenge, that it has become a stench in the nostrils of the better class of society, who are not at all in sympathy with the distillers, but who would like to see their dens of debauchery stamped out of existence, if it could be done honorably and by honorable, upright and law-abiding men, but who have a repugnance, a withering contempt for any other course in dealing with law breakers.

It has also become a notorious custom in some western counties, as has been intimated above, for the revenue officers,

the guardians of public revenues and of revenue laws, men whose actions should be as clear for public inspection, public approval or disapproval as the noonday sun, who should set to other citizens examples of fearlessness in the eyes of the law and of men, who should bear themselves so as to become synonyms for uprightness and probity of character, to assemble at some trysting place appointed, in the dead hours of the night, with no witnesses but the stars who blink a disapproval on such actions (and often they choose nights when even the stars do not appear, when the heavens are shrouded with dense clouds), and after a consultation among themselves and with the reporters who have assembled with them and who are to conduct them to the distilleries, they decide upon their course and proceed usually at a swinging gallop until they have approached within a mile or two of the first "copper," when they check their horse's pace and move on at a slow, measured gait, often with their horses' feet muffled. On arriving as closely as they think it wise, lest they should awaken those sleeping near, they dismount, and leaving the horses in charge of one of the party, they approach slowly and guardedly until they have arrived at the desired spot when, with quick, almost instantaneous work, they overturn beer casks, crush in the heads of barrels (if there should be any left negligently unconcealed), then with their sharp-pointed axes so perforate the still as to render it useless, tear out the still-worm and mutilate it in the same manner, and then, with the same slow, guarded movements, they return to their horses, mount and, after a whispered consultation, dash off towards the next distillery, the reporters always making up the vanguard. Thus they proceed until day begins to dawn, until honest men begin to shake off the slumbers of the night; then, like owls and bats, they scamper away to some place of retreat seemingly anxious to conceal their nightly prowlings. Their guides—the reporters—also retreat from the scene of their baseness, with each a crisp ten-dollar bill or a government

check in his pocket, but devoid of honor and contemptible in the eyes of honest men.

In justice to the revenue officers, let it be said that they assert night attacks to be necessary in order to capture the guilty parties. They assert, that as the blockaders take advantage of darkness to violate the laws, they should be given the same privilege in their enforcement. On the other hand, it is contended that such action on the part of government officials is beneath the dignity of their office; that their example in the use of secrecy and darkness to enforce the laws encourages deception and secrecy and aggravates it to a greater extent than it would otherwise be carried to on the part of the blockaders. It causes the violators of revenue laws to consider their attempt to avoid discovery and arrest but a game of chance. They act upon the principle that if they are detected and captured at times, it is but a natural consequence which befalls all those who enter into and continue for any length of time engaged in such uncertain enterprises; and they think, if in any way, it matters not to them how base a subterfuge they may be compelled to take advantage of, they may escape the clutches of the law, no one should protest against the continuance of a business which, in their eyes, on account of the means of the enforcement of the law, has been made excusable.

It is further urged by those who oppose the "night hawk" system, that such a course does not appeal to the blockader's sense of right, and consequently doesn't touch any of his nobler feelings, and it is asserted that this should characterize a public officer's official actions. Truly, what is needed, and what everyone admits to be needed, is to educate this people out of this nefarious practice. A people who, under normal conditions, can be excelled by none in noble sentiments—nor aspirations—in love for home and country and their "fellow man," in reverence for Christianity and all the word implies—a people who, were this canker removed from their homes, would advance rapidly from their present "low estate" to a

more perfect standard of morality and stability of character. It cannot be doubted but that great and lasting evil has been done by these people. Even those who defend their course do not attempt to excuse them from this charge, but let us beware lest we criticise them too harshly. A great many are forced into the business against their wills and to gain a means of subsistence for themselves and families; others enter it from a mistaken principle, thinking there is no moral wrong connected therewith. Some begin, thinking as soon as they have laid by a sufficient amount to build a home they will quit, but who afterwards are caught in the fatal meshes which are spread for them and cannot escape. Anyhow, generosity requires that we should palliate the offense of this people (who, as a class, are poor and illiterate and unable to defend themselves) as much as possible. Let him that is inclined to be too harsh and severe remember the injunction, let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

Resolutions.

WHEREAS God, in His infinite wisdom, has been pleased to take from us our highly esteemed and dearly beloved brother, WILLIAM ROYALL HOBGOOD; and

WHEREAS we, the members of the Philomathesian Society, wish to express our grief at his untimely death; therefore be it

Resolved, *1*. That the Plilomathesian Society has lost in him one of her most faithful and promising members.

Resolved, *2*. That we extend to the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy, and petition the Maker of all men that He comfort and sustain them in this their hour of grief.

Resolved, *3*. That a copy of these resolutions be sent for publication to the *Biblical Recorder*, the *Public Ledger*, and the THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT; spread upon the records of our Society, and sent to the family of the deceased.

A. B. CANNADY,
J. C. MCNEILL,
ARCH. C. CREE,
C. D. WEEKS,
CHAS. M. STALEY,
Committee.

Wake Forest, N. C.,
September 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

W. H. HECK, Editor.

More Interest in the College Magazine.

The new staff of editors undertake the work of the coming session, not without some uneasiness as to their success, yet with an earnest desire that the work of the magazine may be enhanced in true worth, and that more interest will be taken in it by both students and alumni. Let me urge upon all now in the College to do their best in aiding the editors, by acting as co-laborers who have an equal responsibility in the STUDENT'S welfare. A large number should be contributors; and, though it would be unwise to make no discrimination against articles unworthy of publication, I reiterate the plea that more careful and determined effort be spent upon work for the STUDENT. The Professor of English will lay special stress upon such work, in giving his scholars credit for commendable essays and stories accepted by the magazine. It should be an incentive to have something of your own published in the College journal; and the editors will gladly receive and review contributions offered, especially by men who have taken no part in the magazine before.

Ephemeral Literature.

Nothing should be urged upon the student of literature more than the constant association with those productions, which have withstood the wear and criticism of time and which will for years to come be foremost in the rank of literary merit. The enor-

mous mass of books, that the ingenuity and craft of the present generation are pouring from the press into the hands of the people, should not debar one from giving a full share of his time to those of lasting renown. None can deny that many current books possess remarkable art, that they are entertaining and instructive, and altogether show merit which is beneficial to the reader. The object is not to seek the good, but the best. Yet he who strives after the superlative in literature is at the first beset by the difficulty of choosing and deciding what are the best. Opinions vary with the possessor; but those productions which the world has pronounced of superior value, these are the works to engross our time.

A knowledge of current literature is requisite to the student, yet the prevalent disposition to spend the delightful opportunities for reading those masterpieces of time in the perusal of some pretty novel, a sweet love-tale, or an artistic story, is proving deleterious to the cultivation of literature and the imbibition of noble ideas that masters have left for our advancement. Dwell with those ideas, make them your own; then you yourself will be lifted to a higher sphere and delight in those thoughts which were the masters' glory. Acquaint yourself with Homer, with Milton, Dante, Goethe, and those heroes of the soul. Do not lay aside Shakespeare after one study, do not content yourself with having read Ivanhoe years ago ; but let them be as constant companions of pleasure and instruction. Even if you have studied "Paradise Lost" and possess a fair knowledge of the whole, can you deny that more benefit could be derived from a second reading, or even a fifth, than from some book which is now attracting popular attention but will soon flicker out for want of the oil of genius? Lay aside that novel, the "latest out," that one which "is having such a run," and be wise in choosing those pictures of noble souls which will with time and study, by the electric magic of association, print a copy upon your soul and reflect it in your life.

The Power of Trusts.

The predominance of the money question in the present campaign is overshadowing another issue which ranks close to the former in its importance upon the country's welfare. The rapidly increasing power of trusts and monopolies is a growing menace, usurping the rights of individuals by an illegal combination to destroy competition and to rule prices for purely personal benefit. Fifteen years ago the only well established trust was the Standard Oil Company, which has sucked millions from the people; but the chance for amassing wealth by such means has added many immense syndicates, representing all forms of industry, and controlling, it is said, about two billion and a half dollars. It is evident how the monopolies, backed by the influence of money, gain their power, how they crush opposition, and tyrannically set prices which the consumers are necessitated to pay.

The Anti-Trust Law, passed as a safeguard against these encroaching evils, has been disregarded by the present administration, though we trust and believe it was not influenced by the large sums of money, which these bonded organizations are ever ready to distribute in overcoming the enforcement of the law. The Republican candidate for President, and his associate on the ticket, have evinced no strong determination to take the legal steps against monopolies; and their disinclination is more firmly proved by the powerful support which the syndicates are exerting for their election, the chairman of the executive committee being a wealthy member of the Standard Oil Company. The Democratic nominee is leading the opposition against trusts, and thereby upholding the people in their defence against this plutocracy.

Whatever opinions the adherents of any political party may have in regard to the remonetization of silver, they should be cautious in casting their votes, after a careful consideration of this pressing evil, its seeming supporters, and its avowed antagonists. The unjust expenditure of money by the monop-

olies to maintain their power should be condemned ; and the enforcement of the Anti-Trust Law should be heralded from our national capitol as the voice of the country for justification against the illegal usurpations of wealth.

Church and State.

The present prejudice against the participation of church in matters of state has carried its adherents so far that their error is manifest. Religion is too high, too divine, to be marred by the introduction of politics within its sacred domain ; and that pulpit should be condemned, which destroys the sanctity of its mission by appeals to partisan prejudice in regard to the government. But truly is the church the moralizing centre from which truth should emanate in all directions, and by which the people should be morally elevated in all the avocations and affairs of life. The corrupt politics of the present day afford an immense, neglected field for Christian work ; yet many still insist that politics be unalterably distinct from the church, and that the latter use no influence in that direction. In other words, they say "there let evil rule in peace." Political reform should be preached from the pulpit, matters of state should be subjected to religious criticism, and the minister of truth should mould public opinion so as to eradicate corruption from the political arena.

William Royall Hobgood.

When death takes away one in the beginning of a life of promised usefulness, we are inclined to murmur at the seeming improvidence of an omniscent and loving God. William Royal Hobgood was in his twenty-first year when called from this life to the one beyond, and the hopes of a bright and noble future were suddenly ended on the threshold of manhood, after a competent preparation had nearly been completed. He would have graduated this session with a stand among the leaders of his class; and his presence will be truly missed by the stu-

dents in general as well as his classmates. The young man possessed exceptional ability, being of a thoughtful disposition and having a bright, receptive mind. He could be easily recognized as a student who had attained to a high conception of life, and one who was steadily pursuing an ideal of a noble, useful, and Christian man. He entered into the spirit of college life, taking an active part in athletics, while he won many warm friends by his congeniality. The Philomathesian Society and the present Senior Class have both passed resolutions concerning Mr. Hobgood's death, the former of which is published in this issue of the magazine. The STUDENT desires to express its sorrow in the ending of such a promising career, and extends its sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

The Bible Classes.

The success and enthusiasm in the new Bible course is certainly encouraging to those who are interested in this long-needed addition to the college curriculum. Professor Cullom has divided the course into Junior and Senior Classes, the former being a rapid study of the whole Bible, and the latter devoting its time to special features of the Gospel. He has also started a movement to furnish the new recitation room—the gymnasium is now being fitted up for this purpose—with comfortable chairs, similar to those in the Latin class-rooms. The Junior Bible Course is prescribed for all degrees, being connected with the work in Moral Philosophy, and on this account the classes are exceptionally large. The opportunity of taking this study is one which all students should be glad in receiving, and it should not be missed even at the sacrifice of something else.

Bryan's Carolina Itinerary.

The tour of the Democratic nominee through this State excited all the enthusiasm which it is natural for such a leader of the people to arouse among those to whom patriotism is sacred and the public welfare an inviolable trust. Entering North Carolina from

Tennessee, Bryan was warmly welcomed at Asheville by a demonstration of thousands, and the numbers that greeted him at every place showed that the people were thoroughly interested in the campaign and the issues involved. In consideration of the many speeches he made in the State, really remarkable was his versatility of argument and expression, as well as his untiring vigor. The charming personality of the man, his ready adaptability to his audiences, and his seeming interest in everything around him, have rendered admiration of the candidate irresistible.

North Carolina, as one of the doubtful States, has caused some concern to the National Democratic Committee; and it was hoped that Bryan's itinerary through our State would exert a material influence in his favor. The nominee was received warmly, listened to attentively, lauded greatly, and he has left an impression behind him that will certainly add to his chances in the coming election. The State was proud of entertaining him, and, though his opponents may reckon their plurality in North Carolina by the tens of thousands, it seems that our Democracy will again in November march under the same banner which it has often borne to victory, and of which it has a true right to boast. The promised visits of Senators Morgan and Teller will be looked forward to with much interest, and the latter will arouse special attention on account of his prominence in the National Republican Convention.

Turkey and Armenia.

Inexcusable inertia in regard to Armenia has left a stain upon the enlightened, and especially Christian, nations—a stain which will increase every day that no helping hand is raised to check the Sultan's bloody policy. The jealousies and alliances of the European nations have rendered interference infeasible by a power or powers which could not prove able to withstand opposition; but this appeal of an oppressed humanity, if it cannot be put

above national animosity and envy, should certainly bring about some alliance between countries who are friendly to each other and who claim to be opposed to unjust tyranny against the weak. Public indignation in England is demanding that help be given. Although Lord Salisbury has unofficially announced his intention of doing nothing without strong continental concert—a thing which seems improbable at present—Mr. Gladstone has recently addressed a large meeting at Liverpool in favor of an active British interference. Russia holds the power, yet the remonstrances, which the Czar is said to have made since the death of his aggressive foreign minister, have had little influence upon the situation. The remonstrances of the other European powers have also proved ineffectual; so it is clearly evident that force is the only means of making the Sultan regard the laws of justice.

Public sentiment has lately increased by the reports of a massacre of the Armenians which seems to have been under the indirect control of the Turkish tyrant. Several recent attempts to assassinate him give some idea of the hatred he has engendered among his own subjects, and he is in greater fear of an internal revolution than of outside opposition. The suggestion of an alliance between America, England, and Italy for the purpose of saving Armenia merits consideration. The Sultan has gone too far. Europe has come to recognize and condemn his cruelty, and we earnestly trust that some definite steps will soon be taken to stop this Mohammedan oppression, to end these "acts which may even yet come to such a depth of atrocity as has never yet been recorded in the deplorable history of human crime."

The Crisis in Spain.

That country which rules its provinces by oppression will sooner or later find out its own weakness. Spain now has reached a critical point in her history, where her dependencies are in active revolt, her financial condition in distress, and internal discon-

tent making itself heard in all parts of her country. The late uprising among the Philippine Islands is an additional calamity, similar in its intent to the brave, protracted struggle in which Cuba is now engaged. The four hundred little islands are honeycombed with insurgents, who, by stirring promises of freedom, are arousing the inhabitants to throw off their yoke; and the twenty thousand soldiers at the different ports will find this revolt difficult to quell, on account of the numerous points which the rebels can make centres of action. In Cuba the situation has changed little, except for the growing sentiment at Havana in favor of the revolution, while the warfare is drawing a vast amount of money from Spain for the maintenance of her forces. Spain intends to bring the Cuban war to a close this winter by a campaign of extermination, forty thousand new troops expecting to leave for the island in the near future. The political trouble over the Railway Subvention Bill may precipitate a cabinet crisis at any time—a disturbance which would greatly add to the national distress.

A swift glance at the depressing condition of Spain will augment the hopes of those who are longing for Cuban autonomy, that on account of other difficulties the nation may not be able to repress the seemingly irrepressible insurgents. The coming campaign will be regarded with hopeful interest, but with fear that in her extremity Spain will resort to even more cruel measures than those which have blackened her name during this rebellion. If such should be the case—if gross injustice, contrary to all civilized modes of warfare, be practiced upon the island—the nations should assert their honor by demanding humane action from Spain toward them. Especially is the United States called upon to thus protect Cuba; and if we will not take an active part in her favor, we certainly should exert our power in obtaining for her the common rights of humanity.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

An authorized edition of J. M. Barrie's novels will be issued shortly by *Scribners.*

When the *Cornhill Magazine* brought out George Eliot's "Romola," its circulation fell off about 10,000. The public then, as now, found Romola too dull and heavy.

Henry Cuyler Bunner, who has been editor of *Puck* since 1878, died recently. Naturally one would think of him as being a caricaturist rather than a poet, yet he wrote and published considerable poetry of no mean order.

The African race has at last produced a poet who will sing of the valorous deeds of his people. Paul Lawrence Dunbar has published a volume of poems, *Majors and Minors*, and has embellished it with a picture of himself.

Emily, Lady Tennyson, widow of the late Poet Laureate, is dead. She was noted for her musical talents, and it was she who wrote the music to *Crossing the Bar*, which was sung at her husband's funeral in Westminster Abbey.

Mrs. J. N. Fielding, wife of the great novelist's grandson, is getting out an edition of *Tom Jones*, which will be revised and expurgated to meet the popular taste. Will not the shades of the departed rise up to protest against such a mutilation?

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris' most ambitious novel, *Sister Jane*, is announced for publication by Houghton, Miflin & Co. It treats of life in the South before the war, and those who have read it say it ranks with *Uncle Remus* as an original production.

Kate Field, so well known because of her connection with "Kate Field's Washington," died a few weeks ago at Hono-

lula, H. I. She had gone there as a newspaper correspondent to show the advantages of annexing the Hawaiian Islands to the United States.

Referring to the price paid some authors, it is stated that Mrs. Humphry Ward has received over $200,000 for her three books, *Robert Elsmere*, *David Grieve* and *Marcella*. Also, it is stated, that Anthony Trollope has written seventeen books, for which he received $350,000.

Eugene L. Didier, writing of eminent American women, says that Sarah Margaret Fuller, Lucy Stone, Mrs. Mary Ashton Livermore and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps were all strong advocates of woman's rights. He might have added, also, Dr. Mary Walker and Miss Francis Willard.

The October number of *Harper's* will contain the first installment of a new novel, *The Martian*, by Mr. du Maurier, of *Trilby* fame. It is said that Mr. du Maurier will not allow the name of *Trilby* to be spoken in his presence. Such modesty, however, is not at all common with authors.

Rudyard Kipling has sold the serial rights of his new novel, *Captain Courageous*, to the *New Review*, London, and to *McClure's Magazine*, New york. The English publishers paid $7,000 for the right, while Mr. McClure paid $15,000. The whole amount paid is equivalent to about forty cents for every word.

Mark Rutherford has written a novel, *Clara Hopgood*, in which he introduces a child born under the bar sinister. Hawthorne or George Eliot could treat such a subject in a manner that was not offensive, but such writers as Hall Caine, Thos. Hardy or Mark Rutherford have not written anything, as yet, which can be compared to the *Scarlet Letter*.

Andrew Lang says that Cooper's works are no longer read. "No one," he says, "now goes on the trail with Natty Bumpo and the Serpent." Facts, however, do not bear out this statement. In Paris, a short time since, a translation of Cooper's

novels was issued, uniform with Scott's most famous works. In this country a great many colleges make the reading of *The Last of the Mohicans* a requisite to entrance.

Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclarin) is coming to America to deliver a number of lectures. His manager says that he is in greater demand than any other foreigner (not even excepting Stanley) has ever been. And it may be added, parentheticaly, that his fame is now secure, since advertisers are already using the name of his most popular book for advertising purposes. What more could he desire than to know that there is a "Bonnie Brier Bush" varnish on the market, and also a toilet soap bearing that name.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's books have enjoyed a popularity which they were far from deserving. She has talents which give her a good place in the second rank of novelists, but she was not content with that. By writing treatises on religious and socialistic theories under the guise of fiction, a style of writing which has been very popular, she tried to take a place in the first rank of writers. But the people are already becoming weary of her books, since she has nothing of real value to say, and she will be forced to take her true place among novelists.

BOOK NOTES.

CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

It is the intention of the present editor to continue the work of this department along certain lines laid down by his predecessor. No book will be given a notice unless it has been carefully read; there will be no copying from other journals.

We do not expect to be able to discuss the merits of books or authors with the keen insight and the force of a Matthew

Arnold; but we are going to try to give our impressions of different books in a clear, succinct manner, trusting that each endeavor along that line will be better than the last.

We shall not confine our notices to new books, but new editions of books, which are already well-known, will be mentioned. Nor will we speak of one class of books only—fiction, poetry, literature, history, science, all will be mentioned.

Handy Andy, Samuel Lover. MacMillan & Co. Cloth, $1.25.

It is a pleasure to meet our old acquaintance, Andy, again in MacMillan's Standard Novel Series. Lover has not written much that is of any worth; but in this vivid picture of the different states of life in Ireland he has produced something that is worthy of living, and it will live.

It is generally conceded that Paddy's nature is a many-sided one. One moment he is in deepest gloom, the next in the brightest sunshine; now he is in a terrible rage, and now he is playing off some trick. There are two traits, however, which are never lacking: a wit that cannot be equalled, and an inherent love of a fight. And how truly the author has brought these characteristics to light!

This book will do much to correct the erroneous opinions which many people hold concerning the Irish. We laugh at Andy's ludicrous blunders, our sympathies are with Squire Egan in the election, and we rejoice at the marriage of Edward O'Connor. Then we conclude that an Irishman is the same as other people.

The Temple Edition of Shakespeare has proved so popular that the publishers are encouraged to issue, in similar form, the works of the minor Elizabethan dramatists. These volumes will be of incalculable value to teachers and students of English; for the works of most of Shakespeare's contemporaries are well-nigh inaccessible to the slender purse of college students.

Only a few volumes of the Temple Shakespeare remain to be published.

The Poems of John Keats. Edited by Arlo Bates. The Athenæum Press Series. Ginn & Co.

There are many good editions of Keats, and one must question the necessity, perhaps the wisdom, of adding to the number. The edition of Palgrave in the Golden Treasury Series might serve as a model to American editors. Prof. Bates' introduction shows genuine appreci-

ation of Keats, but it suffers in comparison with the work of such men as Arnold, Palgrave, Buxton Forman, and Lord Houghton. The notes are helpful.

Studies in Structure and Style. By W. T. Brewster, of Columbia University. The Macmillan Company.

This work is based upon a careful study of seven English essays. These essays could hardly have been more wisely selected—one each of Froude, Matthew Arnold, Stevenson, Newman, Morley, Bryce, and Ruskin. One may question the wisdom of the mechanical study of literature, but certainly no one will question the usefulness of this volume to thousands of teachers who really do not know how to go about teaching English prose.

The Interpretation of Literature. By W. H. Crashaw, of Colgate University. The Macmillan Company.

This work does for literature in general what the above-mentioned work does for the English essay. Perhaps the author attempts too much, but the work is indeed full of good suggestions. A book of two hundred and fifty pages, purporting to treat of every kind of literature, must of necessity be vague and indefinite in many things, —as, for example, when the author writes of "emotion" and "thought" in lyric poetry; but we must remember that such textbooks are not for him who knows, but for him who learns.

We can most heartily recommend these two volumes to those who are continually asking, "How shall we teach literature?"

The Literary Study of the Bible. By Richard G. Moulton, of Chicago University. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

This is one of the really good books that have appeared this year. It is written in the happiest and most readable style, and yet the scholar and thinker is everywhere present. Professor Moulton does here for the Bible what he had already done for Shakespeare—that is, he applies the canons of common sense and of literary interpretation to the Hebrew poets and historians, just as he applied them to Shakespeare. How well the author has succeeded may be seen at a glance —for example, in his treatment of the Song of Solomon, the most beautiful of the oriental idyls. We trust that this work may soon be in the hands of every student of the Bible, along with Moulton's little volumes published by Macmillan under the title of the Modern Reader's Bible. Of these latter we hope to speak especially in our next issue.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GRAY R. KING, Editor.

—'72. Hon. C. H. Martin, who was elected to Congress from the sixth district two years ago, has been renominated by his party.

—'73. Mr. John E. Ray, for the past few years Principal of the Institution for the Blind at Danville, Ky., has been elected to the same position in our State Institution at Raleigh, and he comes to take charge of it October 1.

—'86. Mr. J. D. Boushall belongs to the Board of Aldermen of Raleigh, and is manager of the Ætna Insurance Company for this State.

'87. Mr. W. J. Matthews is farming near Riverton, N. C. He is one of the scientific farmers of his section.

—'88. Claude Kitchen is the Democratic nominee for the Senate from Halifax County.

—'90. T. W. Bickett, Esq., has been practicing law at Louisburg since January, '96. He has proved himself to be of no small ability in his profession.

—'89–'91. Mr. Jno. E. Fowler, of Sampson County, is the nominee of the People's Party for Congress in the third district. Mr. Fowler has been practising law in Sampson for several years.

—'92. Mr. W. B. Daniel, for three years a student at Johns Hopkins University, has been elected to the Chair of Latin in Lamb's School for Boys, Baltimore. Mr. Daniel will still pursue his studies at the University.

—'92. Mr. Irving Hardester has accepted a fellowship in Neurology at the University of Chicago.

—'93. E. Y. Webb, Esq., of Shelby, took the summer law course at the University of Virginia. Mr. Webb is one of the coming lawyers of the State.

—'93. Rev. John A. Mason is temporarily located at Laurinburg, N. C. Mr. Mason has just completed his course at Louisville Seminary.

—'93–'95. Mr. Spencer Chaplin, Jr., is Principal of Cedar Rock Academy. Mr. Chaplin taught at Columbia last year.

—'94. Mr. R. L. Freeman is the nominee of his party for Superintendent of Public Education in Marlborough County, S. C. His nomination is equivalent to an election.

—'95. Mr. John L. Cornwell, who taught at Spring Hope last year, has been elected Principal of the school for the ensuing year.

—'96. M. B. Dry is Principal of Wingate School in Union County. This school has recently been organized, and is under the supervision of the Baptist denomination.

—'96. R. B. Powell has accepted the position of Professor of Mathematics in Rutherfordton Military Institute.

—'96. V. O. Parker has been elected Principal of Atlantic Institute, Beaufort, N. C.

—'96. T. H. Briggs, Jr., is teaching Latin and English in Elizabeth City High School.

—'96. Bruce Benton has been elected to the Chair of Latin in Keachie College, La.

—'96. J. W. Carlton is studying dentistry at the University of Maryland, Baltimore.

—'96. C. C. Austin is teaching at Wilkesboro, N. C.

—'96. Jasper Howell has entered Rochester Theological Seminary this fall.

—'96. W. P. Exum, Jr., is teaching in the graded schools of Asheville.

—'96. I. M. Meekins, Esq., is practising law at Elizabeth City.

Eighteen Wake Forest graduates have taken a complete or partial course at Johns Hopkins University. Some of them have stood unusually high in their classes, and all have done creditable work. In connection with the opening article of this issue, I think it would be well to give the following list of them: C. E. Brewer, W. P. Stradley, J. R. Hunter, J. H. Pridgen, T. L. Blalock, W. A. Montgomery, W. B. Daniel, E. W. Sikes, W. A. Jones, J. C. Maske, B. S. Mitchell, Thos. Dixon, Jr., W. M. Osborne, E. G. Beckwith, T. E. Cheek, E. M. Poteat, C. L. Smith, J. R. Hankins.

EXCHANGES.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor.

In assuming the duties of this department, we feel that a few words, stating briefly what our exchanges may expect, would not be out of place.

We do not expect to dip our pen in gall to write up this department. One of the most pitiable types of humanity is the man soured on everything. There is just one man for whom we have less sympathy, and that is the universal flatterer, who on every occasion is ready to pour forth his soothing nonsense. Our aim will be to escape these nauseating extremes—to read and criticise in a friendly manner the magazines which come to our College.

We issue ours earlier than usual, and find upon our table only one magazine. This hails from the University of Tennessee. It is a very neat magazine, has a few good stories and some fair verse.

WHITE-CAPS.

The murmuring sea
Howls mournfully;
  The breakers, they break in vain,
And the echoes roar
On the rock-ribbed shore
  As they spring from the sounding main.

The fisherman's boat,
With the drift afloat,
  Is tossed on the raging sea;
It swims and sinks—
From the salt sea shrinks—
  But the fisherman, where is he?

—*University Tennessee Magazine.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor.

MRS. W. B. ROYALL is at Columbus, visiting relatives.

MRS. JOHN MILLS, of Franklin, Va., is spending some time with relatives and friends.

MISS RUTH WINGATE, after spending the summer here, is again teaching at Auburn.

MR. ROBERT E. ROYALL and family, of Savannah, Ga., are visiting relatives on the Hill.

A LARGE number of students and several professors attended the Bryan speaking at Raleigh.

MRS. ROY POWELL, of Savannah, Ga., is visiting her parents, Prof. and Mrs. Lanneau.

MISS SALLIE WINGATE is teaching at Franklinton. She spent the summer with relatives on the Hill.

THE Senior Class was notified on September 16 that at a meeting of the Faculty, on June 1, Class Day was abolished.

DR. GORRELL arrived a few days after the opening of the session. He seemed to have had an especially enjoyable trip in France and Germany.

DR. W. H. EDWARDS and family moved to Durham a few days ago, to the regret of many friends. We wish him much success in his new home.

DURING the summer the Edward Thompson Company gave to the College the American and English Encyclopedia of Law, containing thirty volumes.

ON THE night of September 17, about 1:30 A. M., the Dickson house caught fire in the dining-room, but the fire was extinguished without serious damage.

MR. ROBERT C. LAWRENCE was made president of the Junior Class.

THE REGISTRATION on September 12th was 231. This is 13 more than were enrolled on a corresponding date last year.

MR. W. C. POWELL and family, of Savannah, Ga., spent a few weeks on the Hill during August, but left in the early part of September for Cleveland Springs.

DR. GWALTNEY has been attending the South Yadkin Association and visiting friends in Greensboro, where he once labored so efficiently for the Baptist cause.

MISS EVABELLE SIMMONS, after spending a few days with her mother, has returned to Eufala, Ala., where she has a position in a female college. She spent the summer in Europe.

REV. W. W. JONES, of Corinth, Miss., a grandson of Calvin Jones, from whom the site of the College was purchased, is now a student of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

AT A MEETING of the present Senior Class, Mr. Conrad Watkins was elected president, and Mr. William F. Joyner, vice-president.

WAS NOT that a bright Freshman who to such an advantage displayed to an eager crowd at the depot his reports from Swine Hill College? An onlooking professor said he would give him something to do later on.

NEW ROOMS for law and Bible study have been fitted up in the old gymnasium. While many regret losing the gymnasium, we think it best, unless the work could be made more efficient than during the past session.

THE Historical and Economic Society was reorganized on the evening of September 23. Prof. N. Y. Gulley was elected president; J. C. McNeill, vice-president, and J. C. Howard, secretary. The society then listened to an admirable lecture from E. W. Sikes on "The Study of History and Political Economy and Thesis Work in Our Great Universities."

PROF. E. W. SIKES will leave in a few days for Johns Hopkins University. He will complete his course there this session, receiving the degree of Ph. D.

AT A recent meeting of the Athletic Association the election of officers for the ensuing year resulted, viz: J. W. Bailey, president; R. S. Dodd, vice-president; C. P. Rodgers, secretary; Luther Mills, captain of the baseball team; Horace Stillwell, manager, and C. H. Fry, trainer for "Field Day."

THE Bible Department, under the care of Professor Cullom, numbers in the Junior Class seventy-nine, and seven in the Senior. The Junior Class recites three times during the week, and during the year will pursue the following outline of study in order: History of the Old Testament, Prophets as Related to History, Poetic Literature, Job and the Psalms, Inter-Biblical Period, Life of Christ, Acts with Epistles of Paul, and General Writing and Revelation. The Senior Class will recite twice a week and begin their work with a minute study of the prophets. A new room is being prepared, which will be supplied with maps and charts, and will be seated with tablet chairs.

LAST May the trustees very wisely appropriated a few hundred dollars for the purchase of new apparatus in the Department of Physics. We have for some time believed that Professor Lanneau had few equals in this department in the South, and his wisdom in equipping his department, in addition to the many experiments he has recently performed, clearly shows the correctness of our belief. Among the recent purchases we noticed a new Gordon-Burnham battery, which was invented three or four years ago, and is rapidly replacing other batteries for practical purposes. It does not freeze at low temperature—works nicely at even eight degrees below zero, there being no internal waste when not in action, does not evaporate, furnishes a strong current, and is always ready for use. He also has a new induction coil, which gives an

electric spark eight inches in length, and a fluoroscope, Edison's new invention for seeing X-ray phenomena. We believe this is the first one in use in the State. The brightest rays of the mid-day sun cannot penetrate it, but the X-rays easily find an entrance. By means of the X-rays and fluoroscope we saw clearly the skeleton of a hand; also the ulna and radius of an arm, a nail in the middle of a piece of wood an inch thick, the spring in a curtain roller, and money placed in a Bible containing over seven hundred pages. In addition to this, some money which had been placed in a black buffalo horn was clearly seen, while only a faint outline of the horn was visible. The latter experiment is doubtless new. Among the curious phenomena was this suggestive one: By reversing the current the electrodes within the vacuum tube were interchanged. This reversal caused the cathode rays to impinge upon the small aluminum disc at one end of the tube, and the disc gave out a *bell-like sound*, a clear musical note, some two or three octaves above middle C. This observation, we think, has not been made by other experimenters. A light may be seen in the Laboratory of Physics late these nights, for the Professor delights in his work. He will give the public some lectures and experiments when he receives certain special tubes ordered from Germany, which are likely to arrive soon.

ON THE evening of August 31, the people of the Hill and the students, both new and old, assembled in the Wingate Memorial Hall to witness "Ye Old Folks' Concert," which was to be given in honor of the new students. The antique arrangement of the stage gave us a slight foretaste of what we might expect. In the centre was the old-time fire-place, with tall brass andirons, upon which had been placed a quantity of wood. The mantel was tall and supported some candles and the clock; but, unlike "my grandfather's clock," it was not too tall for the shelf. We had to wait but a few minutes until there came upon the stage about a score of young ladies and gentlemen, wearing costumes suitable to refresh our memories

of "ye olden times." The young men, in their knee-pants and three-cornered hats, carried us back in our imagination to the days of Washington. A friend at our elbow said Hezekiah Dare (Brother Clifford), with his snowy locks, was an exact representation of William Penn. Our pen fails us in a description of the costumes which the ladies wore. We could almost see Evangeline in the "land of Arcadia," seated by the old family hearthstone, with her knitting in hand, or the shame-faced Huldah, blushing as she received from John Alden a letter containing the story of another's love. The appearance of this gay troop so captured the audience that even the "Herricani" ceased their pedestrian movements, to the delight of the ladies, and gave perfect attention. Professor Poteat, in his inimitable way, announced the pieces in order. The concert was opened with "Auld Lang Syne," sung by all the participants. We failed to receive a program, so we will not attempt to name the instrumental pieces. As we remember them, the pieces in order were: "Annie Laurie"; "Old Rosin the Beau"; Recitation by Miss Powers; "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still"; "Old Folks at Home"; "Maid of Athens"; Recitation by Miss Powers; "Beautiful Dreamer"; "Ye Mocking Bird"; "Last Rose of Summer"; and "Old North State." After the concert a reception was given in the Society Halls, to which all were invited. The entertainment will be pleasantly remembered by the students, as it forms a happy contrast with some former days, when the blacking-brush, hurried moonlight strolls through the campus, and midnight visitations to the cemetery left indellible impressions on the minds of homesick Freshmen.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Manager, CAREY P. ROGERS, Wake Forest, N. C.

Subscribers not receiving their STUDENT before the last of the month will please notify the Business Manager. Don't wait until your subscription has expired to notify us that the STUDENT does not reach you regularly.

Always notify the Business Manager when you change your post-office address. We sometimes send the STUDENT to a man a whole year, and are then blamed because it has not reached him. Whose fault is it?

We call attention to an interesting lot of advertisements in this issue of the STUDENT. The following appear for the first time: Harris's Dye Works, new suits for $1.25; A. G. Spalding & Bros., sporting goods; Wharton's Photographic Studio, *reductions to students;* Smith's Law Book Exchange, big discount, money saved; E. A. Wright's Engraving House; Bridgers Bros., merchant tailors; J. P. Stevens & Bros., artistic engraving; Seaboard Air Line, schedule; The Chas. H. Elliott Company, engraving and printing; Cross & Linehan, fall and winter clothing; Purefoy & Reid, fall goods, millinery; Wilkinson, the grocer; Z. V. Peed, groceries; W. H. & R. S. Tucker & Co., dry goods; T. E. Holding & Co., druggists, booksellers, stationers; Whiting Bros., dress suits made to order; H. Mahler, manufacturing jeweler; Geo. W. Huggins, all the latest novelties in jewelry; C. W. Yates, Victor Bicycles; Park Hotel, entirely new; Carolina Insurance Co., statement.

Boys! *study* the local advertisements, and *patronize those who help you.* Make such men as are always complaining of "throwing away" their money realize that it doesn't pay *not to throw it away;* and those who do not advertise at all realize that it is their loss, not ours.

BUY FROM THOSE WHO PATRONIZE YOU.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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1 "	3 "	12 00		1 "	12 "	30 00

Ten per cent. discount on all contracts accompanied by cash.

Subscription, payable in advance, one year, $1.50.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE MURDER OF SASSAFRAS HOLLOW.

BY K. L. B.

Sybil Atwood and I were students at the same college, and at our first meeting had begun a lasting friendship, though she was a Bostonian and I a native of our dear old "City by the Sea."

I longed to prove to her how impossible of putting into practice were her ideas of social equality with the negro race, but soon found that argument was useless. The only way was to take her down South among the negroes, and let her see for herself.

The opportunity came sooner than I expected, for my aunt, who lived on a big plantation in upper South Carolina, wrote me to come and spend Christmas with her, adding that I might bring one of my friends along as I might find it lonely as there were no young people in her family.

I was delighted, and wrote at once to my parents for permission, which was readily granted, and Syb had no difficulty in getting the consent of her's to accompany me.

The week before Christmas found us *en route* for Cedarville, the town nearest Aunt Sue's home, where we were met and conveyed out to the plantation by a very handsome man of about thirty, who was Aunt Sue's son-in-law, and the principal merchant in the town.

Aunt Sue, who was genial, fat and fifty, met us with open arms at the gate, and made us feel thoroughly welcome from

the first, with her generous Southern hospitality. Syb was all anxiety to get acquainted with the dusky population, and was not long in coming over to my side. "Why, Dolly," she said in amazement, "I had no idea they would be so coarse and dirty!"

There was one of the servants, though, that we both fancied. She was a bright, chocolate-colored girl, near our own ages, who was peculiarly quick and intelligent. We almost quarrelled over her, as Syb wanted to take her to Boston and make a lady's maid of her, while I was fully decided that she was the very girl we needed at home for a waitress. Before we came to an open rupture, she smilingly informed us that she could go with neither of us, as she was engaged to be married!

One afternoon in early January, Syb and I went home with "Silvy" for a walk.

She lived with a married sister, two miles from Aunt Sue's, and we enjoyed the brisk walk through the crisp clear air very much indeed. Syb had on a blue blazer suit and a tennis cap made of the class colors. I wore an Eton suit of the same color and the mortar-board of my society.

Silvy discoursed fluently to us all the way of her "young man," and all her prospects, until we found we had left the uplands and were at the entrance to a swamp. The zig-zag pathway led down to a little clearing, or "hollow" as they called it, shut in on three sides by tall trees, and on the fourth by the hill we had just descended. There was a log cabin with two "shed" rooms in the rear, in the middle of the little patch of cleared land, and from the swamp side we could hear the sweet, gurgling ripple of a hidden brook, or "branch," swollen by the winter rains.

When we reached the yard, with its rough split-board fence enclosing the old well with its ancient well-sweep and moss-grown bucket and curb, made of a hollow cypress tree, Syb gave a cry of surprise and delight. She was still more pleased

when Silvy turned to us with a beaming smile and gracious bow, and said:

"Welcome to Sassafras Hollow, young ladies!"

The house was closed, and an air of desertion hung over everything. Silvy decided that "Mary Jane" must be visiting some of the neighbors across the swamp, and told us if we would wait she would go over and bring her back.

We agreed, and walked around, examining everything—Syb peeping into the cracks of the house, and I looking for the waterfall which could be heard so plainly. After a while we grew tired, and Silvy seemed to be taking a very long time, so we thought we would follow her across the swamp. We had lots of fun, jumping from one tussock to another, holding on to the tall reeds and, every now and then, narrowly missing a plunge into the dark, muddy water. We had gotten almost over (for we could see the light through the trees) and knew we had not much further to go, when suddenly we saw Silvy hurrying back, jumping here and there in a most reckless manner.

"What's the matter?" we both cried in a breath.

"There's a big crowd of men over there," she said, pointing over her shoulder, and speaking in subdued but excited voice, "and dey are comin' dis way now."

With one accord, without a moment's hesitation, we turned and fled back through the swamp to Mary Jane's cabin, springing from one foothold to another in a desperate, haphazard way.

The door of the shed-room occupied by Silvy was unfastened and we hastily entered, closing the door behind us. Presently we heard voices, and through the cracks we could see men's forms coming through the dimness of the swamp. There were about a dozen of them, and two carried sacks which had something in them.

"Lawd, there's Mr. Phil," whispered Silvy, in surprise.

"Where?" I asked eagerly, but I saw him as I spoke.

They came by the house and stopped out of our sight, but not out of hearing, and began the strangest talk we ever heard.

I heard cousin Maude's husband say in loud, excited tones, "I'll bet two to one on the red!" and another familiar voice cry out still louder, "I'll go you five to one on the grey!" Then such cries as "Hit him again!" "Wasn't that a dandy lick!" until we crouched down in terror, knowing that there was a mortal combat going on so near us. We could hear the combatants come together with a thud, and a strange, fluttering noise; then the men would raise such a yell that we would tremble with fright. Presently a louder shout than ever went up, and the cries, "He's dead!" "Cut through the heart!" "I've won!" "You're out!" until we were dazed.

Then we heard the men trooping away, laughing and jesting, while we were almost stupefied with horror.

Cousin Phil's voice came to us again: "I am awfully sorry he's dead; he was such a brave fellow—fought while there was a breath left in him."

"What are you going to do with him?" another voice asked.

"I don't want to take him back to town; you know it's against the law."

"I think it ought to be," whispered Syb indignantly.

"I believe," cousin Phil's voice went on, "that I'll leave him here for Pete and Mary Jane. They don't have any too much to eat, and will be glad to get him."

"Are they cannibals?" asked Syb, in a horrified whisper.

Just then we sprang to our feet with a wild cry, for the door was pulled open and the victim was pitched in, headlong, and fell with a thud at our feet. We shrieked with fright, then a wonderful quiet fell upon us all, as we gazed down upon the body of a fine game cock which had been killed in the battle royal which was just ended.

SOME THINGS THAT THE WORLD SHOULD BE THANKFUL FOR.

C. D. GRAVES.

The years 1894–'95 were known in the scientific world as the helium and argon years. During this period the chemists showed to the world that the inactive element argon was a constituent of our atmosphere. Also it was found that the element helium, which was previously supposed to exist only in the outer envelope of the superheated gases around the sun, was among the elements of the earth's crust.

The year 1896 will ever be remembered as the Roentgen year.

On January 4th, at the semi-centennial celebration of the Berlin Physical Society, Prof. Roentgen demonstrated the fact that he had discovered rays of light the like of which had never before been even supposed—rays of light which would readily pass through inches of solid wood, thin plates of metal, and books of a thousand leaves. This light is neither refracted by prisms of glass nor focussed by lenses. Though invisible to the naked eye, it has the same photographic effect as ordinary light on a sensitive plate. This peculiar light is obtained by passing an electric current through a glass bulb from which the air has been exhausted. As the current passes through this rarified medium streamers of beautifully-colored light may be observed. Such a bulb is called a Crooke's tube. If around this tube black paper is wrapped the light is entirely shut off from the eye, and if the experiment be performed in a darkened room the observer would stand in Egyptian darkness—nothing would be visible. If, however, a surface of calcuim tungstati, or any other fluorescent substance, is brought near this darkened tube, the surface immediately glows with light. If thin pieces of wood or paper be held between this lighted surface and the tube, they will scarcely cast a shadow.

But if the hand be held between the two, the flesh will slightly intercept the light and cast a vague shadow, while the bones will cut off the light entirely and give a dark and clearly-defined image of their form. Photographs may be obtained by substituting a sensitive plate for the fluorescent surface, when a shadow image is produced. This discovery set the world afire, and within less than three months, Mr. Edison, the wizard of the world, had perfected the Crooke's tube. Out of 1,800 substances which were tested, he had selected the best for giving a fluorescent surface. With this accomplished, he placed on the market the fluoriscope. This is simply an elongated wooden box, one end being a fluorescent surface; the other is made to fit the face. Into this you look, as into a kaleidoscope. With your box directed towards a Crooke's tube you may see the fluorescent surface brightly illuminated and, by placing the hand before it, the bones cast a shadow upon the surface. Some queer photographs have been taken. To show the process of growth in the second set of teeth, a photograph was made of the mouth of a boy thirteen years old. His first set were clearly defined in the photograph, and above them, inbedded in the bone, were the second set, ready to appear at their proper time. It is no longer necessary for a young mother to worry herself about baby's teeth, or get up every other hour of the night to see if the first tooth has yet appeared. A simple photograph would reveal the position of each "little toothy"; so she might spend the night in unbroken slumber, and allow her husband to peacefully do the same.

This discovery is of incalculable advantage to physicians and surgeons. The terrible and painful operation of probing for a bullet lodged in the body is no longer necessary. By the use of the fluoriscope the surgeon may be able to see the bullet hidden beneath the flesh as plainly as if it were on the table before him. In setting a fractured bone, guess work as to the proper result of the operation is positively criminal.

The surgeon can see the nature of the break and examine his work, when it is done, as readily as if the flesh were entirely removed. When the splints have been put on and round after round of cloth have been wrapped around it, the patient may scrutinize the perfectly-mended break, or complain at a sorry job.

Last week Mr. Edison, in his laboratory, had been working long at the fluoriscope. Wearily closing his tired eyes he passed his hand before them, when suddenly through his eyelids he saw the outlines of the bones in his finger. This was a startling thing, but it is only strange that he had not discovered it before.

Two blind men were brought in and they each could see the bright light in the fluoriscope and shadows of objects placed before it. Does this really mean that the blind will be able to see and read the darkening shadows of letters placed behind the fluoriscope? It surely is possible, and so long as the nerve of the eye is uninjured, it is quite probable that the blind will see.

A few days ago at the University of Michigan a screen was used for the fluorescent surface and Dr. Novy sat between it and the Crooke's tube. The audience were amusing themselves with counting the shadows of his ribs upon the screen and watching their movement as he breathed, when suddenly his beating heart appeared and its pulsations were actually counted. What the fluoriscope means to the blind, to medicine and surgery cannot be estimated. There are seven in use in the city of Norfolk to-day, and will doubtless be in the hands of all reputable physicians at no distant date.

In hypnotism there is a realm of wonder, and the popular mind looks upon its announcements with distrust. *Leslie's Weekly* of November 12, contains a most interesting article. In France, the country famed for its hypnotic experiments, two subjects (A and B) were hypnotized in a dark room. Both in this sensitive state were able to discern from the north

pole of a magnet a bluish effluvia of light, and from the south pole a reddish effluvia. A could also see a bluish luminous appearance, extending from the right side of B, while there was observed a reddish luminous effluvia from his left side.

If the operator pinched this effluvia—though at a distance of two feet from the body of B—he declared that he was pinched, and a pin stuck into this effluvia would give pain to B, while to pinch or prick his skin brought no pain to him. A glass of water was brought within this luminous effluvia of B, and afterwards transferred to a distant part of the room. A declared that the water now gave off light, the same in nature as that given off by the body of B. When this water was pinched B screamed and insisted that he was pinched, and when the pin was stuck in the water B felt the pain. A wax image of a man was also made and brought into the effluvia of B. The image was carried away from B and the pin thrust into different parts of it, when B would cry out that his arm, his hand or his face was pricked. A photograph of B was taken. The negative was conveyed into an adjoining room and carelessly dropped. It broke, and B went into the most agonizing convulsions. Now, you ask how much of this do I believe. I can only answer that it comes to us over the names of high authorities, and the great Charcot himself stands for part of it. Last April, at Johns Hopkins University, in operating on a patient for kidney trouble, hypnotism was substituted for an anæsthetic.

It is, as I stated, a realm of wonder, but we know not what blessings France will give to the world from the unfolding of its mysteries.

Some of us may remember when the snail-like pace of the stage-coach was our most rapid means of transit. Following the railroad, came the telegraph and the telephone. Does it seem possible that less than fifteen years ago John Robinson passed through this country exhibiting as part of his great

show the wonderful electric light? The trolley car followed. Scarcely five years ago Mr. Edison spoke to a revolving cylinder of wax, reversed it and made it speak back the words which he had uttered. The phonograph was given to the world. By means of it one of England's preachers delivers his sermon to an audience near London, while in Scotland another congregation is listening to his words. Last year Mr. Edison gave to us the kinetoscope. Pictures were taken of a living scene at the rate of over 2,000 per minute. These were then brought in rapid succession beneath the peep-hole for the eye. The movement being too rapid for the eye to distinguish the pictures, as separate, continuous life and motion were presented, these minute photographs were so perfected, during the present year, that they would permit of high magnification. Then into the lantern they went, and were projected upon a screen. After the pictures have been taken, an audience may sit and watch the scenes pass before them on the stage. The waves of the seashore come rolling in. They heap themselves together, and curling over, they break and dash their spray forward into the air till you jump, for fear of being drenched.

A charge of the French cavalry thus taken is worthy of mention. A dusky line appears upon the horizon, with a cloud of dust standing low above it. The line grows larger, assumes form, and men on horse-back are riding rapidly forward. On they come, with terrible speed; the dust rises more rapidly from beneath their feet, the horses are covered with foam, the riders flourish their swords, and you shrink back with fear, lest you be trampled beneath their feet. They reach the edge of the stage, but draw rein and dismount. This scene is as perfect in detail as the original from which the photographs were taken.

Within two or three months, Mr. Edison informs us, that the apparatus for the transmitting of photographs, or any sketch by electricity, will be ready for the market. It is only

necessary to place a sketch on a cylinder, press the button, and an exact duplicate of the scene is received a thousand miles away. The artist will then not be forced to ship his material by express, but, as the reporter writes his description of any scene, he may sit beside him and make his sketch, then beat him in a race over the wires to the press office.

This is a wonderful world, and filled with wonderful men—men who have given to our impotent way of doing things the power of steam, and in electricity, like mercury, have lent us their wings. In the last seventy years a few scientists have put more progress into the world and shoved it further in its advancement than all people in all previous time. Most of this has been done in the past ten years, much in the past one year. We, because we live in this world—though we may never have lifted a finger to advance mankind—reap the fruits of others' labor. Should we not be ready to offer a tribute of thanks to those who so wonderfully have blessed us and all mankind?

NOVEMBER 26, 1896.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

CAREY P. ROGERS.

In the summer of 1894, while traveling in the western counties of Virginia, I chanced to be one day in a court-room where there was a murder case just being given to the jury. The prisoner, it seemed, was doomed to die, for in the chain of evidence (although it was purely circumstantial), there were no missing links. Even the faces of the jurymen, as they received the judge's charge and retired to make up their verdict, betrayed their inward belief in the prisoner's guilt. Indeed, so improbable did his acquittal seem, that upon the jury's retiring nearly all the hearers took their leave also.

Great was the surprise of all when it was later reported that the jury were not agreed; that they would withhold their ver-

dict until the following day. The delay naturally revived the excitement that had at first been manifested over the trial, and when on the following day the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty," the excitement increased.

What influence could have been brought to bear upon that body of men to so completely reverse their opinion! I watched my opportunity and addressing one of the jurymen, asked him for an explanation of the matter.

He said—to be as brief as possible—that there was one man on the jury who positively refused to give over; that with this exception, the jury were agreed as to the prisoner's guilt. This one man maintained from the first that his consent to the prisoner's death would never be given, and when asked to state to the jury his reasons for taking such a bold and decided stand, he related the following actual experience from his own life:

"My boyhood was spent in the southern part of Virginia, near the city of Lynchburg. My father died before I can remember, and left me the only child of a young mother whose income scarcely sufficed to meet her small demands and those of her boy. Until I was seventeen she managed to keep me in school, but I never worked overhard, and was hardly prepared to enter college, when I accepted a position as clerk in a cross-roads store.

"My work was twenty miles from any railroad, and the store being only a small branch of a large firm in Lynchburg, I was not only made its head man but also overseer of a large farm owned by the same firm. This placed at my disposal a pair of fine-bred horses, which my employers sent out to their farm during the summer months; and often, after eating supper, in the evening I would saddle one of these horses and ride for an hour or two.

"One evening late in September, after having been out for two or three hours, and having ridden hard, I had returned to my sleeping apartments in a four-room cottage, tired and warm.

The moon was shining dimly through the autumn mist—too dimly for me to recognize the features of a man a few steps distant. I had gone out and was sitting on the doorstep enjoying the cool evening breeze, when I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of a rapidly-approaching horseman.

"After hailing, he asked permission to spend the night, and I, glad at the prospect of having a companion for the night, asked him to dismount and walk in, adding that I would see to his horse and be in presently.

"In ten minutes I was at the house, but the stranger had disappeared! I sat down on the step again, and was still wondering what had become of my strange guest, when several more horsemen rode up.

"They seemed in a great hurry, and rather excitedly asked if a man had passed the house on horseback about ten minutes before, and which road he had taken. I told them of the stranger and his mysterious disappearance, whereupon they dismounted and asked permission to search the premises. I readily consented, being myself curious to know what had become of the horseman. From their conversation I gathered that a murder had been committed up the road six or eight miles, and that they had pursued the murderer to my house.

"After fruitlessly searching the house and grounds, the men went to the stable to examine the horse of the murderer. Imagine my consternation upon finding the stable empty, but closed apparently just as I had left it. Here was another mystery. My own saddle and bridle were gone, and in their place were those of the stranger, which upon examination showed signs of blood. They examined my horse closely, and noted that he was sweating freely and showed signs of the hard riding which I had done after supper. I could not but remark the suspicious glances the men gave me as they returned to the cottage.

"There, without my further consent, they began searching the house for some clue. In the hall and front rooms they

found nothing, but finally removing the drawers from an old-fashioned bureau in my bed-room, they found, carefully stowed away, concealed behind the lower drawer, my own revolver with my initials engraved upon the handle and with two chambers discharged ; a watch bearing the name of my employer, who proved to be the murdered man, and some other articles which were identified as belonging to him.

"This evidence was sufficient. I was arrested and taken to jail, despite my protestations of innocence, and some time afterwards convicted of murder.

"On the trial, it was alleged by one of the neighbors that I was seen to pass the scene of the murder shortly after sunset, and I remembered having met the man on my evening's ride. More than this, it was shown that my employer had written me of his coming, and that he would bring a considerable sum of money to pay for some recently purchased property in the neighborhood. As will be shown later, the letter never reached me.

"My poor old mother died of a broken heart shortly after my trial. To the last she believed me innocent, and those who stood by her bedside and watched her pass to rest have told me of how she prayed them, with her dying breath, to establish my innocence ; how, when they had told her that I was brave and bore my sentence manfully, that time would prove my innocence, one smile of happiness had for an instant played upon her features, and the next moment she was gone.

"On the 7th day of January (nearly a year-and-a-half after my arrest) I was sent for by the Governor of the State and given my freedom. In a distant State, on his death-bed, the real murderer of my employer had confessed his crime. He had told how he had exchanged saddles with me ; how he had planned to throw suspicion on me by putting the watch and pistol, which he had stolen for the purpose, in my bureau drawer ; how, as he had passed the old post-office box on Sunday before the murder, he had found the letter from my em-

ployer, unsealed; how, after reading it, he had destroyed it and conceived the plan of the robbery.

"And now, gentlemen," the juryman said, "you have my story. You know now why I have sworn never to convict any man on *circumstantial evidence.* I have taken my stand on the prisoner's side, and you have my reasons. Will you convict this man?"

Eleven voices spoke out as one, "Not guilty!" and the juryman who had "hung the jury" chimed in a twelfth, louder than all.

This is one case in the State of Virginia where the verdict of the jury was not in accordance with the evidence. As to the justice or injustice of conviction upon circumstantial evidence, I will not assume to say. This, however, I will say: it is better that one hundred guilty persons should escape the gallows, *than that one innocent man should suffer death.*

THE SETTLERS.

L. R. VARSER.

One rainy day I chanced to be in the library hunting for something, I knew not what, when I came upon an old desk, stored away in a corner. By a little work I succeeded in opening it. I found several old documents, and among these there was a bundle of letters, a specimen of which I will give you:

"RICHMOND, Va., October 18, 1800.

"DEAR JOHN: Yesterday I gathered some information concerning those people that we came upon once in our travels. On account of the lack of time, I will tell you this as shortly as possible.

"In the year of 1743, on the fifteenth of November, just as the sun was setting, a small, queer-shaped boat stopped at

the wharf at Crossing, a small village on the James. The day was cold and windy. No one had heard that the boat was coming; and as the crew remained silent through the night, only a few knew of the boat's arrival. Early next morning the news went through the town, and a curious crowd gathered at the wharf to see the strangers.

"Though the crowd was large, yet it did not seem to give the strangers any alarm. The town-folk, however, seemed somewhat startled at their sudden arrival; and no one could conjecture where the strangers came from.

"Their speech was foreign, so it was with difficulty that they made themselves understood. They asked about the nature of the surrounding country and the probability of finding a place to settle; and on being told that there was unoccupied land further up the river, they at once started. Having found a creek, they rowed their boat up it a considerable distance, until they came in sight of a large, open place, which seemed by its appearance to have been long ago deserted by nature. There was no sign of habitation at any time whatever—not even the track of a bird or a wild beast to be seen. This place was the very one that they had been seeking, so they landed at once, and commenced to make preparations for the night. Soon they had completed a house large enough to accommodate them all.

"In a short while they ate their supper and gathered around a huge fire to discuss the day's travel and the blessings that their Divine Father had bestowed upon them. Every one was delighted with the new home and its surroundings. At nine o'clock, as was their custom, they drank a cup of beer apiece and went to bed. Their beds were of bark and their coverings skins of wild beasts.

"Their sudden arrival and quick settlement did not fail to create suspicion among the people of the surrounding country. Some said they were spies; others that they were pirates. The nature of the place in which they settled and their very manner of living seemed to increase the suspicion.

"The place was bare and desolate looking. No one had ever been known to try to settle there; and the wild animals, so the story went among the Indians in whom the neighboring country abounded, seemed afraid to venture across it. All this, however, seemed to make the strangers like the place the more. They treated every one with respect, and seemed perfectly at home, a thing which somewhat lessened the suspicion of their neighbors, though it did not decrease their curiosity.

"These people have always clung to this desolate spot with almost superhuman tenacity. None of them has ever left it for another habitation, nor has any of them ever harmed a person. They still adhere to their rude ways of living. A meal of bread and water is always eaten as soon as they get up in the morning, and then the men go to the creek for fish, or to the woods for game.

"In the meantime the women work the gardens. Strange to say, these women gardeners have, by their knowledge of farming, enriched the once barren soil to a high degree of fertility. At seven o'clock the men return, when the principal meal of the day is eaten. They generally sleep from eight o'clock until twelve, unless some friend is sick, but if this is the case, they visit him at the regular sleeping hour. Their hour for worship is from one to two o'clock in the afternoon, this ceremony being the most peculiar of all. They gather at one sacred spot, which is at the foot of a large oak in the northeastern part of the settlement, always arriving there at the appointed time; and they spend the first five or ten minutes in greeting each other and inquiring of each other's welfare. Then silence reigns. One by one they approach the foot of this oak and go through a series of gestures and intonations that would command the reverence of the most hard-hearted observer. After this is done, they assemble and give one mighty shout of thanks to their Divine Father. Then they tell their experience of the previous day,

which in most cases is truly striking. When they have finished this worship, they go each one to his respective home, and any one can see upon their faces a refreshed look, and in their conversation a feeling of duty done. Their first duty then is to return home. This is in accordance, as they say, with the will of their Father.

"Their manner of dressing is plain and simple: the men wear black clothes and white hats, the women wear white in the winter and black in the summer. This has been their custom ever since they first settled. No one has ever seen any other colored garment at their settlement. They have also a sacred suit of white, as they call it, which they wear to their meetings, not being allowed to wear this at any other time.

"Their religion and government have blended almost into one: they consider religion the only basis of good government; they claim that peace and happiness are given them by their Father for their devotion to him; and they have no laws, except their code of rules, which they claim to have been given them from on High. In all the years they have lived at that place, a quarrel or a dispute of any kind has not been known among them. They willingly pay their taxes for the protection given them, as they say, from pirates and robbers, for whom they have an inborn hatred and fear.

"Their intelligence and literary taste cannot fail to excite the wonder of the visitor. The afternoons are opened in reading histories and works on philosophy. They have a fine knowledge of French, German and Scottish history, and they can tell you the generals on both sides and the result of every battle fought in Scotland. English history is almost unknown to them, except what they have learned from Scottish.

"Their library is filled with the choicest books of French, German, and Scottish literature, and they highly prize their collection of songs and old ballads from Scotland. To the wonder of all, they sing these charmingly. Though you

may not understand a dozen words in a song, you cannot keep from being charmed. They have a knowledge of mythology that is unequalled, and also the rare gift of skilfully using it, while they delight in telling legends and ghost-stories connected with their ancestors.

"Their language is difficult to understand. The pronunciation of the nasal sounds is almost impossible to any one else. They speak it with the greatest fluency, and have orators that for hours could hold you enchanted, though you could not understand a single sentence. Traces of French and German can be found in them. Their accent is almost as precise as that of the ancient Greeks. The nearest resemblance to any is the Gallic of Highland Scotland; yet this kinship is not near.

"They claim that their origin was divine. Many beautiful stories do they tell about their Divine Father's first appearing on the earth, and they claim to have among them now certain ones who converse with him and inquire about the future of the tribe. In their stories they are careful not to disclose any of their own history.

"Please return this by next mail.

"Yours as before, PETER."

GREEK ATHLETICS.

G. W. PASCHAL.

To the Geeeks beauty was everything; with them it was always associated with the good, and constituted the highest term for perfection. We see their devotion to it everywhere: in their religion, which had none of the repulsive divinities that are found in other pagan religions; in their literature, in their architecture, in their sculpture, the precious fragments

of which have served to preserve to the world ideals of what the forms of man and woman should be when developed naturally by suitable exercise. For the Greeks were the most athletic of all peoples; even we in America do not equal them, with all our bicycle riders, cross-roads base-ball clubs, and our high-shool and college athletics. It is of their gymnastic training, that produced the most beautiful race of men and women the world has ever seen, that we wish to speak.

In ancient Greece gymnastics formed the majcr part of the education of the great majority of the youth. Every Greek city of importance had public and private gymnasiums for boys, called *palaestra*, or wrestling-schools, and one or more for men. In Athens there were three, all outside the city walls, the Academy, the Lyceum, and the Cynosarges. They had little in common with our modern gymnasiums, but were more in the nature of an athletic field or park. A considerable rectangular peice of ground was snrrounded by rows of columns something like those in the beautiful Peristyle that enclosed the east end of the Court of Honor at the Chicago Fair. On the inside suitable provision was made for the many athletic exercises. There was a hall, something like our gymnasiums, called *ephebeion*, for the recruits from the army, who received a two-years' training there; spaces, both open and covered, for running and walking and playing ball, and in some instances seats arranged for those who might want to observe the games. Rooms for dressing, annointing and sanding the body preparatory for exercise, and hot and cold baths and dry *sudatoria* for those who had finished. On the outside, in the niches of the columns, were seats called *exedrae*, where the wits of the city loved to sit and talk to the boys. From the Dialogues of Plato we learn that Socrates was very fond of frequenting them. Plato himself kept his school inside of the Academy, while Aristotle used the covered walks of the Lyceum for his school room.

The conduct of the young men was under the charge of

supervisors, ten in number, at Athens, who were elected annually. Other officers called *gymnastae*, or trainers directed the exercises. Some of these trainers were in high honor, and are praised by Pindar almost as lavishly as the victors they trained for the great games of which we shall presently speak.

The exercises most practised, and in which every youth was trained, were running, wrestling, leaping, hurling the quoit, and throwing the javelin. Besides, there were boxing, the pankration, and various games of ball.

Of these, running was reckoned first. In all the great athletic games the winner in the single foot-race received the highest meed of praise, and the game was called after his name. And all through Greek literature we find fleetness of foot held in highest esteem. Achilles, the ideal hero of the Greeks, has as his standing epithet, "swift-footed;" he pursues Hector around the walls of Troy, darting after him "as a falcon on the mountain, swiftest of winged things, swoopeth fleetly after a trembling dove," and, though Hector tried to hug the wall of the city as he ran, Achilles turned him away, overtook and slew him. It is by running that Ajax and Odysseus decide the contest for the arms of Achilles, and Ajax is so much chagrined at his defeat that he kills himself. Any deformity of limb was viewed with disgust and ridicule. Even the blessed gods cannot repress their laughter as lame old Hephaestus bustles through the halls. Thersites "the ugliest man that came under the walls of Troy" was ugly everywhere; his drooping shoulders curved together on his breast; his peaked head was covered only by a few straggling locks, but first of all he was bandy-legged and lame in one foot.

Old age affected the feet before any other of the members. In an ode of Pindar we are told that Erginus, one of the Argonauts, prematurely gray, effectually silenced the taunts of the Lemniau women by winning in an armor race, exclaiming as he went for his prize: "Such am I for fleetness; my hands and heart are as good, but gray hairs frequently grow even on young men."

There were races of many kinds. The most common was the length of the stadium, about two hundred and twenty yards; then came the double stadium, called *diaulos*, and the long race or *dolichos*, a distance of several miles. It was this long race that a young Greek won at the recent games at Athens, while our own American boys gained the others. Besides, there were races in full armor, and relay races, with torch-light runs at night, but the exact nature of which is not known.

Wrestling was very highly regarded and practised from the earliest times. The gymnasiums for boys were called *palaestra*, because of the prominence given to wrestling in them. The rules were nearly the same as hold for the present day. First the body was bared to the waist, annointed with oil to make the limbs supple, and then sprinkled with dust to enable the contestants to get a fair hold. Sometimes they caught as they could, sometimes they grasped one another around the waist. This was the manner of the wrestling of Odysseus and Ajax, son of Telamon, of which we have an account in the Iliad. "And the twain being girt went into the midst of the ring, and clasped each the other in his arms with stalwart hands, like gable rafters of a lofty house which some famed craftsman joineth, that he may baffle the wind's force. And their backs creaked, gripped firmly under the vigorous hands," as Mr. Myers translates. But later the contestants did not rely so much on the hold as on tripping. No striking or kicking was allowed, but one might throttle his adversary, butt him with his head or clasp him around the neck. Three falls were necessary to decide the issue. The third fall became proverbial in Greek literature for the unalterable decision of a matter. Several famous wrestlers are mentioned, the most noted of whom was Milo of Crotona, who was six times victor at Olympia, six times at Pythia, and used to walk through the lists with an ox on his shoulder. But in the end his strength availed him not, for in trying to pull open a partially

split log, he got his fingers caught by the wedge jumping out and was devoured by wolves.

In leaping both the high and long jumps were practised, but in the games only the long jump. Spring-boards and dumb-bells were used, a fact which may account for the seemingly incredible record of fifty-five feet ascribed to an Olympian victor, while the best modern record is about twenty-three feet.

The quoit, or *diskos*, was not a ring or horse-shoe, such as is used in the modern game, but a flat circular piece of metal of some weight. This the player grasped in the palm of his hand, let it rest on his fore-arm and raised it backward to about the level of his shoulder, and sent it forward as far as possible. This, along with javilin throwing, was used to develop the arms and shoulders.

The ball games among the Greeks were rude, when compared with the modern, and never developed into anything really scientific like base-ball and foot-ball. However, there were ball games of many kinds for one, two, or more players. For every game there was a special ball, made of hair, feathers or fig seed, covered with leather or many-colored cloth. Ono of these games was *urania* or sky-high, in which the player threw the ball as high as possible. Another was called bounce-ball, in which the player threw the ball obliquely to the ground and was credited with its several bounds until it was caught and returned. In throwing the player did not let his arm rise above his shoulder. There was a game at Sparta called *episkyros*, or line-ball. In this the players were divided by a line, and each division was bounded behind by a line, back of which they might not go. It was a game of throwing, the object of the thrower being to place the ball where it would not be caught. Of course a throw beyond the opponents' back line would be equivalent to a "home-run."

Another ball was called *korykos*. This was a very large leathern pouch, filled with fig seed, sand or flour, and hung from the ceiling to about the height of a man's chest, and was

more properly a punching-bag. The player belabored it with his fists and jumped against it with his breast.

Boxing and paukration, a combination of wrestling and boxing were semi-professional in their nature, and seem not to have been prescribed in the regular course of training. The boxing differed from that of the present day only in that the contestants bound their wrists and hands with leather, both as a protection and to enable them to give a harder blow. It was a very old art. Garrulous old Nestor tells tales of his youthful boxing victories, and good boxing was in Homeric times reckoned a great accomplishment. Odysseus showed that that he could box on occasion when he with one blow disabled the insolent Irus. But professional boxers were never very popular, for all that Pindar praises them and their trainers so prodigally. They were regarded as trifling, insolent braggarts, and as fond of word-battles as are Fitzsimmons and Corbett to-day, as the following speech made by Epeios, a noted boxer of the Iliad, will show. Achilles has just offered prizes in boxing, for the winner, a mule; for the loser, a two-handled cup.

"Forthwith arose a man, great and valiant, and skilled in boxing, Epeios son of Panopens, and laid his hand on the sturdy mule and said aloud: 'Let one come nigh to bear off the two-handled cup; the mule I say none other of the Achaians shall take for victory with his fists, for I claim to be the best man here. Sufficeth it not that I fall short of you in battle. Not possible is it that in all arts a man be skilled. Thus proclaim I, and it shall be accomplished. I will utterly bruise mine adversary's flesh and break his bones, so let his friends abide together here to bear him forth when vanquished by my hands.' Thus spake he and they all kept deep silence."

The paukration, as has been already said, was a combination of wrestling and boxing, in which however nothing was worn on the hands. This was reckoned the most terrible of all the contests. Pindar, the herald of Greek athletics, calls it

"the forceful strife of the paukration," and old Xenophanes, all out of patience, speaks of it as "that dreadful contest." So well he might, for frequently the contestants left the lists disabled for life.

Such were the principal exercises practiced in the Greek gymnasium, but not in the gymnasium alone. The Greeks were too vain a people for that; they had great contempt for the cock that fought only on his own dung-hill. "Deeds of no risk," says Pindar, "are honourless." So a great member of public games were established throughout Greece, the four most famous of which were, the Olympian at Pisa in the west of the Peloponnesus, the Pythian at Delphi, the Isthmian near Corinth, and the Nemean in Argos. But far the greatest of of all were the Olympian. The greatest of all games, says Pindar, the sun, the mother of gold-crowned contests. According to a beautiful myth related by Pindar, these games were founded by Hercules, in honor of his father Zeus, back in shadowy antiquity. The myth lightens into history in 776 B. C., when Koroebus wins the single stadium foot race, a date which the later Greek writers used in reckoning time.

Very early the valley of Olympia came to be regarded as one of the most hallowed spots in all Greece. Writers, ancient and modern, never tire of telling us of its great beauty. It would be vain for me to try to describe its various features; the mountains that enclosed it, and the hill of cronius that towered up on the South, the broad stream of the Alpheius, the limpid Cladeus, the *Altis*, or sacred grove of Zeus, covered with clusters of pines and olives and adorned with statues of athletes made by the world's most famous sculptors; the temple of Zeus, agleam with gold, and its statue of Zeus, wrought on ivory and gold by Phidias, the seventh wonder of the world.

Here once in four years, on the first full moon after the summer solstice, assembled all the Greek world. From Athens, Thebes, Sparta, Rhodes and Cyrene, there came the richest and most influential citizens, the greatest statesmen and phi-

losophers, the sweetest-tongued poets, the best musicians, and they, in whose honor all the others came—the best-trained men from the gymnasiums. For "Olympia always remained a central expression of the Greek ideas that the *body* of man has a glory as well as his intellect and spirit, and that body and mind should alike be disciplined."

All these assembled in the stadion, rendered famous by frequent allusions in sacred and profane literature. For a stadion, let the reader imagine an immense elliptical basin, the bottom of which was about 220 yards long and wide enough for twenty men to run abreast. The sides are covered with seats on which the spectators sat and viewed the contests in all the various games, except ball, practiced in the Greek gymnasiums—some by boys and some by men.

Here, before assembled Greece, those athletes who had taken at least ten-months' training and had passed the test in the local gymnasium, contested for the prizes. It took not much time to run a stadium, but the man that did it in the shortest time was for four years counted the happiest of men, and his rewards continued throughout life—"he that overcometh," says Pindar, "hath for the sake of those games a sweet tranquility throughout his life forevermore." On the night of his victory when "the lovely shining of the fair-faced moon beamed forth, and all the precinct sounded with songs of festal glee," he was conducted in a procession by his townsmen, singing an old song of Archilochus, "See, the conquering hero comes!" Later he was brought into the temple of Zeus, along a flower-strewn way, and standing on a table of ivory and gold, received from the Aetolian man a palm branch for his hand, and had "laid upon his hair, above his brows, a branch of pale gleaming olive, a tree which from Ister's shadowy springs Hercules bore to be a most honorable memorial of the contests at Olympia." No vulgar gold medal, such as the modern athelete covets! "No proud one," says Ruskin, "no jeweled circlet flaming through heaven—only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow—type of gray honor and sweet rest."

But his rewards were only just begun, his statue was chiseled by some famous sculptor and erected in the grove of Zeus, and a Pindar or a Simonides composed a poem in his honor, which was sometimes inscribed in letters of gold in the temple of his city's deity. On his return to his city a great procession came out to meet him, and a chorus of boys singing the song composed in his honor. At Athens he received substantial rewards in money, an honorable seat in all public meetings, and public support for life; at Sparta the right to stand by his King in battle. Such were the honors bestorod upon victor in every contest, but *Vae victis*, woe to the conquered! We have a glance or two of them as they return home in great dejection, ungreeted by any, creeping along back lanes and alleys.

The above are some of the features of a training that produced a Leonidas at Sparta and a Sophocles at Athens, but when Greece lost her freedom athletics degenerated into professionalism and failed. Already in Plato we find the overtrained athlete described as a drowsy, worthless fellow; long before Xenophanes had complained bitterly of the honors accorded to him instead of to himself whose "wisdom was better than the strength of men and horses." But while the excess was disparaged, the value of good exercise was never forgotten, and the following words of Socrates, found in the memorabilia, might apply to the present day:

"For in all things that men do the body is useful, and in all uses of the body there is much advantage in having as good a body as possible. For even in that in which you think there is the least use of the body, in using the mind, every one knows that even here many make great blunders because their bodies are not well. And forgetfulness and despondency and peevishness frequently impair the minds of many because their bodies are untrained, so that they lose their understandings. * * * * And it is disgraceful also because of neglect to become aged before seeing how one's body might become most beautiful and powerful."

THE OUTCOME OF DANGER.

FRANK W. KELLINGER, '98.

I had just finished my course at West Point, and had received my commission to go to Fort Laurel in Arizona. In company with a friend, named Harry Castlewood, I went by rail as far as Ingleside, a station about fifty miles from the fort. We arrived at Ingleside at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, worn out with our journey, and would have remained there had we found any place to stay. But failing in this, we started off for the fort.

About 9 o'clock we saw a light some distance ahead, and on approaching nearer, found it to be a small house. In response to our knock the door was opened by an old woman, who was greatly frightened when she saw us. We asked her if we could stay all night, but she said that there a gang of half-breds had their headquarters, and that if they came and found us there our lives would pay for the lodging. Being too tired to go any further that night we decided to take the risk, and after obtaining her permission we entered the house, and were soon enjoying some ham and eggs, which she had prepared for us. Of course our pipes had to occupy our time for a while after supper, but drowsiness presently forced us to ask the old woman to show us where we could sleep. She carried us to a little room in another part of the house and there left us, with a parting "Good-night."

I was so tired that I could not go to sleep immediately, and for some time lay thinking of my friends in Virginia, wondering if I should ever see them again. Just after sleep had gotten the mastery over me, I was suddenly waked by several voices in the room adjoining ours, among them the voice of a girl. Being able to indistinctly hear the men talking, I finally caught enough to discover that they had stolen the girl, and were going to keep her until a ransom was paid.

I awoke my friend and told him what I had heard, which aroused him immensely, and fired his determination to thwart the robbers' ignoble plan. After earnest consultation, we both decided to rescue the girl and carry her back to her friends; but several hours passed before we could attempt to stir, for fear that the captors were not asleep. We could hear the men at their supper, and could tell that they were giving themselves up to drink in their jubilancy over their capture.

Then, after hurried and noiseless preparation, we crept along the passage until we came to the door of the room where they all were. On opening the door we saw the men (there were six of them) lying on the floor drunk, and the girl tied in one of the chairs.

My heart gave a bound when I saw her, for she was the loveliest person I had ever seen—brown hair and eyes and a perfect figure. I made a vow in my mind that I would save her or lose my life in the attempt. I told my companion to go out and get our horses ready, leaving me to rescue the girl. When he was gone I lost no time in making the attempt. When the door was opened one of the men turned over, and I thought the noise had waked him, but it had not. The girl sorrowfully looked around at me when I approached her, but I told her to be quiet, as it was my purpose to save her. I then cut her bonds and led her out of the house to where Castlewood had the horses ready, and we leaped on them—the girl with me on my horse—and rode away as fast as possible.

Before I could ask her about the circumstances of her capture, we were startled by a loud noise behind us, and on looking back I saw three of the robbers coming after us with all the speed their horses could travel. We urged ours faster, but they were tired and the three men began to gain in this race for life. Presently several bullets whizzed by me and I saw Castlewood fall from his horse, while I felt a stinging sensation in my arm. I knew he could not receive any service from me, so I whipped my horse and dashed on with renewed

vigor, which was strengthened by seeing that the girl had fainted.

We soon came to a thick woods where I dismounted, and giving my horse a hard blow with my whip, sent him running away. I started in the woods with the girl in my arms. Having espied a cave I rushed in; I then laid the girl down, and when I had dragged some bushes over the entrance, waited with my pistol in my hand, determined to sell our lives dear. The men passed by, but they were so excited that they did not happen to find our place of refuge. After a long time I heard a bugle, and on creeping out of the cave saw a squad of coldiers coming. I called to them, and then I knew no more.

When I regained consciousness I was in a bed in a strange room. I asked the man who was in the room what I was doing there, and he told me that I had been sick in bed six weeks, as a result of the loss of blood. In answer to my question, he told me that the girl was well; she was the Colonel's daughter, and had been stolen away from the fort while the troops were away fighting Indians.

The Colonel came to see me next day and thanked me, with tears in his eyes, for saving his daughter; but best of all, she herself came before long, and I realized that I was deeply in love with her.

As soon as my strength would allow me I guided a party of soldiers to the little house, but no one was there. We found the remains of Harry Castlewood and buried them with feelings of respect for him who had thus nobly died. My friend's death saddened me more than I can express, for our association had strongly knit the ties of friendship.

I began my duties at the fort, and in about a year I asked Lizzie Dunbar to be my wife. She consented, and in a few months we were married. I look at her now, and at my two little children sitting at her feet, as I finish my story, and thank God that I stopped at the little house to stay that night, and though unforseen by me, to obtain life-long happiness.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE REPUBLIC.

A. F. SAMS.

The discontentment among the masses of the people is by no means a safe criterion of the fact that these latter years have developed abnormal conditions of oppression. This cry of "hard times" is a chronic complaint. The old man recalls it from his earliest memories, and his sun sets in unmitigated gloom.

That this is a time of financial stringency, no one need deny; but such is clearly a repetition of history, and is due to more than one cause. Events are so linked together that it is impossible to separate one and follow its connecting threads to a distinct cause.

If a hundred "calamity howlers" were called upon for the real cause of the present crisis, each with remarkable complacency would attribute it to some act of legislation the effect of which, in all probability, has never been realized. Practically the same government and laws now exist as have at all times since the founding of the American republic; yet there are those who boast of the grandeur of American institutions, while with the same breath they decry the institutions as a source of wealth to the few and penury to the many. To this class belong those who become over-enthusiastic with the schemes of political tricksters, and find too late that he who depends upon singing during the summer of a campaign, is left to starve in a winter of disappointment.

One great trouble is the fact that men fail to realize the true relationship existing between the individual citizen and the Commonwealth. Too often the State is regarded as a machine, to be managed for the weal of that clan which is so fortunate as to gain its possession. Such an idea, planted in the bosom of a free people, will ultimately prove the source of more evil than every alleged cause of the present crisis.

No measure of just legislation will put money into the pocket of an idle grumbler. It is in no sense the function of government to supply the temporal wants of the people: it was only intended for government to regulate in an equitable manner all conflicting interests, so that, with equal opportunities, every citizen might be left responsible for his own fortune. True, the adjustment of these demands has not in every case been equitably arranged. We may conceive of a perfect government—we can certainly do no more, so long as the ultimate unit of society is fallible.

But never has a cruel hand of law set bounds to the fortune of any worthy American citizen. On the other hand, we have seen men rise from the humblest to the most exalted positions of wealth and honor, showing that ability and energy are the two things needful.

This country has just passed through the throes of an enthusiastic political campaign. Buffeted by demagogues, the people have been led to imagine vain things and to tremble at the thought of the results of the election, as though the salvation or ruin of the world depended upon sound money or free silver. Happily this excitement is subsiding, and with it all hopes and fears. After the fourth of March the sun will continue to rise in the east and set in the west, the laws of gravitation will in all probability remain unchanged, and the stern law that man must "live by the sweat of his brow" will, to the sad disappointment of many, remain unrepealed.

This republic is too great to be subverted by the blind policy of any man. Since it is a government of the people, we need not fear so much the policy and character of politicians as the individual citizenship behind them. The power of the government is neither greater nor less than the force of her constituents, and he who labors to elevate the people at large—whether he be a teacher at his desk, a preacher in his pulpit, a statesman, or a politician—serves the best interests of his country.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE COLLEGE IN CHARACTER-BUILDING.

T. H. KING, '98.

In a certain section in this State lives an old gentleman who has often been urged to send his only son to college. He is a very pious old gentleman, whose moral and Christian character has never been questioned. His home is distinguished for its piety and for the purity of the atmosphere which pervades it. For a number of years he has been surrounded by the influences of secular institutions, and he has been a close observer of the results of their training. Unfortunately, a question has arisen in the old gentleman's mind as to the wisdom of giving a boy a college education. When urged last summer to send his son to college, he said: "He is a *good* boy now; but if I send him to college four years, what kind of a boy will he be when he leaves college?" This suggested to us that the college played an important part in the formation of the characters and in the shaping of the destinies of her students.

Early training is an important factor in the formation of character. We have heard this argued to the exclusion, almost, of influences brought to bear later in life. But as a matter of fact, most young men and young women have not had the advantages in early life of ideal training. Such young people receive whatever training they get in the schools and colleges which they attend; and the extent of the development of their characters and their preparation for life's work depend upon the amount of their academic and college training.

And as a rule boys, to some degree at least, get out from under the influence of parents before their characters are formed. How many young men just on the threshold of life, blooming as it were into manhood, when evil influences were

thrown around them, have spurned their father's council, disregarded their mother's warnings, and have become corrupted in manners, depraved in morals, and dissipated in habits. They have become outcasts in society, and have paid for their folly by sacrificing every element of their manhood, by giving up all possibility of success and distinction, and by forfeiting their claims even to the respect of their fellow men.

The average young man goes to college at an age when he has least regard for the connsel of parents and guardians. This is the turning point in his character, the crisis in his life; and the work of the college is not only to impart to him instruction in Latin, Greek, Mathematics and Science, but to take hold of him and to develop his character into all that is beautiful, pure and true. The foundation for this work, perhaps, has been laid in the home, or in the public school or academy. The duty of the college is to build on this foundation, to inculcate high and noble conceptions of life, to instil the principles of the purest manhood, to mould this material into a character, and to beautify and adorn it with a love for virtue and morality.

True, instruction in text-books, in the classics and sciences, is essential to true education. It increases our capacity for work, broadens our views, and strengthens our minds; it gives us an insight into the customs of men and enables us to grapple with the perplexing questions of the age. Certainly this is a very pleasant and very desirable part of college training. But this is insufficient in itself. A well-trained mind may be a great power for good, and it may also be a great power for evil. How many men have colleges sent out with cultivated minds, with trained intellects, with keen perceptions, with the gift of oratory—men endowed with exhaustless power over the hearts and lives of men, but utterly destitute of the principles of true manhood. They spend these powers in placing the most alluring charms around vices, in undermining virtue: they are not only failures in life, in

that they contribute nothing to human happiness and hope; but they are worse than failures, in that they sink the world deeper in infamy and crime.

Neither is that the true education which seeks only to prepare one for political preferment or professional honors. We have heard the representatives of State institutions use this as the highest consideration to induce young men to their colleges, claiming even the prerogative of nomination when places of public trust were to be filled. This is an unpardonable error, and the dissemination of such views of education is a menace to public interest and tend to lower the dignity of ideal training.

College training *does* prepare one to fill places of public trust. It *may* place him in a higher social position, it *may* enable him to make money more easily; but its object should be to develop in him the highest type of moral and Christian manhood.

We recognize the power to discern right from wrong as the most sacred with which man is endowed. We recognize the emotions of the heart, the hungering and thirsting for truth and virtue, as Godlike and paramount to all others. That college that trains the mind and intellect to the exclusion of the heart fails to develop the highest elements of character. To give a young man classical and scientific education and widest attainments in secular knowledge, and at the same time to ignore the highest powers of his nature, must be a fatal error. Such training does not produce the highest type of educated men. Prof. Huxley said: "My belief is that no human being and no society composed of human beings, ever did or ever will come to much, unless their conduct is governed and guided by some ethical idea." Dr. Carroll said that "education was the development of the whole man, body, mind and spirit, and that Christian education was not instruction in the dogmas of the Christian religion, or in distinctive denominational tenets; but secular education in a Christian atmosphere, and under Christian auspices.

Young people will naturally imbibe the spirit of the institution at which they receive their training: they look upon it as their standard and their conceptions of life, their ideas of greatness, their views of true manhood will not rise above their standard. If the institution ignores religion, the students will soon scorn it; if the colllege does not place a premium on morality, the students will soon lose every sense of moral obligation, and have no regard for honor; if the institution places a premium on wealth, instead of worth and merit, its very atmosphere will be polluted by the vices of youth. It is said that while Dr. Cooper was president of the South College some of the choicest youths of that State were tainted with his infidelity and atheism.

Whatever may be the standard of an institution when measured by morality and Christianity, that will be the standard of its students. They are there while their characters are being formed. There they imbibe principles which will go with them through life: which will guide their footsteps, which will shape their destines. But not only does the character of the institution represent the character of her alumni and students, but the character of the institution. What has Wake Forest College done for the young men of North Carolina and other States! Three thousand have matriculated here, and they represent the character of this institution. In Dr. Taylor's symposium almost every testimonial emphasizes the fact that Wake Forest trains the heart as well as the mind. Had it not been for Wake Forest the history of the Baptist denomination in North Carolina could be told in one-fourth its pages. In almost every State and territory in this Union her alumni bear testimony to the thorough training and pure Christian atmosphere which characterizes Wake Forest. But today in the struggle for Christian education in North Carolina she appeals to her alumni and student-body to preserve her honor and to uphold her in her good works. May she live long and continue to shape the characters of men and to prepare them for life's work and for the reward for its toils!

TO JUNIUS W. MILLARD.*

G. W. PASCHAL.

Junius, swift time in ceaseless, circling flight,
  Four times has shown his purple wing, since we,
  A class of hopefuls, dubbed with earned degree,
Went forth to battle in life's uncertain fight.
Our fortunes vary: one the chilling night
  Of Death has shrouded; some, as mortals see,
  Are honored. So may all in God's eyes be,
And hear "well done!" to crown their fight for Right.

Dear friend, thy latest act has been thy best,
    As sung the man of Chios: Heaven give
  Thee all thy heart's desire: a home, a wife
  Like-minded; this is noblest, best in life,
When man and wife in sweetest concord rest,
    To friends a joy in love and trust they live.

(*The following note from Mr. Millard will explain the above sonnet, and the occasion of its being printed.)

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Many works of merit, consigned to obscurity by the modesty of their authors, have been rescued therefrom by friends who have recognized their worth and who have considered that it was a simple duty to give to the world that which would enrich either the thought or happiness of mankind. The glorious Third Symphony of Beethoven is a case in point.

In literature, all will remember Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Written during the days of her engagement, she meant them for the eyes of her lover alone. But as Mr. Browning, just after their marriage, read them, he saw that here were sonnets equal to any in the language, and not surpassed by even the great Shakespeare himself. To obey her request and burn them was to impoverish the literature of nations. After much entreaty, he secured her consent to publish them, which was done under a title meant to conceal their identity.

A work of art is a thing of beauty. Beauty upbuilds and ennobles. Especially is this true of noble thoughts clothed in beautiful words. Doubly so, if words break forth into beautiful forms of verse, behind which dwells the soul of poetry.

The sonnet herewith enclosed was sent me as the offering of a friend. It shows in itself the occasion which called it forth. I saw its perfection and beauty (for no sonnet can be beautiful unless it be perfect), and felt that such a gem should be given to the world. Owing, however, to its personal nature, I did not do so. In a letter to Mr. Paschal, I urged that it should be published, even though some change should be made in it to make it less personal to me. A letter recently received from him says that if, upon re-reading, I think there is any real excellence in it, I may send it to the STUDENT for publication. I most certainly think it has. So here it is.

I had thought of concealing in some way its personal nature, but could not do so, as it is evident in both title, wording and sentiment. After all, a cheat never succeeds, even though the effort be made with good intentions. If Mr. and Mrs. Browning could not keep their secret of love, my friend and I need not attempt it. JUNIUS W. MILLARD.

BALTIMORE, *December 10, 1896.*

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A State Reformatory.

The welfare of our country in the future depends our youth of to-day, and there is no more important function of modern government than that of instilling into our youth the principles of good government and public morality. This function is carried out largely through the agency of the public-school system, and the decadence of crime attests to their efficiency in causing the youth of our land to have a greater respect for the law and a higher sense of the relations which exist between man and man. But education, instrumental as it is in the prevention of crime, cannot, in every instance, change the stamp of nature and transform the youth, reared up in vice, into an honest man and a law-abiding citizen. Besides, there are many children to whom the schoolroom is unknown and whose only instruction is lessons of vice, learned in an untutored, abandoned childhood. The slums of our cities are a prolific source of youthful criminals, the breeding ground of anarchy and socialism; and to reclaim these youthful criminals is of vital importance to our people.

As the state of affairs now is, when the youthful criminal is detected in the commission of crime, he is either set at liberty on account of his age and supposed incapacity to commit

crime, or is sent to serve a term in the State's prison. The result of either method, so far as the welfare of the criminal is concerned, is the same. In the first case, the young criminal continues his life of crime unrestrained, eventually landing for a long term in the penitentiary. In the latter, by contact with the class of persons found in such institutions, his character is hardened, his moral nature debased, all sense of honor, of reputation and of virtue hopelessly lost. So it will be seen that the result is in either case the same—that the criminal becomes a charge upon the State, and that constant confinement is necessary for the prevention of crime.

It is sufficiently obvious that it is the duty of the State to afford some means whereby the youthful criminal be made to suffer the penalty of his crime, and at the same time transform him, if possible, into a good citizen. We think that this could be done by the establishment of a State Reformatory.

Mr. William R. George, the founder of the "Junior Republic," has made a valuable experiment along this line in the State of New York. Each year Mr. George carries several hundred children, picked from the slums of New York, into the country. While there they constitute a literal "Junior Republic," making their own laws, having all departments of government and commerce represented. They also work a farm, purchased by Mr. George, and it is by their own labor they subsist while in the country. The experiment has been eminently satisfactory, and by these means Mr. George is rapidly transforming the "gutter-snipe" of New York into the laborer, the mechanic, and probably the future legislator.

While, of course, the conditions which confront the New Yorker do not present themselves to us in as great a degree, still we have the elements with us, and the boys in our own penitentiary are lamentable evidences of the fact. And so what has been done for New York by Mr. George should be done in North Carolina. The need of such an institution, controlled by the State, is manifest; and we sincerely trust that the

State legislature, now in session in Raleigh, will take some radical steps in this matter. Good, law-abiding citizens are the foundation upon which the structure of State must be reared, while the safety of the State, in the future, lies in the preservation of our youth; and every means should be exhausted to save the young criminal from further moral degradation, and to bring him up under distinctively Christian influences. It is the duty of a State, representing a civilized, Christian people, to lift up fallen humanity, and

> "To raise the man aboon the brute
> And mak him ken himsel."

The Outlook of International Arbitration.

The optomist in general and the advocates of international arbitration in particular, seemed to have achieved a signal triumph when the Venezuelan dispute was referred to a board of arbitration. But to those who believe that the arbitration in that instance was only a forerunner of world-wide international arbitration, it must seem singularly inconsistent that the German Emperor is appealing for more funds with which to better equip the army and navy of a country even now laboring under the yoke of military despotism. The fact that the Governments of France and of England are appropriating more money for military purposes, and that our own Secretaries of the Naval and War Departments are calling for increased appropriations for army, navy, and coast defense purposes, affords little consolation to those who hoped that the millennium of absolute, permanent international arbitration would soon appear. Russia also has taken a decided stand on the Armenian question, and will submit to the intervention of no foreign power. War still continues in the Phillipine and Cuban Islands; the English are making advances along the Soudan; and increased international difficulties show that no speedy action in this way may be looked for in the near future. Nothing is being

accomplished in the way of substantial legislation; and beyond resolutions passed by religious assemblies, and papers from the pens of celebrated men in current magazines, the question seems to have made no progress looking to the substantial realization of permanent courts of arbitration. But we would not be pessimistic. There is undoubtedly a powerful public sentiment crystallizing which, sooner or later, may cause the sun of peace to dissipate the clouds of war, and international arbitration to substantially exist.

The Need of Better Roads.

It is strange that amid the progress along all lines of industry which has characterized the South for the last twenty-five years that there has been so little attention paid to its public highways. While there has been great improvement in our railway service, while the mileage has been increased and the equipment bettered, and while streams have been opened for navigation, still, the country roads, which constitute by far the greater part of our means of travel, remain in the present deplorable condition.

Despite the fact that our State is becoming more and more a manufacturing community, yet our people are still an essentially agricultural people, and a good system of public roads is an imperative necessity for the agricultural population and for the material welfare of the State. The betterment of our roads can be accomplished only by means of further legislalation on this subject.

Under the present system the care of the public roads devolves upon overseers, who receive no remuneration for their services, and who, consequently, do not take the same interest in their work as if they received sufficient compensation to make it worth their while. The position of overseer on a public road is the most undesirable public office one can hold, and perhaps the only case in which the "office seeks

the man." Under these circumstances the overseers selected are often manifestly unfitted for their office, and the slovenly manner in which they perform their work is evidence of their incapacity. The roads are worked under their supervision by the residents of the neighboring community, who likewise receive no compensation for their labor, the majority of whom own no property, and consequently take little or no interest in the condition of the roads. With these conditions existing, it is not strange that the work is shirked as much as possible and the condition of our highways remain unimproved. Even with these poor means each public road is not required to be worked upon more than six days a year, and there are few that receive even this little attention. Just so long as a vehicle can pass over a road without *serious* injury, the overseer attempts no improvement, the township committee accepts the overseer's report, and the community congratulates itself on the excellent condition of the township roads. And so it cannot be wondered at that the public roads are bad. In the winter months many are actually impassable, and at all times there are many places, at dangerous points, where vehicles cannot pass.

This condition of affairs should not exist in our State, and some plan should be early adopted by which our public highways will be bettered. In our opinion the roads should be worked by taxation, and not left to the tender care of men inexperienced in the science of road-making. A system of good roads not only facilitates commerce, but is a matter of public economy, and, therefore, of paramount importance to our people.

Our Relations with Cuba.

The return of Consul-General Lee to this country just before the meeting of Congress was considered by some as significant that the part of the President's message relating to Cuban affairs would be largely determined by a conference with him. Many also

hoped that the President would signalize his retirement from public life by advocating the recognition of belligerency to the Cuban revolutionists. But these were disappointed. The President in his message takes decided ground on this question, and says, in terms that cannot be mistaken, that he intends to force every international right to the uttermost. He also says that the revolutionists have not thus far shown the capacity to maintain an independent government, and on that account cannot be recognized as belligerents.

All eyes, therefore, are turned upon President-elect McKinley, and his future policy in regard to Cuban affairs is keenly anticipated. The platform upon which he has been elected contains a favorable reference to the Cubans, and rumors are afloat that an extra session of Congress will be called soon after his inauguration. Meanwhile the war continues to drag its weary length along. Reports are so multifarious and confusing, and the real state of facts are so hard to ascertain, that the American people are still uninformed of the real condition of affairs as they exist in the Island. However, it is certain that the revolutionists still continue their dilatory tactics, and that the Spaniards have thus far been unable to force them to a decisive engagement. On the other hand, the patriotic Spaniards are raising more money and sending more troops for the prosecution of the war. Whatever may be said of the real merits of the war, the American people still have a profound admiration for the patriotism which the Spaniards manifest, and appreciate the difficulties under which the Spanish Government is laboring.

In spite of the President's message, the Cuban sentiment continues to expand. Money, arms, and men are being transported from this country in great quantities; and, as juries who will convict persons engaged in these enterprises are scarce, even more active steps are being taken to furnish much-needed supplies to the Cubans. Whatever President McKinley's policy may be, it is certain that should the war

continue, and should the revolutionists hold the ground they already occupy, a powerful public sentiment will force the Government to extend to the Cubans the rights of belligerents, no matter what the personal views of the President may be.

The Raines Bill.

Second only to the work that Dr. Parkhurst has done for municipal reform in New York City is that of Senator Raines, the author of the now celebrated "Raines Law." Recent statistics show that in the short time during which the law has been effective that the number of saloons in New York City has decreased, and that the city enjoys a revenue larger than ever from the liquor traffic. But the law, being merely an experiment, is, of course, not perfect, and amendments will be proposed at the coming session of the New York General Assembly with a view to make evasion of the law impossible. The law has been compelled to labor under many disadvantages, having not only the liquor interests of New York arrayed against it, but even some of the New York judges are very lax in the prosecution of offenders. Yet, in spite of the opposition against it, the law seems to have resulted in practical good, and the people of the country will watch its progress with interest. The time is coming when municipal reform will be a paramount issue in State politics; and if the Raines Bill proves, after a more lengthy trial, to be as efficient as it now seems, then strenuous efforts will be made for the adoption of a similar bill in many States of the Union.

The Attorney General and the Trusts.

Attorney General Harmon has fairly earned the right to be called a remarkable man. He certainly differs in many respects from the statesmen who have preceded him in the office of Attorney General. Hitherto, when a man accepted the Attorney

General's portfolio, he went into the seclusion of his office and the country heard nothing from him until his term expired. But the present Attorney General, to the astonishment of the country, has thrown off the precedents of his predecessors and so far forgotten the dignity of his office as to condescend to represent the United States in person before the Supreme Court. Following upon the heels of this strange action comes the report that the Attorney General is taking energetic measures to surpress the trusts and combinations, which hold such a firm grasp upon our country and which are such a menace to trade and free competition in commerce.

Ever since trusts have been in existence there has been a sentiment against them, which has constantly grown and increased, until to-day the mass of the people, regardless of political affiliations, are earnest in the belief that trusts are the greatest present evil which threatens our country, and are honest in their desire to have them wiped out of existence. For many years past party orators have delivered violent philippics against them, party platforms have denounced them, legislation has been enacted against them; yet, in spite of all this, the trusts continue to grow and flourish in the face of the law and the opposition of the people.

It is strange that, although the statutes of many of the States and that of the United States are clear in their prohibition of trusts, they still exist. Some have attributed their existence to the lack of proper and effective legislation on the subject. But this is false. The true cause is easily seen. The attorney who undertakes single-handed a fight against a gigantic corporation, having unlimited means at its back, and represented by the best legal talent the country affords, has a great undertaking upon his hands and a terrible responsibility placed upon him. Consequently United States Attorneys desire to escape this onerous duty as much as possible, knowing that their neglect of duty will receive no censure at the hands of the corporations and moneyed men in general. Besides, the

attorney is, in most cases, a corporation lawyer, and he desires to continue in the good graces of the persons to whom he must look for good cases in the future. Then again, the attorney often owns personal stock in the trust, and his own interests will not allow him to venture upon the case. Then, as many Judges themselves own stock in the corporations, they are incapacitated to try the cases, and the attorney fears that if he should bring the suit he would only suffer ignominious defeat and injure his reputation as a lawyer. And for these reasons years have passed away and the demands of the people have been unanswered, and for the lack of energetic measures on the part of United States Attorneys the trusts continue to increase in power and wealth.

The Attorney General's determination is hailed with joy by the country; and while, of course, nothing definite can be accomplished by him in the short time that remains, yet he can open the way for his successor to do the greatest service ever done by an Attorney General for the people of the United States.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

Mr. F. Ryland, who has edited several editions of *Johnson's Lives of the Poets*, is now at work on Swift's *Journal to Stella.*

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, sister of Julian, and wife of George Parsons Lathrop, has decided to devote her life to nursing patients.

The announcement is made that Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman who visited this country a few months ago, is going to write a book on what he saw in America. Perhaps that is the reason for his never-ceasing questions while he was here.

New Jersey, by Frank R. Stockton, and *Georgia*, by Joel Chandler Harris, are the titles of two books now being published by D. Appleton & Co. in a series called *Stories from American History*.

The articles which ex-President Harrison has been writing for the *Ladies' Home Journal* on the Constitution and Government of the United States, are to be issued as a text-book for schools and colleges.

The eighty publishing establishments in Jerusalem are all under the control of the monasteries; and the newspapers (there are three) are printed in the Arabic language. The presses of the Roman Catholic convent do the best work in the city.

To all those who are thinking of proposing, we commend *A Modern Siren*. Within twelve pages one girl has received three proposals from men widely different in temperament—a philosopher, an Italian officer, and an English baronet. The whole book is an unconscious burlesque.

The executors of the late William Morris will sell his library at public auction. This collection, though not a large one, is very valuable, consisting of rare manuscripts, mediæval missals and psalters, and early wood-cut books. Morris was a lover of the beautiful, and he selected books for their beauty as well as their rarity.

It is said that Mr. Henry James' latest book is very popular. This will be a surprise to those who have tried to read his previous works. Some authors write for the public, while others write for a select circle of readers who have been initiated into the secret of how to enjoy a dull book; and Mr. James belongs to the latter class.

The letters of Victor Hugo, now being published, embrace that period of his life between the ages of thirteen and thirty-three. At the end of this period he was famous as the author of *Notre Dame de Paris*. These letters, while very interest-

ing, throw little light on the movement which worked a revolution in French literature similar to that wrought by Wordsworth, Shelley, Scott, and Byron in English writings at the beginning of the present century.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the author of *A Fool's Errand*, and other novels, is living the quiet life of a country gentleman at Maryville, Chautauqua County, N. Y. His only daughter, Miss Aimie, who was born in North Carolina, gives promise of becoming famous as an artist. Judge Tourgee was well known in this State several years ago, and was an important character.

Dr. Nansen, who went so near the North Pole, is now reaping the reward for his pains, and gathering in the shekels. Great sums have already been paid him for various accounts of the expedition, and the end is not yet. The American edition of his book, which will be brought out by Harpers in February, is for popular reading, and will be something like *Through the Dark Continent.*

The women of America do not intend to be left behind. A committee of twenty-one ladies is preparing a revised version of the Bible, in which particular attention will be given to those passages which exclude women. They expect to show that Paul did not know what he was talking about, and that the author of Ecclesiastes was mistaken when he said, "One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all these have I not found."

Some unknown person recently placed some beautiful flowers on the bust of Thackeray in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abby, just above the grave of his brother novelist, Dickens. A card was attached to the flower bearing this inscription: "In memoriam William Makepeace Thackeray. 'Adsum.' Christmas Day, 1863. 'And his heart throbbed with an infinite peace.' This poor tribute from a poor brother of the Charter House." It is to England's shame that Thackeray

was not buried in Westminster Abby. But, after all, it makes little difference to the world where the author of *The Newcomer* was laid to rest. He, too, could say, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*"

Mr. James Lane Allen thinks that *Uncle Remus* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are the only books in all the range of American literature that can be said to have attained anything like universal acceptance. The comparison can go no further than that of universality, for it is hardly possible to name two books more diverse in thought and sentiment. Mrs. Stowe's object was to inflame the minds of the people by a pathetic narrative which would appeal to their sympathies, and so she distorted and colored facts to suit her own purpose. Mr. Harris, on the other hand, wrote from no other motive than that of amusing the world. Yet there are chunks of wisdom wrapped up in the accounts of "Brer Rabbit's" doings which are worth more to the world than any picture of torture that Mrs. Stowe imagined.

BOOK NOTES.

CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

My Literary Zoo. By Kate Sanborn. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1896. pp. 149. 75 cents.

This is a pleasant little book. It is unambitious and gossipy, a sort of enthusiastic and not very coherent monologue about dogs, cats, and other pets, with stories of sagacity and affection and extended quotations of prose and verse wherein these qualities have been celebrated by sundry distinguished persons. Any lover of animals will be interested by a stroll through this zoological garden established by Miss Sanborn; for while the cats and dogs occupy the prominent place, a great variety of creatures have been brought together here, from Lord Erskine's two pet leeches and Thoreau's mouse up to Bayard Taylor's lioness and the elephant presented by the King of Spain to

James I. of England, of which the Lord Treasurer complained that a garrison was not more costly to maintain. It is a collection of living animals, not a museum of stuffed specimens, and that probably accounts for the almost complete absence of orderly arrangement in it. To considerable portions of it, however, there is this real objection. The labels on some of the enclosures (to keep up our figure) are too meagre. For example, "Virgil amused his leisure hours with a gnat"; "Homer made pets of frogs and mice"; "Arthur's dog Cavall"; "Dog of Catherine de Medicis, Phœbe a lap-dog"; "Cuthullin's dog Luath, a swift-footed hound"; "Rousseau has much to say in favor of felines"; "Colbert reared half a dozen cats in his study and taught them many interesting tricks." Now, the unlearned reader would fain know more of Virgil's gnat and Catherine's lap-dog; and one who is acquainted with Rousseau's opinion of babies must be curious about his views of "felines." But lack of space for extended notices in these cases is pleaded, and we must "pass on."

One or two slight pen-slips may be noted. On page 84 the capitalized *Elegy* makes it appear that Gray's line, "A favorite has no friends," occurs in the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," whereas the poem alluded to, of course, is "On the Death of a Favorite Cat." And on page 85 we read, "Heinrich's verses are well known, or should be," and then follow two stanzas of Mrs. Browning's translation of Heinrich *Heine's* little poem, "My Child."

Do dogs have souls? May we believe in the immortality of the lower animals? This question is not discussed. Miss Sanborn, not quite willing to commit herself to an affirmative answer, contents herself with quoting a number of writers who do believe in the immortality of the brute. Among them stand the following lines, whose tender feeling may, after all, be a safer guide than the cold reason of J. G. Wood or Bishop Butler. They were written by Helen Barron Bostwick "after burying her pretty brown mare under the cherry tree":

Is there aught of harm believing
That, some newer form receiving,
They may find a wider sphere,
Live a larger life than here?
That the meek, appealing eyes,
Haunted by strange mysteries,
Find a more extended field,
To new destinies unsealed;
Or, that in the ripened prime
Of some far-off summer time,
Ranging that unknown domain,
We may find our pets again.

W. L. P.

The Forms of Discourse. By William B. Cairns, A.M. $1.25. Ginn & Co.

There are almost as many ways of presenting the subject of rhetoric and literary invention as there are writers on that theme. Many authors of text-books assume that rhetoric is a study which can be learned by means of certain fixed arbitrary rules; that nothing more is needed than to be able to analyze the sentences by means of which the thought is expressed into their several parts. Mr. Cairns, however, takes the sensible view that literature can be learned only by the study of it as a whole, and not by means of a lot of rules which are forgotten almost as soon as they are learned. So in this work we find frequent selections from great writers used to illustrate the point the author is trying to bring out.

The study of style is one of greatest importance, for it is a fine thing to be able to express your thoughts clearly and forcibly. But to do this requires labor, for the greater part of mankind is not presented with this gift at birth. The study of literature, however, is higher than the work done in academies and high schools, that is, the principles of grammar and composition work. It is not enough to say that a sentence is correct, according to the rules of grammar, and, therefore, must be right, for often a thought may be expressed in a half dozen ways, any one of which is grammatically correct. The rules of grammar do not, and cannot, take into consideration the different circumstances which attend each separate case, and it is this consideration with which rhetoric has to do. A sentence which is correct at one time will be correct at another, but circumstances make one way of expressing the thought preferable to another.

It would require too much space to mention all the excellent points the author brings out in such a strong manner, so we will have to be content with naming only a few.

The gravest charge of all, perhaps, is that brought against incorrect spelling. Many an essay rich in thought, and a model of neatness in construction, is hopelessly ruined because such a large number of common every-day words are misspelled. The English language has more irregularities in the spelling of its words than many other languages, but a large percentage of its words which are so often spelled incorrectly come under a few simple rules which could easily be memorized. Every teacher of English finds in the exercises he has to correct the simple rule for dropping the final "e" before a suffix beginning with a vowel disregarded hundreds of times every year.

Another thing which struck us as being remarkably well said, is

the chapter on narration. What the author says he illustrates by examples from the world's greatest writers. Thus under the discussion of the scene and setting of the plat in narration he brings forward the emphasis by harmony of the storms in *Macbeth* and *King Lear*, the death of Judge Pyncheon in the *House of Seven Gables*, and the catastrophe of the *Mill on the Floss*. Likewise, there are two selections from Stephenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, which show how the same thought needs to be expressed in a different style under different circumstances.

Under the head of Description are found selections from Hawthorne, Ruskin, George Elliot, The Spectator, and others. The charm and power of description in the selection taken from *Adam Bede*, the Methodist meeting on the village green, is unsurpassed anywhere in literature. A careful study of that one selection would be worth far more to a student than all the rules on the subject which have ever been formulated.

There is no doubt that this book will prove a valuable acquisition to the already lengthy list of books on rhetoric. The author evidently has had a good deal of experience in teaching English literature. He confines his attention to a few general principles, instead of filling page after page with sentences to be corrected, the mistakes of which are of such a kind as no rational man ever commits. The work will be of great help, either as a text-book or as a book of reference.

Nicholas Nickleby. Charles Dickens. 12mo. cloth. $1. Macmillan & Co

It is gratifying to observe a disposition among publishers to bring some of the old favorites back among the numerous holiday books which fall from the presses like leaves in autumn. The old saying might easily be changed to read: "Of the making of *Christmas books* there is no end." Among the great army of authors there are some who, either because of the nature of their work or the personal preferences to which all men are subject, seem most suited to the genial time of Christmas. Among this class we may put Dickens, whose books are, and always have been, popular. It is not easy to say why he has enjoyed such a popularity, but perhaps it is due in part to his characters.

The three greatest writers in England a half century ago, were Thackeray, George Eliot, and Dickens. Thackeray's sphere was the fashionable life of London, and within that sphere he is unrivalled. George Eliot surpassed any other writer in the charm of her description of the peaceful village life of England. While Dickens took his

scenes and characters from the lower circles of life in the great bustling city, and skillfully did he depict that life.

In *Nicholas Nickleby* we have the contrast between the good and the bad clearly shown. This contrasting of one character with another is an essential part of all great writing. Shakespeare knew the art of it almost to perfection, and used it freely in his greatest plays; and Dickens owed much of his success to the same thing. Ralph Nickleby, the miser, who, for the sake of hoped-for gain, would permit the persecutions which his niece Kate had to endure from such libertines as Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht is contrasted with the kind-hearted lovable Cheeryble brothers. How striking is the contrast between the harsh, grasping nature of the old money-lender and the goodness and child-like simplicity of the twin brothers. And as for the redoubtable Mr. Squeers, he is matched against John Browdie, and when the two clash, as they do at intervals, it is always to the disadvantage of the Yorkshire schoolmaster. When it comes to Smike, the poor half-witted drudge, there is a pathos that is too painful; we think that surely the picture is overdrawn. But the world to-day could show examples of neglect and cruelty not far short of that which followed the poor outcast.

There is one serious defect, however, in all Dickens' work—his women are not natural. Such characters as Mrs. Nickleby are found in all his books. Whether he did it with malice prepense or not is a question, but the fact remains that such characters detract from the interest of the book. But, in spite of that defect, his works are deservedly popular, and the passing years add new fame and honor to the memory of the great writer.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GRAY R. KING, Editor.

—'62. Rev. William Brunt is preaching and teaching at White Oak, Bladen County. Mr. Brunt received the A. B. degree here in '62, and the A. M. in '70.

—'67–'69. Mr. L. R. Highsmith is one of the biggest farmers in Sampson County.

—'70–'72. Mr. E. S. Greene is the senior partner of the well-known merchandise firm of Greene & Yarborogh, Louisburg, N. C. Mr. Greene merchandised at Cedar Rock, Franklin County, for several years after leaving college. He moved to Louisburg in '88.

—'76. J. T. Bland, Esq., is a successful lawyer at Burgaw, Pender County, N. C. Mr. Bland also has cause to congratulate himself on his political career during our recent campaign. He was Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of his county, and nearly the whole ticket was elected.

—'80–'82. Mr. J. A. Maddrey is Cashier of the Bank of Hendersonville, N. C.

—'85. Mr. E. F. Eddins was elected to the Legislature from Stanly County at the recent election. Mr. Eddins probably received the largest majority of any Democratic representative in the State.

—'85–'87. Mr. A. J. Davis is farming near Wake Forest. Mr. Davis merchandised in Wake Forest until about a year ago.

—'86–'88. Mr. Calvin Y. Holding is bookkeeper for the Merchant's Express and Transportation Co. of Newark, N. J. Mr. Holding took the business course at Colman College, New Jersey.

—'87–'90. Dr. C. A. Adams is a successful physician at Aberdeen. He graduated in '92 at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore.

—'88. Rev. F. T. Wooten, in his pastorate at Plymouth, has met with great success. He has the love and esteem of all the people.

—'89. Rev. S. D. Swain is doing good work as a pastor in Onslow and Pender counties. He has had the same field for five or six years.

—'92. Rev. James Long is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Goldsboro. Mr. Long finished the Theological course at Rochester Seminary in '95.

—'92. On the 24th of December, Mr. J. G. Blalock was united in marriage to Miss Minnie Rogers, of Apex, N. C. We extend our congratulations.

—'93. Messrs. D. M. Prince and Claude W. Wilson have met with marked success since they took charge of Scotland Neck Military Academy. This school now numbers about one hundred, and an extra teacher has been employed. Both of these gentlemen were foot-ball players during their college days, and the memory of them is still fresh in the Athletic Department of Wake Forest College.

EXCHANGES.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor.

REGRET.

It is no consolation to the heart
  To say "the pain is just that now I bear,"
For once I mode another heart to ache
  And bear the burden of this endless care.

I stretch my hands and cry with bitter wailing,
  Across the years, "O, let me but forget,
Blot out the mem'ry of days passed forever,
  O days that haunt me with a wild regret."

—*The Erskinian.*

THE CRITIC.

Strange man! he cannot write a verse,
  Nor give another skill;
But he knows well when 'tis well done,
  And better knows when ill.

—*The Peabody Record.*

YORK OR LANCASTER.

Oh, the red rose is paled by the warmth of her mouth,
  And the white rose is shamed by her breast,
And often indeed I've been puzzled to know
  Which color becomes her best.

But it's little I care, which one's she may wear,
  Their colors must always blend;
For roses of white or roses of red,
  She wears but the ones I send.

—*Univ. Va. Magazine.*

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

In the Archives of our maker,
  In the city of the souls,
Where the flags of glorious nations
  Flutter from their golden poles,

High above the other banners.
  Fairer far than all the rest,
Is the flag of Lee and Jackson,
  In immortal glory drest.

Waving to her brave defenders,
  Who for honor gave their life,
Welcome, welcome, to a country
  Where there is no war nor strife.

—*Univ. Va. Magazine.*

BETROTHED.

Just as the last shot ray of parting sun
Bright cleaves the tinted clouds when day is done,
  And fades, a golden glory left;
Or as a lily lifts its fair young face
To smile and die in some dark, desert place,
  To leave the barren waste bereft;

Or as a precious stone uncut may gleam,
While all about but rugged rock may seem,
  Yet jeweled brightness lights the gloom;
So now that day fills up my life with cheer,
When naught you spoke, but kissed me dear,—
  That kiss which sealed a sweetest doom.

—*The Inlander.*

THE ALL-AROUND MAN.

In the fall he played at foot-ball,
  And played the season through.
In the winter he played a banjo,
  And sang in the Glee Club, too.
In the spring he swung a racquet,
  And base-ball, too, played he.
In one year he graduated
  With the degree "G. B."

—*Bourdoin Orient.*

A QUESTION OF HEIGHT (?).

When I with Phillis so petite
Am walking out upon the street,
And see admiring glances cast
At her by each one who goes past,
  I think small girls are best.

And when with Maude, so queenly tall,
I promenade around the hall,
And know I'm drawing many a glance
Of envy as we tread the dance,
  I think tall girls are best.

But when on Grace I chance to call,
Who isn't short nor very tall,
But simply Grace; well, if I tried,
I couldn't be more satisfied,—
  I know that Grace is best.

—*Bourdoin Orient.*

THE SLAVE.

He is no slave who does not know
What freedom means for joy or woe;
But well contented with his lot,
Lives but to live and die forgot—
But he who feels in every vein
Heaven's high emprise death's venomed pain,
And still must mark the cursed tread
Of servile toil for daily bread.

—*The Peabody Record.*

WHEN 'SIMMONS IS RIPE.

'Long about the time o' year
  When the leaves is red,
'N Thanksgiving's near
  'N the turkeys fat are fed,
That's the time a feller feels
  Happy-like, you know,
'N eats hearty meals.
  Law! but don't that cider flow!
  'N the m'lasses, bilin' slow,
Goes plum to a feller's heels.

'N the first frost loosens all
  Chestnuts up o'erhead;
'N the squirrel's call
  Answered is by red-hot lead.
Punkins yaller cooked in pie,
Sassidge meat to fry,
'N, 'sides thet, in trees near by,
Whar the 'possums roost so high,
'Simmons wait fer me to try!

—*Tenn. Univ. Magazine.*

A CHRISTMAS ECHO.

Dying day,
Speeding sleigh,
O'er the hills and far away.

Sunset hue,
Dainty Sue,
Witching eyes of heavenly blue.

Flying swift,
Snowy drift,
"Won't you be my Christmas gift?"

Roguishness,
Must confess,
"Silly child, I'll answer yes."

—*William and Mary College Monthly.*

LOVE'S TOKEN.

The frost and snow of mistletoe,
  The warmth of holly berry,
These I combine, O lady mine,
  To make thy yule-tide merry.
And shouldst thou learn, sweet, to return
  My love, nor deem it folly
Twined in thy hair the snow-fruit wear,
  And on thy breast the holly.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

MA CHERE ALINE.

I never could tell why I love her;
  Far prettier maids I have seen—
But, nevertheless, I still love her,
  Ma belle, ma Chere Aline.

I never could tell why I love her;
  I know that it's strange, but 'tis true;
I just can't help but love her—
  You could not yourself, were it you.

I think now I know why I love her;
  The reason, I fancy, I see:
I loved, and for aye will I love her,
  Because I know she loves me.

—*William and Mary College Monthly.*

"THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD."

Night's heavy mantle o'er earth was thrown,
  But failed to obscure the light,
For the wasting ages through had worn
  Some places, to admit heaven's glory bright.

A yet darker veil enveloped my soul,
  And had well-nigh shut out the light;
But through the Book of the Ages shone
  God's love, and heaven's glory bright.

—*Hampden-Sidney Magazine.*

We found little of interest in *The Columbia University Magazine.* It presents a neat appearance, but the contents are too local and heavy to be of general interest.

The Central Collegian has some good verse, and "The Advance of Humanity" is a very good contribution, showing clear thought upon the advance of the human race. This is a very good journal, and does credit to the college.

We read with pleasure *The William and Mary Monthly.* It has some good verse, and the story, "What the Ranger Told Me," is well written and portrays the noblest character of man—one who would give up all happiness and at last lay down his life for his friends. This is one of our best exchanges.

The Furman Echo is a very neat and creditable college journal, but some of the contributions are on too old and commonplace subjects to interest the average reader. The extracts on "Some Southern Writers" are very good. The South has given very little support to her writers in the past, but we hope a brighter day is dawning.

A splendid exchange is *The Polytechnic.* The December number has several stories. "A Strange Christmas Present" portrays a hero who, finding that a friend who had married his lady-love was in need, gave him all of his wealth, and after seeing him prosper again, called together his friends and in their presence drank poison.

Blue and Gold for November has a very good story, "Was it a Chance?" With this exception, the color is the most striking feature about it. The locals begin: "Uncle John," "Windy Pete," "Bryan also ran," "Whater you doin'?" We think if the editor who wrote this had read it over, he would have cut it out himself. Many of our exchanges persist, however, in printing such nonsense.

"Higher Education in Germany" is the best article in *The Simmons College Monthly.* It is a good, clear description of the school system in Germany. It was written by a German. Compulsory education gives to that nation an educated populace, while our love of freedom prevents our having that. The description of a picnic is well written, and we imagine we,

too, would enjoy such delightful trips. This is the first number of this magazine, and is a very creditable start.

The Radiator is the name of a new magazine published at Lexington Baptist College. We are glad to form its acquaintance, though its colums present a rather meagre appearance, but we hope to see it improve soon. We would suggest that the editors get under-graduates to write some good essays, stories and short poems, as we hardly think it the proper place to publish sermons; and it seems to us best not to have double columns for the average college magazine, as it makes a chopped-up appearance.

The Inlander, published at the University of Michigan, is one of the neatest and best magazines that it has been our pleasure to read. Its appearance makes one expect to find something good in its pages, and he is not disappointed. The November number has an essay on "The Beginning of Poetry," which is well written and shows careful research. "A Circumstantial Conversion" truly portrays the qualities of students in a very fair light. It is true they are rather boisterous at times, but we think, as a class, they are not surpassed in true gentlemanly qualities. We can hardly believe that a girl could perform so many daring and noble deeds under such exciting circumstances, even if she did attend a co-educative college. "A Famous Debut" is a very graphic account of Mary Anderson's first appearance on the stage. This magazine also contains some very good poetry. The book review is long, but well written.

The Georgia-Tech has a very neat appearance in its new dress. Too much changing in external appearance is not commendable, but we like this change. "Stranger than Fiction" is a very good story, but we are not much interested in "When Willie Went Walnuting." If there is anything in that piece, the author ought to have sent along a "key," so that its readers would understand it. There are some things

in the local column not appropriate for a literary magazine. Why should a literary magazine have license to publish nonsense? Yet many of them do it. We should like to inform the Athletic Editor that all of the best colleges have *not* had a *foot-ball* team this year, and hope he will read some.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor.

MRS. POTEAT is visiting her son, Prof. Poteat.

MRS. JNO. E. RAY, of Raleigh, has been visiting her mother, Mrs. J. W. Carter.

WE WERE GLAD to see Mr. J. W. Bailey, Editor *Biblical Recorder*, on the Hill recently.

MISS PATTIE L. KING, of Louisburg, spent a few days on the Hill the first of December visiting friends.

PROF. LANNEAU will probably deliver his lecture on X-rays at Raleigh before the opening of the Spring term.

REV. C. W. BLANCHARD, who is laboring so efficiently for the College, came out on a business trip December 10.

REV. B. W. SPILLMAN, Secretary of the Sunday School Board, was on the Hill recently and spent a day with us.

PROF. PASCHAL is off for his old home near Mt. Vernon Springs, in Chatham County, to spend the holidays with his mother.

MR. and MRS. I. M. MEEKINS, of Elizabeth City, have been spending a few days with Mrs. Meekins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Allen.

MR. HENRY WALTERS, who has been attending the Baltimore Dental College, is visiting his mother. He will graduate in dentistry this year.

REV. W. H. DAVIS, who graduated last year, and has since been laboring in a mission field in Johnston County, paid a short visit to his alma mater recently.

DR. GORRELL will spend the holidays at Lexington, Va., and Prof. Cullom will preach at several points, tie two conjugal knots and spend a short time with his parents.

THE UNION MEETING of the Central Association met here, including the fifth Sunday in November, but was not very largely attended. The next session will be at Youngsville.

ON DECEMBER 13 S. F. Conrad, of Winston, the man who has done so much to build Baptist churches in the destitute sections of the State, preached here and spent a few days with friends.

THE FOLLOWING GENTLEMEN have been selected by the Faculty to speak at the next Commencement: Eu. Society—W. H. Heck, H. H. Mashburn, A. F. Sams, and R. N. Simms. Phi. Society—A. B. Cannady, C. L. Greaves, S. E. Hall, and G. E. Lineberry.

SOME OF OUR FRIENDS tell us of a very pathetic scene witnessed a few evenings since. One of our seniors seemed to be making a speech, while the young lady, with whom he was walking, was weeping profusely. The young man is a lawyer, and we suppose he must have been pleading a capital (?) case and possibly the jury was hung.

AT LAST THE Faculty decided to take that very commendable step and place examinations before Christmas. And now the students, with tired bodies and tired brains, wend their ways homeward with light hearts—there to greet loving parents and friends; and with no brow darkened with pending examinations, and his slumbers and wakings undisturbed, he learns how to spend a truly happy Xmas. We voice the sentiment of every student in college when we say, God bless every member of the Faculty for giving us this change, and bring a merry Christmas to them with the reunion of all of the families that are divided.

THE following has been sent us with request to publish:

"The Twenty-first Annual State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association will meet at Winston-Salem, February 19–22. Messrs. W. C. Dowd, Chas. W. Tillett, J. M. Rogers and Geo. B. Hanna, were appointed a committee to arrange a programme, which will be one of the strongest ever presented. Delegates from all the Young Men's Christian Associations in North Carolina, and all Christian workers, will be welcome. All persons interested should correspond with Mr. F. P. Turner, State Secretary, Charlotte, N. C."

MR. A. W. HAWKS, of Baltimore, the "Laughing Philosopher," delivered his lecture on "People I Have Met," in the chapel on December 5. He has few equals as a humorist, and all present were delighted with the lecture. On Sunday evening, December 6, he spoke to men only on "What's in a Name." His lecture was excellent; possibly the best part was his description of five of his schoolmates in Virginia. One thought the world owed him a living, and so died in the penitentiary. Another was a spendthrift, and when last heard from was a tramp and beggar. The third occasionally drank wine, and died delirious; and his death was soon followed by that of his father and mother. The fourth is Rev. H. M. Wharton, one of Virginia's ablest ministers; while the fifth is Hon. W. L. Wilson, present Postmaster General.

ON DECEMBER 3, Mr. S. M. Sayford gave, to men only, one of the best lectures of the year. He spoke of the sins generally prevalent in college life, and plainly pointed out the evils arising from "doubtful sins,"—theatres, ball-room and card-playing. He speaks with great earnestness. His appearance and style of speaking has been compared to that of the great evangelist Moody. He has spent the last nine years of his life in visiting colleges and urging the students to live a higher Christian life. His decision to go into this kind of work was formed while a student at Amherst College. He is not the agent or secretary of any organization, and his

expenses and salary are paid by individuals who realize what a power he is wielding for good. He has visited more than three hundred colleges, and thousands of students have entered into a covenant with him to live better Christian lives. He will ever find a hearty welcome at Wake Forest.

THE vocal-music class, taught by Mrs. Sledd, and the instrumental music class, taught by Mrs. Ferrell, gave an entertainment at the residence of Prof. Sledd on the evening of December 18. The following was rendered:

PART I.

INSTRUMENTAL DUETT—Princess Waltz ..... *Goldner.*
Mary and Ethel Taylor.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—Merry Thoughts ..... *Espen.*
Ruby Reid.

VOCAL SOLO—I Once Had, etc ..... *C. Kingsley.*
Margarett Sledd.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—Alegro A ..... *Maj. Hayden.*
Ethel Taylor.

READING—Finding a Nightingale.
Bessie Hagwood.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—*a.* Romance from "Tannhauser." ..... *Wagner.*
b. La Lisonjette ..... *Chaminade.*
Mary Purefoy.

VOCAL SOLO—Serenade ..... *Raff.*
Mary Lanneau.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—Alice Polka ..... *J. Weigand.*
Lizzie Allen.

PART II.

INSTRUMENTAL DUETT—Christmas Eve ..... *Hiller.*
Bessie Hagwood and Mrs. Sledd.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—
Janie Taylor.

VOCAL SOLO—Fairly Caught ..... *L. Deihl.*
Lizzie Allen.

READING—Why Should we Sing Good English in Song.
Mary Lanneau.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—Ethiopian Dance ..... *Cohen.*
Pauline Gwaltney.

VOCAL DUETT—*a.* Sweet Zephyr ..... *Mozart.*
b. Maybells and Flowers ..... *Mendelssohn.*
Mary Lanneau and Mary Purefoy.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—The Firefly ..... *Dumand de Gran.*
Hattie Purefoy.

READING—Moeitz Rosenthal ..... *Pranist.*
Mary Taylor.

VOCAL SOLO—O, As Fair, etc ..... *Dannijette.*
Mary Purefoy.

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Allen & Ginter, The American Tobacco Company Successor, Manufacturer, Richmond, Va.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

VOL. XVI. WAKE FOREST, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1897. No. 5.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

J. C. M'NEILL.

When the sun goes to sleep in the purple sea
  And the noises of earth die away,
From out of our caves, full merrily,
Where our gambols no human eye can see,
  We fly to our mystic play.

'Neath the gray southern sky, in the southern breeze,
  We flutter our snow-white wings,
And laugh with the tenderly rustling trees,
And hear the deep thunder of storm-toss'd seas,
  With a smile at its threatenings.

The brood of the balmy summer moon
  And the summer wind are we:
Each night in the merry month of June,
In a gay love-ring we sing this tune,
  Frolicsome, fearless, and free.

Our sisters are with us—the light and shade
  And the spray of the woodland stream.
So fragile and frail our forms are made
That we live, like a rainbow at night displayed,
  In the glory of childhood's dream.

When winter comes and our caves grow cold,
  And the woods are bleak and bare,
We fly to the side of some hearthstone old,
And list to the Christmas stories told
  By the circle gathered there.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

H. A. ROYSTER.

The general catalogue of the University of Pennsylvania contains the following as its introductory paragraph:—

"A pamphlet, called: *Proposals Relative to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania*, written in 1749 by Dr. FRANKLIN, led to an association by certain citizens of Philadelphia, for the purpose of raising to the dignity of an Academy the Charitable School which had been established in 1740, and which was then struggling under a debt upon the building erected for its use and the accommodation of the celebrated preacher, Whitefield. A Board of Trustees was constituted, to whom the school and buildings were transferred upon their assuming the original trusts, and in 1751 the Academy, consisting of an English, a Mathematical, and a Latin School, each under a Master, with subordinate tutors and ushers, was formally opened. So successful was the undertaking that in two years the Trustees applied to the Proprietaries for a Charter, which was granted." Two years later a petition was granted to convert the Academy into a College, with the power of conferring degrees. In 1791 the institution received its title of University.

The interesting fact connected with all this early history is that Benjamin Franklin was the real founder of the seat of learning now known as the University of Pennsylvania. The deep interest which he took in the charitable school, and the serious and successful efforts he made to develop and improve it, entitle him to this honor. Franklin's name is indissolubly connected with the traditions of the institution; his statue adorns the campus; the athletic ground is called Franklin Field; the students sing his praise in their glees—

"Ben Franklin was his name,
And not unknown to fame;
The founder first was he
Of the Universitee."

From small beginnings the University of Pennsylvania, during these one hundred and fifty-six years since the original school was established, has progressed steadily and surely, until to-day no institution of learning in America occupies a more exalted position or rests upon a sounder financial basis. Its present location, which has been its home since 1875, is in West Philadelphia, near the Schuylkill River, on a plot of ground four thousand seven hundred and fifty acres in extent —a site most admirably adapted to its needs. In this space stand twenty-four splendid modern buildings, representing an outlay of over $3,000,000, and, in addition to these, the most magnificent system of dormitories in this country is now in course of erection. The buildings are to be fashioned after the old quadrangular style, combining the good points of both American and European architectural design. When completed they will cost $1,000,000 and will accommodate 1,000 students.

The University of Pennsylvania comprehends fifteen distinct departments. They are: The College, in which are given courses in Arts, in Science, in Finance and Economy, in Biology, Music, Architecture, Science and Technology, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Chemistry and Chemical Engineering and Civil Engineering; and the Departments of Philosophy, of Law, of Medicine, of Dentistry, of Veterinary Medicine, of Physical Education, the University Hospital, the Auxiliary Department of Medicine, the Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology, the Laboratory of Hygiene, the Veterinary Hospital, the University Library, the Flower Astronomical Observatory, and the Museum of Archæology and Palæontology. Eleven of the fifteen departments have separate buildings.

"To carry on this work requires a faculty of 273 professors and instructors, to whose lectures come each day 2,632 students. So, far the University has graduated 68,000 men, and has about 12,000 alumni now living." *

* Article in *Harper's Weekly*, from which also much of the foregoing has been taken.

This brief statistical preface has been given with a view of showing the real magnitude and scope of the University, before attempting to say anything of its inner life and characteristics. It may be asserted that this institution approaches more nearly the ideal University than do many of those on our continent which lay claim to this title. Pennsylvania teaches something about everything, except theology. In its organization the head of the University is the Provost, with the vice-Provost, each department having a Dean of its faculty. The names of Smith, Stille and Pepper stand out prominently among those of the remarkable men who have occupied the position of Provost. Dr. Pepper resigned in 1894, after fifteen years' service, that he might devote himself more exclusively to the chair of Practice in the Medical School, over which he still presides with startling activity. His influence on Pennsylvania was deep and lasting, and his success was a marvelous revelation of executive power—a counterpart of his great achievements in other fields of work. The present incumbent is Mr. Charles C. Harrison, a wealthy capitalist of Philadelphia, who is an alumnus of Pennsylvania. Mr. Harrison is not a teacher, and takes no part in the instruction in any of the departments. On account of his extensive business relations, he accepted the position with reluctance; but he has proven a most efficient Provost, and it is safe to say that the University's interests will not suffer in his hands. There is no question as to the fact that the place for a big university is a big city. Outside of the mere instruction given, the life there, broadening and deepening the student as it does, is an education in itself. For the professional schools, it is absolutely necessary to have facilities such as can be afforded only by a city. Pennsylvania was the first institution to brave it out in one of our large centres of population, and her success, with that of those who have followed her example, abundantly proves the wisdom of her eminent founder. She has solved this problem and settled the question for all time.

Pennsylvania has been first in many things. The first medical and law schools on this hemisphere were started there, both standing to-day without superiors in our country. The law school, established in 1790, is located not with the University proper, but down in the heart of the city, in the Girard Building, conveniently near the court rooms and offices of the bar. "The students * * can best be trained, not only by attendance upon the lectures of their professors and by examinations in the school, but also by observation of the proceedings of the courts and of the conduct of causes by skilful advocates."* The reputation of Philadelphia lawyers is well known, and some of the most distinguished of Bench and Bar have been connected with this school. Pennsylvania has achieved her greatest reputation through her school of medicine. It is the oldest medical institution in the United States, having been founded in 1765 by Dr. John Morgan, a pupil of the great masters at the celebrated University of Edinburgh, whose methods of instruction were substantially adopted here. At no time, from its very beginning up to the present, has its faculty been without men of international reputation. The fame of this school has greatly overshadowed that of the others, so that to many the University is known chiefly, if not solely, through its medical department. The number of graduates in medicine approximates 12,000.

The first thought which comes to a young student upon entering the University of Pennsylvania, is that he is in an atmosphere of learning; that this is a place suggestive, not of dry roots and musty theorems, but of practical world-problems which concern the learning of to-day. He also finds that, in whatever department his work lies, his ambition is spurred as it never was before. Students from every quarter of the globe are around him, in the various schools, preparing for their life-work, struggling, pushing, vying with each other

* Extract from Prospectus of the Law Department.

in earnest rivalry. The several departments, though distinct, are blended together in one harmonious whole, and the same spirit of eager search for practical knowledge pervades them all. Especially is this true of the professional schools. The men who enter these have come either fresh from colleges, where the foundation has been laid on which to build a superstructure which shall stand the storms of the world, or else from other fields of life, in which they labored to secure means for pursuing their chosen vocations. Thus the struggle is of a more serious nature in the departments of medicine, dentistry and law. Yet these professional students are as much a part of the University as are the undergraduates who look forward to their degrees in philosophy or science. The meds. and dents. feel that the good name of the University rests equally upon them. At times they come in close contact with the students of other departments; they are always in evidence at any student gatherings; they are represented in the different clubs and associations, and they yell just as loud as any at Pennsy's victories on the athletic field. Speaking of athletics, it may be *apropos* to remark here that Pennsylvania's advancement in the foot-ball world has kept pace with her progress toward supremacy in other directions. Not until the past five years, during which time she has defeated Harvard twice, Princeton twice, and scored on Yale (since which this team has refused to play again) have these institutions even recognized Pennsylvania as being in the same class with them. As any institution develops, it must grow in all directions, to be really great, and the athletic feature in our Northern universities, at least, is a straw in the wind.

The new student is also impressed with the location of the University. It is easily accessible, and yet in a sufficiently retired spot, with plenty of elbow room. Though the buildings are many and some are large, they are not closely crowded, and plenty of available space is left for the future. Several of these buildings are noticeable. Four of them—those con-

taining the medical, dental and college departments and that of the University Hospital—are of serpentine stone, having a peculiar green color, and strike the attention immediately. Philadelphia has as many as a score or more buildings and residences of the same material, which is quarried from some near point in the State. The library building, of red brick, is an extremely bizarre structure, and must be seen to be appreciated. It was designed by a Philadelphia architect, Furness by name, who wished in that edifice to begin a style of his own, to be called "Furnesian." He succeeded. Immediately east of this, across Thirty-fourth street, is the building of the Department of Hygiene, probably the only complete one of its kind in this country. The Wistar Institute of Anatomy, a magnificent building, containing the valuable Museum of the University, stands just in front of the Medical Hall. It affords elaborate opportunities for original research. Houston Hall, the students' club-house, built just a little over a year ago, with its auditorium, reading-rooms, baths, swimming pools, etc., gives to the whole body of students that kind of recreation which they need and crave. A unique building is the Dog Hospital, certainly the only one on this side of the Atlantic. It is small, but spacious enough to accommodate numbers of yelping canines of all sizes, that may be seen there, from "me lady's" poodle up to the heroic mastiff. Good prices are paid for the treatment of these dogs, emphasizing the fact that some ultra-fashionable folk seem to care more for their canine pets than for their children. This hospital is a part of the Veterinary School, the excellence of which is shown by the high stand its graduates take. The Psi Upsilon club-house, at the intersection of three streets, occupies a conspicuous position just north of the Wistar Building. Fraternities, as a rule, are fairly prosperous at Pennsylvania, and yet fraternity life itself is rather unsatisfactory. The post-graduates from other institutions affiliate with their chapters, but they do not come in close touch with the college men, so

varied are their sympathies and so widely separated is their work. In the Department of Medicine, besides the regular medical societies, named for different members of the faculty, two local fraternities exist, the very best men as to social and class standing being included in them.

Philadelphia is pre-eminently a student city. On the streets, in the churches, at the theatres, anywhere, one can easily pick out the students. Some idea of their numbers may be gained from the statement of a prominent merchant, who told the writer that the student patronage was an extremely large item in the immense trade interests of the city. Of medical colleges alone there are five others besides the University, one of these being for the education of women physicians. Numerous institutions of learning of various kinds in different parts of the city combine to make Philadelphia an educational as well as a manufacturing and industrial centre. Few of these have dormitories; consequently, the great majority of the students live in boarding-houses, being brought thereby into even more intimate relation with the city's interests. Reference has been made to the extensive dormitory system of the University.

Student life at Pennsylvania is free and easy. In the college and undergraduate departments there is a certain discipline, characterized by firmness and dignity. In the professional schools no restrictions are placed around the men; no rolls are called, except in the demonstrations of practical work; each student may come and go as he pleases. The theoretical instruction is given by means of lectures, and the standing of the students depends almost entirely upon the examinations held at the end of each session. Theses have long since been abolished, save in competition for certain prizes offered by friends and alumni of the departments. Altogether, students at Pennsylvania are placed largely upon their own responsibility.

During the past few years Wake Forest College has furnished five students to the University of Pennsylvania—all to the Medical Department. As a rule, the standing of these men, both

as matriculates and as graduates, has been good. It was particularly noteworthy that, in the ground-work of education necessary for every student of medicine, the Wake Forest students collectively were the equals, if not the superiors, of those prepared at other institutions,—Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Williams, Cornell, etc., included. In biology, chemistry and the languages they could always hold their own. The writer states these facts from personal observation. This is a result of well-rounded, conscientious training in first principles, and it should admonish every college student to neglect none of his opportunities and not to skim lightly over some particular branch in his curriculum because he thinks it will be of no practical use. All knowledge is useful. Each time a student learns something, for which he imagines there is no possible need, he trains his mind for the acquisition of knowledge which may be of immense practical value.

It is impossible in a short paper to present anything like an adequate conception of the character and work of a university. The most that has been attempted here is a descriptive outline of one of America's greatest educational institutions. Bearing this in mind, the reader will not be disappointed in his estimate of the greatness of the University of Pennsylvania.

JOE'S HIT.

CHAS. M. STALEY.

The boys of Middleton High School were on the ball-ground practicing for a great game of base-ball, which was to be played the next day with the boys of Farmville Academy. For years a fierce rivalry had existed between the two schools, and angry words were often exchanged over the result of a game of base-ball. The boys of each school had been practicing for weeks, and the next day was to decide which school had the better ball team.

The practice was over, and the boys were grouped in different parts of the field discussing the merits of each player, and predicting the result of the game next day. All were agreed that it would be a victory for their team, although they differed concerning the score. The more sanguine thought that it would be impossible for Farmville to score a single run, while others, more conservative, estimated that the score would be about two to one in favor of Middleton. It was true that Farmville had been victorious the year before, but Middleton had a team this year that was far superior to the team of last year; and, besides, Farmville cheated outrageously last year, but there would be none of that allowed this year.

The captain of the team, with two or three of the best players, was standing a little way off from the enthusiastic crowd, trying to decide which of two players was the better.

"I think Joe is the better player," he was saying. "He always keeps cool, and never gets the least bit excited. Henry will be sure to get rattled, and it might cause us to lose the game."

"I don't think Henry will get excited at all," answered one of the group, who was pitcher for the team. "Besides, we don't want such a looking fellow as Joe Lambert on our team," he continued, in a sneering voice. "Why, just look at his old uniform! It would be a disgrace to the whole school to put such a shabby looking fellow on the team."

"Yes, that is so," chimed in another one of the group. "Henry Hudson has got a fine uniform, I tell you. I saw it the other day when he got it."

"I do not care so much for the way a fellow looks as for the way he plays ball," replied Jack Norwood, the captain, seriously. "It will be a tight game to-morrow, and we shall need our best players."

"Oh! you need not give yourself any uneasiness about that; Farmville will not make half as many runs as we shall," said

the pitcher, giving his arm a flourish, as if to show what he expected to do next day. "I know what our boys can do, and I tell you the game is as good as ours."

"I am not so sure about it," replied Jack, moving off to where the Principal of the school was standing.

"Professor White, I wish you would tell me what to do," he said, as he approached. "I cannot decide which to put on the team, Joe Lambert or Henry Hudson. I think Joe is a little the better player, but the other boys don't want him, because his uniform is old and shabby. What would you advise me to do?"

"I believe, if I were you, I would put Henry on the team, and take Joe along as a substitute," replied Mr. White. "Then, if Henry doesn't play very well, you can change after the game has gone on awhile. You ought to make as good appearance as possible."

"I guess that will be the best thing to do," said Jack, and so it was decided.

Henry Hudson was the son of the principal merchant of the village, and was looked up to by the other boys. He dressed finer, had more pocket money, did less studying, and was more arrogant than any other boy in the school. He tyranized over the smaller boys with impunity, for a peculiar nearsightedness afflicted the Principal of the school whenever he was near. Some malicious persons even went so far as to say that Henry would have been compelled to obey the regulations of school as strictly as the other boys, if his father had not been Chairman of the Board of Trustees, as well as the most influential man in the village. This reflection on the Principal ought not to be noticed, for who ever knew of such a thing as a teacher being blind to the faults of a pupil just because his father was a man of influence? Such a thought could have originated only with a base-minded person.

Joe Lambert, on the other hand, was the son of a poor farmer who lived about two miles from the village. Joe had

inherited, from some remote ancestor, a character entirely at variance with the thriftless, easy-going disposition of his father. Somehow or other he had gotten the notion that he could make a man of himself, even if he was the son of a nobody.

He walked from home every morning with his lunch basket on his arm. In spite of the many difficulties in his way, he doggedly persevered, and soon stood highest in his classes. Henry Hudson, and his band of admirers, made sport of Joe's ungainly figure and his home-spun clothing, at every opportunity. They took special delight in mimicing his shambling walk, and, whenever Joe appeared, called out, "Look at High-water." They had given him this striking name from the fact that his trousers, which he had long since outgrown, came down only to the tops of his rough shoes. At times it seemed to him that he could not endure their ridicule and mimicry any longer; but he had set out to accomplish something, and would not be turned from his purpose by the jeers of rude boys.

When he went on the playground he threw his whole energy into the game, and soon became one of the best players in school, much to the disgust of Henry Hudson and his imitators. Joe could not buy such a uniform as the others wore, for his father was too poor, so Henry Hudson was chosen to go with the team, while Joe, who was a far better player, was only a substitute. Such things will happen, you know, in other places besides among school-boys. The captain of the team knew, however, that it required something more than a stylish uniform to win the game, and he was secretly determined that Joe should play as soon as Henry had been given an opportunity of displaying his agility and gracefulness.

When the Middleton school reached Farmville they found a large crowd assembled at the ball-ground. The teams were soon ready, and the game began. The two nines were very evenly matched, although Farmville had, perhaps, a slight

advantage. At any rate, it soon become evident to Jack Norwood that, unless something was done, his team would be beaten again. In vain did the Middleton pitcher draw himself into wonderful contortions and twist his arm round and round, as if he were trying to dislocate it. They were being beaten, and Jack began to get savage. Henry Hudson had made several costly errors, and when he missed a nice "fly," letting a man score, Jack could stand it no longer. He went up to Henry, and said emphatically: "You are going to be the cause of our losing the game. You can retire now; Joe will take your place."

When Joe came on the field the crowd greeted him with shouts of laughter and with cries of ridicule and derision. He did appear at a decided disadvantage by the side of the other players, dressed as he was in an old faded and torn uniform, and with his thick bushy hair standing on end, in his eagerness to take part in the game.

"Look at him! Look at him!" screamed the group of small boys who were doing their best to guy the Middleton players. "He looks just like a bulldog bristling up for a fight. Catch him, Towzer, catch him!"

The game grew more exciting. Neither side could gain an advantage, though Middleton would be beaten unless they could regain what they had lost, for Farmville was three runs ahead, and they were playing the last inning. Already Jack was growing despondent, when Joe made a fine catch at a critical moment, and his hopes revived. "Hurrah!" he shouted. "Play ball, boys; play ball! Joe means business."

When Middleton came to the bat for the last time the Farmville pitcher became excited and let three men reach their bases. He struck out the next two, however, and then Joe came to the bat. The crowd began jeering him mercilessly, but he did not notice it in the least. As he took his place, with the bat swung back over his shoulder, and his freckled, sun-burnt face all aglow with intense interest, the determina-

tion seized him to win the game. If he could only send the ball away over the fielders' heads it would be done. Jack was standing near him and saw the fire which blazed up in his eyes and the tension of his muscles as he took his place. "All right now, Joe," said Jack encouragingly. "Watch the ball, and don't strike out. A hit now means a run."

Joe did not appear to hear the words, for his eyes were fastened on the pitcher, who was preparing to throw the ball. He brought his hand slowly up to the level of his shoulder; then, with a quick movement of his body, he whirled his arm round three times; threw up one foot, as if trying to put it over his head; another turn with his arm, and the ball flew from his hand. Joe's muscles grew as rigid as steel bands when he saw the ball coming toward him. His left foot was thrown forward and his knee bent slightly, as he waited. Then his whole body swayed forward to give greater force and impetus to the blow. Whack! The stout ashen bat struck the ball, and away it sailed over the heads of the racing fielders to the outer limits of the field. What a cheer went up from the entire crowd as Joe crossed the home-plate! The Middleton players lifted him up on their shoulders and bore him in triumph from the field—for the game was won.

A BROKEN HEART.

ALBERT J. TERRELL.

A tall, broad-shouldered mountaineer, dressed in brown homespun, was standing, leaning on his rifle, far up the mountain by the side of a little trail. On the ground at his feet lay a five-gallon keg. Almost any one, at first glance, would have taken him for a "moonshiner," and correctly so.

It was a typical autumn morning, and the sun was just peeping over the mountains in the east. Far down in the

valley the mists were slowly, and it seemed reluctantly rising, as they felt the morning breeze drifting hither and thither. Everything was peacefully quiet. The smoke rising from the cabins, the sparkling waters of Clear Creek, which the morning sun caused to appear like a stream of gleaming, flashing silver, and the variegated tints of the autumn leaves, presented a picture indescribably beautiful.

Tom Ray, the "moonshiner," could not refrain from stopping, on his morning trip from the "still" down to the mill where the miller received the whiskey, and admiring the beautiful scene spread before his eyes. Finally his gaze became fixed on a little cabin at the head of the valley, and for some time he gazed at it in a dreamy way. Rousing himself, at length, from the reverie into which he seemed to have fallen, he muttered, "I'm a'goin' to quit this here infernal business; Jennie's so dead agin it."

Jennie McFarland was Tom's sweetheart, and it was her mother's cabin which held his eyes captive so long. They had been playmates from childhood, had gone to school together, and now that they were no longer children they were more than friends. In fact, they were engaged, and would have been married a year before but for the death of Tom's widowed mother. Tom, with two of his friends, had been running a blockade distillery far up on the Big Mountain, in a rocky cavern through which ran a tiny stream of water. From the time when Jennie had first learned of Tom's connection with the distillery she had opposed it, and only a few evenings before he had promised her to quit as soon as they made up the "mash" on hand.

He resumed his tramp down the mountain with the long, swinging stride characteristic of the mountaineers, and in an hour or so was in a little thicket above the mill. Here he unslung his keg, dropped it into a hollow chestnut stump and covered it over with leaves. Then he went down to the mill and remarked to the miller that everything was "O. K,"

which was understood. Having chatted with the group around the mill for awhile, he took his rifle and started for his cabin, which was a short distance below the widow McFarland's. He reached the enclosure of rails, leaped over it, opened the cabin door and entered. In a few moments he had a fire burning and dinner preparing. Then lighting his pipe he sat down in the doorway and gave himself up to day-dreaming, which was only broken by one of his hounds coming up and begging to be recognized. Tom took his pipe from his mouth and caressed the dog, saying: "Never mind, old fellow, we wont be lonesome long, fer we'll hev Jennie to keep house fer us."

Dinner and his after-dinner pipe finished, he set out to see Jennie, and found her seated in the yard under an apple tree, knitting. For several minutes he stood admiring her, and with just cause, too. She was rather tall, yet finely formed, with a complexion which vied with the lily in clearness, a wealth of shimmering golden hair, and eyes that were glorious. They were a deep violet and beyond description. It would have been difficult to have found a girl anywhere in Western North Carolina—that land so bountifully blessed with pretty girls—fairer than Jennie. He whistled softly, and in a moment she was on her feet, holding out both hands to him, with an "Oh! Tom, I'm so glad to see you." For a few moments he stood holding her hands and looking down into the depths of those glorious eyes, as lovers will. Then leading her over to the seat under the apple tree, he sat down beside her. Time fled so rapidly that they were surprised when Mrs. McFarland called Jennie to supper, and seeing Tom, who was a great favorite of hers, she insisted on his joining them in their evening meal.

In truth, Tom was a general favorite with both old and young in the neighborhood. With the young men he was a favorite, because of his physical strength; with the old folks, for his good sense and accommodating ways; and with the

girls on account of his handsome physique. Straight as an Indian, broad-shouldered and six feet in height, he was really handsome, with his curly, clustering black hair, dark brown eyes, clean-shaved face, high forehead and firm mouth.

Supper over, Tom bade them good night, after promising Jennie again that he would quit blockading soon and settle down on his farm, and took the path to the "still," which he reached about nine or ten o'clock. It was in full blast, and the ruddy blaze of the fire lighted up the cavern and the faces of his partners, Hank and Bill, with a weird, ghostly effect.

"Why didn't you stay all night?" growled Hank.

"Thought I'd come back an' keep you boys from a'gittin skeered," replied Tom.

"Guess you got yer supper at Widder McFarland's, didn't you?" queried Jim.

"Yes, an' by gum, I'm a'goin' ter hev a cook of my own afore long, too."

"Thar now, the cat's outen the bag;" "git out;" "don't tell us so," and like expressions came from Hank and Bill. Finally, when they had somewhat quieted down, Tom drawled out, "Wall, I low it ain't any of yer business, but Jennie an' I air a'goin' to git married purty soon."

The next morning the miller was surprised to see a stranger—for strangers seldom came up on Clear Creek—riding up to the mill on a high-spirited black horse. He was still more surprised when the stranger dismounted, came forward and introduced himself as Mr. Wilson, and told the miller that he was a consumptive, from the North, travelling through the mountains for his health, and that he wished to obtain board for a week or so in the neighborhood. As Mr. Wilson offered quite a neat little sum, the miller readily offered to board him, and led the way to his home, which was on the opposite side of the creek. The stranger soon won the good opinion of his host, and was given the best the place afforded, which, of

course, included an invitation to help himself to the jug of "mountain dew" whenever he felt so inclined.

Ralph Wilson was of medium height, and his sharp blue eyes gave him an expression of shrewdness, while his square jaw denoted firmness. Although one could not say he was handsome, yet there was something fascinating about him, and his polite, defferential manners always won him friends.

The same night that Wilson arrived there was a dance at the mill, and Jennie was there with Tom, who was always the leading spirit on such occasions, and was given up to be the best dancer in the settlement. Early in the evening Mr. Wilson secured an introduction to Jennie, and before the dance was over, seemed completely infatuated with her, much to the disgust of Tom, who was of rather jealous tempermament. When they started for home, Tom was as surley and cross as a bear, and during the walk reproached her for allowing Wilson to pay her so much attention. Jennie, who was somewhat of a flirt, and delighted to tease Tom, laughingly told him that Mr. Wilson was "just splendid, so handsome and such a lovely dancer, and not one bit cross either." This was a little too much for Tom to bear, and he told her that she must then and there choose between his company and Wilson's. Thinking that he was only in one of his jealous moods, and would soon be himself again, she told him that she would go with Mr. Wilson when she saw fit. When her mother's gate was reached, he brokenly said "good-bye" and turned abruptly away.

She thought Tom would return and make up, but she was mistaken. He kept entirely out of her sight, staying up on the mountain and allowing Hank to carry the whiskey down to the mill. From that moonlight night he was a changed man, and seemed completely crushed. The jolly, jovial fellow of old was gone. In a few days he had aged years, and sat around the "still" silent and moody, always smoking his pipe.

On leaving Jennie he made straight up the montain side with giant strides, seldom following the path, until he reached the "still." There he at once filled a gourd with the sparkling liquor as it flowed from the "still," poured in a little water, raised it to his lips and drank it. Hank and Bill were dumbfounded; never before had they known him to drink a drop of the stuff. Naturally they plied him with questions, but the only reply they could elicit from him was, that he was not feeling well. Again and again he drank deeply from the gourd, until finally he sank down on the rough rock floor, stupid and insensible, not to awake until late on the following morning. He awoke with a raging headache, and for some time lay still. The events of the past twenty-four hours passed before his eyes like a panorama; he could hardly realize that it was not a horrible dream. Slowly rising to his feet he drew himself up to his full height, and muttered, as a far-away look came into his eyes, "I ain't agoin' to make a blame fool of myself, even if Jennie has gone back on me."

The next morning after the dance, Wilson, who pretended to be an enthusiastic sportsman, took his gun and went squirrel hunting, and not being very successful, soon turned his steps toward the mill. Just below the McFarland home he overtook Jennie on her way to visit the miller's wife. That afternoon when she returned home, Ralph accompanied her, and during the next week he spent most of his time either at Mrs. McFarland's or fishing and walking with Jennie.

At first she had intended only to flirt with him, to bring Tom to terms, but by the end of the week Ralph had completely won her susceptible heart, and also a promise from her to marry him when he should return from a business trip to Asheville, which would call him away in a few days. At the same time, by skillful questions, he drew from her all she knew about the blockaders, which was not much, for Tom had, fortunately, never told her the location. But remembering that the miller had a drove of hogs, which, every morning,

when they were turned out of the enclosure in which they were kept at night, trotted off up the road, and that hogs was very fond of "still slops," he determined to follow them the next morning.

It was hardly light when he left the house for a squirrel hunt, as he told the miller. At the first turn of the road he stepped to one side and sat down on a log. In a few moments the hogs came trotting along under the leadership of a gaunt old sow. He followed them at a safe distance, taking care that they should not notice him. They led him a wild chase, but finally he saw them quicken their pace and disappear around a rocky spur of a ridge. Working his way carefully through the underbrush he suddenly came into full view of the cavern and saw the hogs at a little distance from it contentedly eating. He seemed more interested, however, in watching the boys fill a keg than in looking at the hogs eat, and when, a few moments afterwards, Jim started down the mountain with the same keg slung over his shoulder, Ralph followed with cat-like movements, saw him hide the keg in the hollow stump and then go to the mill. After Jim had entered the mill Ralph examined the keg and found that it contained whiskey.

The next morning he mounted his horse, telling the miller that he had to go to Asheville to attend to some important business, but would return in a few days. When Jennie learned that he had gone she shed a few tears, but they were rather of joy than sorrow. The thought that he would soon return for her made her light-hearted and happy.

True to his promise, Tom sold his interest in the business to the miller, and the next Sunday, for the first time since his mother's death, he mounted his mule and rode down the creek two or three miles to church. All were surprised at seeing him, and the more so when, after church, he told several of the congregation that he had turned over a new leaf. The news of Jennie's engagement, which had in some way become

known, seemed to have no effect on him. He had drained the lees of his cup of bitterness that night when he bade her "good-bye."

A few nights after Ralph Wilson went to Asheville, a party of four horsemen rode silently and cautiously by the mill. Ralph was their leader, and about a mile above the McFarland home he halted them. Silently they dismounted, tied their horses and followed him up the winding trail, single file.

That same evening Tom, at the urgent invitation of the miller, had gone with him up to the "still." When the revenue officers, for such were Wilson and his three companions, came cautiously around the cliff they saw by the bright light of the fire all four men seated around a keg, which they were using in lieu of a table, playing cards.

The officers stepped forward into the firelight, covering the men with their revolvers, and Wilson called on them to surrender. Tom recognized his voice, and in a moment the sleeping devil in him was aroused against the man who had wronged him. Snatching up a rifle which was leaning against the cavern wall, he turned on him with a hoarse shout of rage. The next moment the officers fired almost simultaneously and Tom fell back into the arms of the miller, mortally wounded. The remaining blockaders, seeing that the game was up, sullenly handed over their arms.

Tom's wonderful vitality showed itself. He raised himself on his elbow, called for a drink of water, and then beckoned to the miller, who was seated on a keg handcuffed, to come to him. The miller went to him, knelt by his side and asked what he wished. Tom was fast failing, but he managed to say: "Tell Jennie good-bye—that I'm sorry—we quarrelled." Then, with the death-rattle in his throat, he fell back dead.

Quickly the officers demolished the outfit and burst the kegs. Just as day was breaking, and the ruddy glow was showing in the east, they started down the mountain, Hank and Bill bearing the remains of Tom on a rude stretcher.

Reaching the mill they went over to the miller's house, where Tom's body was left to be interred. The miller then ordered breakfast to be prepared.

Just as they rose from the table, Jennie, who had not heard of the raid, came in and was overjoyed to see Ralph. He drew her aside and told her that he was a revenue officer and married, and then heartlessly added that the reason he made love to her was, only that he might obtain some information concerning the blockaders. This confession did not seem to cause Jennie grief, but rather anger. However, when the miller gave her Tom's dying message, her grief was uncontrollable. It completely changed her whole nature. Before, she had been light-hearted, happy and gay, but when Tom was buried her heart was buried with him.

She has never married, and, although still beautiful, her face bears the lines of sorrow. They show that she has passed through troubled waters. With all the young people in the community she is a general favorite, and frequently, when she sees trouble brewing, advises the girls not to quarrel with their sweethearts, "for it always brings trouble."

January 4, 1897.

IF I HAD ANOTHER YEAR AT WAKE FOREST.

"NINETY-THREE."

It is some years since I was a student in Wake Forest College. I know a little more than I knew when I graduated, but much less than I thought I knew when I entered, and, of course, a great deal less than I thought I knew when I received the blue-ribboned parchment from the kindly President that day in June. I dreamed that day. I do now.

I have kept somewhat in touch with the Institution. Candidly, I think more highly of the College, of the faculty, of the literary societies, of the residents, and of the students who

were with me than I ever did when I was there. This is largely the experience of every student of Wake Forest College. Distance does lend enchantment; but there are in the Institution virtues that make for this ever-increasing after-enchantment more than distance does.

I was "on the Hill" a few hours some time ago. The boys didn't know me; but I just had to sprawl on the grass in front of the reading-room and "gas" with them after dinner. I couldn't have been kept out of the dormitory with any amount of such weapons of defence as the inhabitants of that building sometimes use; and, of course, I didn't stop till I was on the "old third," where the boys used to make life rare with song and story and strife and plots, and all sorts of meanness, in the gentle name of fun. All was so quiet up there, I thought the fellows must have suspected that I was a new member of the faculty. I opened the door of old "Thirty-six," but the place that knew me once knew me no more. The unconsciously-honored occupant of that famous den was actually studying his lessons in the afternoon!

But the faculty knew me as well as ever—excepting some things they kindly seemed to have let slip their memories,—and they treated me in a way to make up for the lonesome goneness left within me by the trip through the dormitory. And the residents, why, there are no better people, if a fellow would only have the sense to take advantage of his opportunities and find them out. I talked like a fellow mortal to the members of the faculty, I went into the homes of the residents like a human being of civilized proclivities, and my eyes opened: I saw the Hill from a new point of view—a sane one.

It occurred to me at the close of that day that I could spend one year now at Wake Forest to more advantage than the four I did spend. But there is a woman in the way now, and several other less obstacles (pardon the suggestion), and the next best thing I can do is to write an article for the STUDENT.

What now, then, would I do, if I had another year at Wake Forest College?

I would take it for granted that the faculty are my own friends, selected to instruct me and to lead me into worthy development, desirous to do me only good,—which is, I am sure, a reasonable presumption, that would please the faculty as greatly as it would benefit me. I would cultivate a personal acquaintance with every teacher. Not more than once in a life-time, and that to very few young men, does the opportunity of personal acquaintance with good, cultured and learned men come. There is no member of the faculty but is proud of every heart-to-heart acquaintance he makes. I would talk freely with the head of each department; if I didn't understand (which was frequently the case), I would get him to explain. I wouldn't pass over a problem in mathematics or a sentence in Greek or German, because I might be lucky (?) enough to escape it. The hard things to be done are the very ones in which there is the most benefit. I am sure there is no member of the faculty but would delight in aiding personally in the work of any student who may be at a loss as to how to proceed at any point of his work.

I would learn to know the homes of my teachers and the other residents. Every student needs such cultivation as much as he needs a knowledge of any subject of instruction; but I hasten to say, one does not need too much of it. It is enough to make a barbarian of a fellow to live ten months a year in a dormitory with a hundred and forty boys only. The tendency can only be counteracted by occasional visits socially. I know that if it hadn't been for the softening influence of my boarding-house keeper and a certain other—let's call it an incident (in a diplomatic way)—well, I don't know, after all, what would have become of me!

I would be sure I knew what the author of a text-book was aiming at before I undertook to master it. For instance, I did not have a tangible idea of what my "Ethics" or "Anal-

ogy" were for anyway. I just didn't think about them in a way to get hold of their purpose. I would be sure to get in touch with my teacher's aim. I would ask him to make it plain, to outline his plan, if I were uncertain. I would not study a book, lesson by lesson, but study each lesson as a part of a whole book, keeping in mind its relation to passed chapters and not forgetting that it has a certain bearing upon those to come.

The College has been greatly improved, with the addition of two departments and the reorganization of another, since I was a student. Quite naturally, it seems to me that the study of the Bible and of Law offers two advantages, the opportunity of which one could never afford to let pass. I looked into the note-book of one of Professor Cullom's students, and, honestly, in half an hour I had learned more of Genesis than in all the hours in Sunday School. I would take the Bible course entire, and would make notes that would be of service to me all my life. And as for Law, only those keep out of trouble who keep up with it well enough to keep it from getting up with them.

And the work in English is now the equal of any in the South, and sufficient for any man. I wouldn't miss one recitation under Professor Sledd, if I had the opportunity of taking the course as it is now. I do not know of anything so priceless, so far as colleges go, as a clear acquaintance (may I not say *intimacy*, Professor?) with the English language, thorough knowledge of English letters, and the ability to write and speak pure English paragraphs. I know there is a great demand throughout the world, and in North Carolina particularly a great need, for men and women thus equipped. With her present School of English Language and Literature, and her Literary Societies, Wake Forest offers unsurpassed opportunities in this respect.

I would debate and declaim and write original compositions in one of the societies. I had to learn my most humiliating

lesson because I neglected to do this. I fell into the world at a point where it was write or die, speak or die, all the time. Being "a graduate," every one expected that I could do these with perfect ease.

And I believe that every student at Wake Forest has an opportunity above that of the student at any other institution to learn parliamentary practice, to learn to debate and write, to learn to hold his own out in the world. The societies furnish quite an exact miniature of the world. In them the fittest survive; the most persistent never fail. They give one an opportunity of developing himself as a reformer, of learning to shape legislation, wielding a personal influence, making friends, resisting opposition; and they train him in mental acuteness, readiness and general ability all the while.

I would not fail to keep well-informed. I would read two daily papers, one national, the other State. I would read several religious weeklies; I would read selected articles in the more serious magazines; and I would handle all the others sufficiently to know something about them. I would read in a great many books in that great library, and would read thoroughly at least five books in a year.

I haven't said much about what I would not do. Well, that is another story. It would occupy—I don't know where I would begin or how I could end. But I am sure if I had done what I would now do, there would be but little time and less temptation to do the things I wouldn't do. This, by the way, is the secret of preventing "meanness" and "time-killing," and of getting the most pleasure and profit out of college.

A MOUNTAIN FAIRY.

RO. H. MCNEILL.

One day in June, a young judge, who had but lately donned the ermine, was slowly climbing the "Blue Ridge" behind a stout pair of draught horses. It was now late in the evening. On setting out from a town about twenty miles away in the early morning, he did not expect to see the dark and threatening clouds which were now lowering above him and showing their frowning heads above the mountain tops, nor to hear the coarse rumbling of thunder as it now rolled and reverberated from crag to crag, nor to see the flashes of lightning which now played around him only to be swallowed up in the dark background of clouds. Such a warring of the elements, among scenery so rugged and sombre, very naturally led the young judge, whose name we will call Frank Dunbar, to call out in very excited tones to his driver: "Hurry them up, John, we must reach the tavern on top of this mountain before nightfall." John accordingly cut the horses sharply with a long whip, and the poor beasts tried faithfully to move on at a trot, but very soon relapsed into a slow walk and panted on up the mountain. Soon afterwards the storm, which they had hoped to escape, burst upon them in all its fury. The dark, dismal clouds seemed to envelop them and the rain came in torrents. The wind too, to make the battle more fierce, now added its force and tore through the magnificent growth of trees, which surrounded them on all sides, now and then uprooting one, which would fall with a terrific crash. The young judge now repeated his command in more peremptory tones: "John, whip them up, we must get out of this place!" John, whose wits had been swallowed up by his fear, could do nothing but say: "Ge-get up b-boys," and his teeth chattered as he spoke.

To add to the terrible gloom, darkness was now coming on, and poor old John, too terrified to guide the horses intelligently, had left the main route and taken a small branch road,

which led to who-knows-where? This fact was not noticed for some time, not until a mile or two had been traversed, when the young judge recognized the fact that they were going in the wrong direction; and he yelled to John, who was mutely letting the horses take their way, to stop them at once. Aroused from his reverie, he managed to check the horses. The young judge alighted to reconnoitre—to see if it were possible to turn the team.

While looking around his attention was drawn away from the little, cramped road to the sombre beauty of a glen which was just below. It was surrounded by crag upon crag, and from the crags could be heard the drip, drip, drip of the rain as it fell from the perpendicular heights into little pools in the ledges, and from them fell again until it reached the little stream which coursed down between them all and leaped from bowlder to bowlder, as it passed on singing its sweet song. The magnificence of the scenery so impressed the young judge, who had cultivated a passionate love for the beautifnl, that he stood gazing at this grand revelation of nature for several minutes, until recalled from his reverie by the hoarse voice of John, who said in his hoarse, gutteral tone: "Boss, we be ready to go back." Determined to take one more look at this beautiful spot before retracing his steps, he cast one comprehensive glance over the whole, when suddenly his attention was caught by the appearance of a small, but bright light, which seemed peeping from amid the seclusion, almost afraid to show itself.

Wondering at this indication of a human habitation in so secluded and lonely a gorge, he determined on exploring its cause, and if possible, to secure a lodging for the night, darkness having already arrived and his destination being yet several miles away. In accord with this intention John lighted a lantern, which had been brought to use in case of need, and was ordered to take the lead and seek the bottom of the glen by the nearest way possible. Slowly and laboriously they

descended, holding on by the dark outgrowths, leaping from ledge to ledge until finally the bottom was reached in safety.

No trouble was found in reaching the supposed location of the light which could no longer be seen. On arriving at this point they were surprised at finding no house of any kind. There was not even a dog to bark an announcement of their arrival. No smoke was seen wreathing itself above the trees to indicate the presence of life. The explorers were about to turn about and credit their wild scramble to a jack-o'-lantern, when the young judge suddenly noticed what looked to be a beaten pathway. On entering it he saw it ended in what looked to be a bank of moss, but what, on closer examination, proved to be a rough-hewn door, covered with dead moss. Surprised at this attempt at concealment, he was about to retrace his steps in fear he had come upon a den of counterfeiters or "moonshiners," but at length, plucking up courage, he returned to the door, picked up a stone and struck it two or three light blows. This was the signal for a commotion within and for a whispered consultation between the inmates.

Pretty soon some one from within came close up to the door and, in a soft sweet voice, inquired, "Who's there?" The judge feared counterfeiters no longer. Acquainted with the sweetest and most cultured class of womanhood, he recognized the voice of the inmate of this cave in the mountains to be that of a lady. Therefore, assuming his tenderest tone, he replied, "I am a lost traveler, and being atracted by a light from a crevice in your mountain grotto, I sought it out, and now request that you shelter me for the night."

At the close of his plea the person from within walked away from the door and spoke in low tones to some one else inside the cavern, but she very soon returned and, drawing aside a bolt which held the door, opened it and admitted the unexpected guest, who was closely followed by the fearful John.

Upon examination of the cave, for such in reality it was, the young judge and his companion found themselves har-

bored in a place fit for the finest tastes. Upon the solid stone walls of the room into which they were taken hung beautiful works of art, and upon the cold floor, which was also bare stone, appeared rich rugs and carpets fit for a palace. Surprised at such elegance in such a quarter the young judge was about to conclude himself enchanted or under the influence of fairies' charms.

So persuaded was he at this that he began rubbing his eyes to assure himself of being awake. His belief was strengthened from the fairy-like appearance at his hostess, who had been flitting about noiselessly over the room, with the grace of a fawn, speaking kindly to her gray-haired father, who sat reclining before the fire, which was burning brightly to make the room within a pleasant contrast with the darkness and gloom without. Nor did it take the young judge long to see that his hostess, whom he had already decided to be a "mountain fairy," possessed wonderful beauty. Her large, black, soulful eyes, which were made to conquer men at a glance, served but as the ornament of an equally divine face. To these attractions was added that of coyness and maiden timidity, which came from her separation from social life.

The young judge, having finally concluded that he was not dreaming, nor under the influence of enchanters, determined on a solution of what he was certain must be a mystery. So, calling the young girl, and asking her to sit beside him, he said to her in his gentlest tone: "My little maid, will you tell me the meaning of this isolation from the world—why your father has taken so sweet a flower as yourself from society, to be reared, and to spend that part of your life which is always the happiest, among the wilds of nature, where no one is to see and admire your attractions and where you can enjoy none of the pleasures of society. It is not, I am sure, on account of his lack of means that he does not live in a city, where he naturally belongs, being possessed of such an ornament to its society as you would be. Won't you tell me the story?"

Surprised at the young judge's appeal, Irma Dellinger, for this was her name, turned slightly pale and reflected for a moment whether or not she ought to tell the secret of her father's life. Her father had never told her not to tell what she khew of his life, thinking she would never have an opportunity. So now, the opportnnity being at hand, fearing her father would refuse his consent, were she to ask it, she decided to tell the young judge herself, thinking, by so doing, some way might be provided for her entrance into that bright world of which he spoke and to which she had bid farewell twelve years before, when but six years old. So, coyly looking up into the young judge's honest, noble face, which could but inspire confidence in one even so ignorant of the world as our heroine, she said, "Yes, sir, I will tell you all you seek to know and believe, if it be in your power, you will aid my father to regain his lost position in the world which he has so longed for." Looking up appealingly into the young judge's face, she timidly asked, "Wont you, sir!" "Yes, my little girl, with all my heart," he replied. So, beginning her story, in her sweet, liquid voice, which held the young judge's rapt attention, she went on:

"It was just twelve years ago, and my father was living in W. county, one of its most highly respected citizens. The war came on; my father, a hot-blooded Southerner, went to the front and fought through the war, to come out dispirited and somewhat crippled in wealth. A little while after his return, when quietly smoking on the front veranda of his home, he was accosted by a swaggering, intoxicated Yankee soldier, who began railing at all who had worn the gray and denying to all such the title of honorable soldiers, but declaring they were rebels and traitors to their country, unworthy to live among men of honor. He continued this stream of abuse for some time, when my father's anger being aroused, he stepped off the veranda and told him to pass on or take the consequences. This caused the insanely-

drunken soldier to re-double his bitter reproaches, and my father's anger being beyond his control, he stepped inside the house, took from its rack his old army musket and shot the fellow dead. Very soon he was arrested, tried for murder, convicted and sentenced to serve a life-term in the penitentiary.

Accordingly he was carried away from us—mother and me—and was conveyed, as we supposed, to prison, never to return. The shock of his departure killed my angel mother, who lived but a few days afterwards—not long enough to hear the tidings of his release from the clutches of the law by the sheriff, who was his friend and whose life he had saved from a party of confederate soldiers, who found him harbored at our home and by this act had gained his lasting gratitude. So when the opportunity came to return the favor the sheriff released him, but told the civil authorities that he had been released by his own friends at one of the towns on the way to the penitentiary.

The letter brought me by a messenger some days afterwards bid me follow him to where my father was in hiding, and I did so and was led to this cavern in the mountains. And father and I have been living here ever since with that same faithful servant, who is now away at the nearest market purchasing for us the next month's provisions. This is my story. Now, sir, can you help us?"

"I can but try," he said, "and believe, I shall secure from the governor, who is my friend, your father's pardon."

At this moment the clock, hanging above the fire, which was now dying out, pealed forth the hour of midnight, and Irma, startled by its suddenness and the lateness of the hour, quickly arose and consulted her guest, followed by old John, who had fallen asleep on the floor, into an adjacent chamber, where a splendid bed was prepared for the young judge and a comfortable pallet for John, on which they soon fell asleep. Irma now returned to her own apartment and fell asleep to dream of the splendors of the world to which she hoped to return.

In the early morning, having breakfasted, the young judge prepared to start again on his journey but before doing so he told Irma that he was glad he had lost his way, for it had been the cause of his meeting and possibly aiding her father, and of his knowing her, whose friendship he valued highly and whose confidence he hoped to deserve. He intimated to her that he might return to her mountain home, not as a hearer of causes but as a pleader of his own cause.

Immediately on his arrival at his destination he despatched a letter to the governor, who was no longer a bitter foe to the lost Confederacy, stating all the facts and closing with an appeal for a pardon. Within a few days the pardon reached the young judge, and upon the adjournment of his court, he returned to his mountain friends, who, on the announcement of his mission, greeted him joyously; the old father shedding tears of joy over the fact that he feared to stand up before his fellow men no longer, and that his angel daughter could now assume the station in life to which she was entitled.

Accordingly, the old man—Major Dellinger—his gallantry had caused his promotion—and Irma, returned to their beautiful home which had waited for them so long—for him as the master of the house, for Irma as its lovely mistress. The neighbors flocked to them to bid them welcome—to show to the old major that his having resented an insult to his honor did not affect his social position among them.

The young judge, who happened to live near, called at the major's house often, and his friendship with Irma, which had sprung up under such romantic circumstances, began to develp into a stronger attachment, from that into an engagement, and finally into a brilliant wedding, celebrated amid the rejoicings of all those who were present—rejoicings that Irma, the lost flower, which had been plucked from her hiding by the young judge, was now shedding her fragrance over his household and all those who came under her sweet influence.

AMONG THE ARCHIVES OF FRANCE.

J. H. GORRELL.

My sojourn in Paris was drawing to a close. To be sure, I had not come there as a mere sight-seer, but I had nevertheless endeavored to make good use on every occasion of eyes and ears, so as to familiarize myself in some degree with the wonders of this beautiful city, which my enthusiastic landlady delighted to call *la lumiere du monde.* I had devoted two weeks to the Louvre and honestly sought to form some conception of the treasures of the greatest museum of Europe; I had enlarged my ideas of art by visits to the Luxembourg and the Salon; I had gone the round of all the museums and historical collections, and, to get a bird's-eye view of all, had ascended the Eiffel Tower. Gratified, therefore, with the assurance that all of Paris had been seen, I had for some weeks settled down to uninterrupted linguistic work, when I learned to my surprise that I had left unseen a collection of the most precious and valuable documents of French history.

It was very fortunate that this discovery was made at this time, for the Archives are open for inspection only once a week, and my last opportunity was almost at hand. I awaited the appointed day with great expectation, and precisely at noon I made my way into the building through the unpretentious entrance on *Rue des Francs Bourgeois.* Once in the building one feels as if this were holy ground; on every hand are memorials of the great men of old whom the reader of history has feared, or hated, or loved; he is even stepping in the traces of the dead, no—

> not dead—
> But sceptred sovereigns who still rule
> Our spirits from their thrones.

What pictures come before our minds as we look over these monuments! A vast, wild, kingdom, with fierce barons and

semi-barbarous soldiers, a few cities rising in their splendor under the royal sway, and above all, towers the majestic form of Charles the Great; later on, the wily brain of Louis XI. is kneading these different elements into a strong government; the religious wars bring to us scenes of blood from which rises the glorious sun of the Grand Monarch, which, alas, soon sets in political disaster and prepares the way for the greatest tragedy of all, the Revolution; this gives birth to Napoleon, and with the most glorious name of all, the Archives end.

Such is the panorama which passes before one as he moves from room to room filled with objects of priceless value. But to particularize: Near the entrance are seen some old mouldy parchments of the Merovingian dynasty. The two Pepins are also represented, and most interesting of all are three documents signed by Charlemagne, on one of which, dated March 31, 797, is seen his celebrated monogram and the darkish-yellow royal seal still clinging to the parchment. Then follow numbers of documents signed by French kings, as Charles the Bald, Louis the Pious, Hugh Capet, and all their successors. The signature of Louis XI. is almost illegible, while that of Francis I. is remarkable for its boldness and a somewhat artistic beauty. Among these earlier memorials are some of peculiar interest, such as the codicil made by the good St. Louis in his camp near Carthage during his last crusade, the certificate of the marriage of Henry II. and Catherine de Medici, which brought so many woes upon France, and that of the marriage of Francis II. and Mary Stuart, to be followed shortly by a pathetic letter of the Queen of Scots concerning the death of her youthful husband.

Carefully preserved in its glass case lies the celebrated Edict of Nantes, with its green and red bands fastened by a grayish-black seal, and in a neighboring apartment is placed the Revocation of the Edict, the greatest blunder of Louis XIV.

Scenes of desolation come before the mind as we look upon the Treaty of Westphalia, where the Emperor Ferdinand, in

a style which shows signs of weakness, signs away the ravages of the Thirty Years' War in struggling, almost dying, Germany. And not far off the signature, Edward De Richelieu, brings before us that restless and indomitable spirit which did so much to humble the Fatherland.

There is, perhaps, nowhere else to be found a richer collection of documents relating to the French Revolution. The leaders in these bloody deeds are all to be seen here in their writings. The Oath of the Tennis-Court is signed by scores of names, first of which are Bailly and Bouche, the others being written in every conceivable way across the yellow page, all bearing indications of the tremendous excitement of these fierce spirits. Another interesting piece of writing is the carefully composed Declaration of the Rights of Man, two pages of which lie open before us. Papers signed by the chiefs of the Revolution are seen on every hand,—here the large, bold signatures of Roland and Danton, and the flourishes of Vergniaud, there the professional script of Guillotin, and the diminutive writing of Robespierre.

That which moved me most of all were three letters written by three victims of the Revolution, Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI. and Charlotte Corday. The unhappy queen writes for the last time to one of her faithful friends, telling of her impending doom. The letter of the king, written from his prison on the eve of his execution, is a pathetic example of a monarch, who still preserves some of his old haughtiness, bowing before a merciless tribunal. As it has never been published, except perhaps in rare collections, I may be pardoned for giving a translation of it entire:—

"I ask for a delay of three days that I may prepare myself to appear in the presence of God. I request, also, that I may see freely the person whom I shall indicate to the officers of the Commune, and that this person be guarded from all uneasiness and fear during this act of charity, which he shall fulfil by visiting me. I ask to be delivered from the per-

petual surveillance which the Council General has for some days established.

"I request that during that interval I may be able to see my family whenever I please, and without witnesses. I should like for the National Convention to concern it itself at once about the fate of my family, and permit them to withdraw freely wherever they shall see fit.

"I commend to the favor of the nation all persons who have been attached to me. There are many who have staked all their fortunes for my sake, and who, since they no longer have means of livelihood, are in the condition of those who live only on appointments that may be granted to them. Among these there are many old men and women and some children, who otherwise would have no other means of subsistence.

"Written from the Tower of the Temple, Jan. 20, 1793.

"LOUIS."

Alas, even this slight request was not granted the poor king!

The third letter was written to her father by Charlotte Corday a day or two before her head, "the most beautiful head of all," fell on the scaffold:

"Forgive me, dear papa, for having disposed of my life without your permission. I have avenged many innocent victims. I have prevented many other disasters. The people will some day come to their senses, and will rejoice that I have delivered them from a tyrant.

"Goodbye, dear papa; please forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate. Give my dearest love to my sister, whom I love with all my heart, as well as to all my relatives. Do not forget that verse of Corneille,

'Crime causes shame, not the scaffold.'

"To-morrow at 8 o'clock I shall be called before my judges. This July 16, 1793."

After such scenes, it is almost with a feeling of grim satisfaction that we look upon the table on which the wretched Robespierre, already severely wounded, was placed to be condemned by the infuriated populace, to follow his numerous victims to the guillotine.

But enough of this. A day of glory is dawning for France, and the next apartment we enter is filled with papers, treaties, letters, military and imperial orders of the great Napoleon. And to make the story complete, the archive-keepers have also given here documents written by almost all the prominent characters that surrounded the Emperor: Ney, Grouchy, Soult, Fouche, Lannes, Macdonald, Foy, Kellerman, Talleyrand, Josephine, etc. Thus in a blaze of glory ends that portion of the Archives that deals exclusively with French History.

In another part of the building are shown the writings of the makers of French literature, and as we pass along we observe in special prominence the names of J. B. Poquelin Moliere, Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Rousseau, Saint Pierre, Beaumarchais, and Chateaubriand.

In the last two rooms are collected hundreds of documents relating to foreign powers. In passing I notice the ratification of the treaty between Scotland and France, signed by Robert Bruce, and a letter in French, written by James II. of England, stating that his brother, Charles II., had died a good Catholic. Among the oldest of all are two pieces of parchment containing donations made by Edward the Confessor and William the Conqueror, and a letter written by Richard the Lion-Hearted. Several of the documents here collected are signed by Presidents of the United States, others by Emperors of Germany, Kings of Spain and England, and one or two even by the Rulers of China. The celebrated "Treaty of the Pyrenees" is crossed by a cord of silk, conspicuously displayed, it is sealed at each end by a royal seal, as if to point to the longed-for union of France and Spain. I wander from spot to spot, now studying the interesting monograms of the German Othos;

now reading a letter from the Barbarian conqueror, Tamerlane, to Charles VI.; now deciphering the ratification of the Treaty of Westphalia, literally covered with the seals and signatures of the numerous princes of Germany. How long I remained in this interesting apartment I know not, but I was suddenly aroused by the loud sounding of the bell; the hour for closing had arrived, and I went out as in a dream from the ages of the past into the Paris of to-day.

A FULFILMENT.

H. B. FOLK.

It was at a fashionable hotel, much visited as a summer resort, situated on a mountain noted for the beauty of its scenery. Its verandas and grounds were filled with a throng of seekers after pleasure and health. Among the guests was a young lady, who, with her mother, was passing a portion of the summer months at this place. In person, she was tall and graceful, her hair was brown, her eyes blue, flashing with brilliancy when she spoke; her carriage and manners were those of a queen. There was that about her which made every one love her. She was the reigning belle wherever she went, yet she still kept her same sweetness of disposition.

Among the guests was also a young man named John. His face was expressive of strength rather than of brilliancy or beauty. He was one of those persons upon whom you instinctively feel you can rely. Solidity and perseverance were indicated by his face, his blue eyes and his firm-set chin. He and Mabel—such was the name of the young lady—had been schoolmates at the college in his native place. After three years together, they had left school, Mabel, crowned with honor, and followed by the admiration and the devotion of all who knew her, returning to her home in another state, and John taking a position with a mercantile house in the neighboring city.

He had corresponded with her for a while, and then, in his own sensitiveness, had imagined he was trespassing upon her time; he had imagined it was an imposition on her, surrounded always by admirers so much more brilliant than he, and the belle wherever she went, to ask her to take up her time and attention in writing to one for whom she had probably ceased to care. So he had discontinued the correspondence and had tried to forget her.

Five years had passed, during which he had been achieving success in his business. But during all this time his thoughts still clung to her who had inspired in him his former happy day-dreams, and in his heart had lain a restless, unsatisfied feeling.

At last he had determined to seek her again and to try to renew their acquaintance. He had therefore come to this place, where he knew she would be.

He had been kindly received by her, and every opportunity he was in her presence. They often visited together the different places of interest. Especially did they often go to a certain commanding point of the mountain, where they could overlook a stretch of beautiful and variegated scenery. Here, reclined in the shadow of an overhanging rock, with the mountains on every side, as far as the eye could reach, billowing away into the dim distance, and with the valley below, lying in peaceful, verdant seclusion, with the river winding through its midst, they passed many happy hours. John found himself dreaming again the old day-dreams, building the old air-castles, and looking again into a future all rose-colored with hope. And ofttimes a word or a look of his companion would set his heart to throbbing, and flood him with a strange feeling of light and happiness. All too soon would the sun sink behind the mountain tops in the glowing west, and the gathering twilight admonish that it was time to depart.

One day they went to a place of interest in the valley, their

course leading through a stretch of pine woods. While returning along the pathway through these woods, they became aware of something unusual occurring. The air had become filled with smoke, and now and then they saw some wild animal of the woods rushing by in mad haste. The smoke grew denser, almost suffocating them, and obscuring the face of the sky with a black cloud. They stopped and listened, and far off they could hear a roaring sound, which every moment grew louder and louder. The terrible truth flashed upon John.

"Great Heavens!" he cried. "The woods are on fire!"

They started hastily forward, but at every step the air grew denser and hotter, and the roaring, rushing sound grew louder, mingled now with the noise of falling limbs, and the crash of falling trees.

John drew off his coat, hastily wrapped it about Mabel so as best to protect her, seized her in his arms, and again sped forward. But the flames, roaring and crackling behind, every moment drew still nearer, and their hot breath almost stifled him. They leap from tree to tree in mad pursuit. Now they are overhead. But on, on he speeds, through showers of sparks and in the midst of falling limbs. Now the flames are in the trees around and ahead. They run out upon the limbs, curling and twisting, to meet him as he passes, and leer down upon him with demoniacal glee, breathing their hot breath into his face. Now let him stretch every muscle! Now let him strain every nerve!

A little more, and the end of the woods is reached. He gathers his strength, clenches his teeth, and staggers on. A minute more, and they are safe. But a wall of fire overhangs the way. The flames, enraged at the threatened escape of their victims, await them in angry, writhing impatience. He pauses a moment, fixes the coat closer about Mabel, pulls his hat down over his face, and dashes on. One stifling, burning moment, and he is through. He bears his burden

to a place of safety, and falls exhausted and fainting, the last sound in his ears being the sullen roaring of the flames in their angry disappointment.

His injuries were severe, and necessitated his remaining longer than he had intended upon the mountain,—indeed, until the season was over, and most of the guests had departed. But Mabel still remained, and he almost blessed the adventure which made it possible for him to be longer with her. He felt he could wish to last always those times, when, in the now quiet hotel, while he was seated with Mabel upon the veranda, the happy hours sped away. But all too soon came the time when he must leave.

Yet, when they had parted, somehow he still carried hope and happiness in his heart. Somehow, his lips would often break into a happy smile. And somehow, whenever his name was mentioned, a sweet flush would mount to Mabel's cheeks, and there would be a look of happiness in her eyes.

MENTAL ABERRATION.

THOMAS H. BRIGGS.

"Great wits to madness sure are near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

—*Dryden.*

"We are not ourselves, when nature, being oppressed,
Commands the mind to suffer with the body."

—*King Lear, II—4.*

There is a very common, but equally erroneous, idea that all people are insane on some point or subject. In almost all sayings, however, which have obtained wide prevalence there is some degree of truth; so in this. The most eminent authorities hold that every human being is insane at some point of time, but not necessarily in one point of matter.

By the word "insane" I do not mean madness in its fullest acceptation, but disordered intellect *pro tempore.* There may

be circumstances to which one may not adapt one's self, but that is no proof that there is any insanity. Or one may be insane while surrounded by such environments that he is compelled to use the highest intellectual faculties, which may be disordered; but as soon as the complex disturbing atmosphere is removed and all calls upon his intellect can be met and complied with by the lower faculties, which are perfect, then the man is sane again. Thus it is in hospitals for the insane, which are generally removed "far from the madding crowd," that to a visitor so many of the inmates appear perfectly sane; while if they were allowed to return to their former social position the madness would return with renewed vigor. That is, peculiar circumstances may cause insanity to those who have not an intellect strong enough to adapt itself to such peculiar environments. Such a derangement may be easily remedied by simplifying the surroundings to suit the patient.

However marvellous the statement may be, it is true that all phenomena of disease are only exaggerations of the same phenomena existing *in parvo* in the healthy organism. Therefore, to quote Dr. Mercier, "Disease does not create, it merely exaggerates." Consequently we have a natural series of mental disturbances in which sleep is the *infima species* and insanity the *summum genus*. Old age, intoxication, anger, ecstasy, hysteria, idiocy, *et cetera* are intermediate stages.

It is the purpose of this paper to treat of those personal peculiarities or idiosyncrasies, rather than insanity. The whole subject is so thoroughly misunderstood that one should enter into the study with the mind in the condition of Locke's *rasa tabula*. Few people have any idea of the close similarity between hysteria and insanity; but the truth of the matter is that they are double first cousins, and very often it is wholly impossible to distinguish one from the other. A convincing argument that they are closely related is the fact that the treatment is essentially the same for both diseases, and that hysteria often develops into insanity.

There are three essential factors to insanity: Disorder of the highest nerve arrangements; disorder of conduct; and disorder of consciousness, including those disorders of thought, of feeling, and of relations to self, and of self to surroundings. And naturally, mental aberration depends upon the manner in which these factors are combined, or the part of any factor which may be taken. True insanity, we must remember, is a combination of all three.

When the stability of nerve tissue is great, a correspondingly great disturbance is required to cause an overthrow of reason; while, on the contrary, when the nerve tissue is unstable, then a slight disturbance will serve to overthrow the mental balance. The old fable tells how the oak was broken by the wind, while the reed was only bent, because of their different characteristics. So it is, under the same circumstances, that one person, seemingly of a stronger mental constitution, will give way so much sooner than another.

No mental disorder can occur except as the shadow or accompaniment of a nervous change; that is, nervous changes underlie all mental aberration. In this fact we may find an explanation for Bacon's, "There may be some (who) have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes," the "over-early ripeness" causing an excessive strain on the nerves, and therefore the early decay of the whole body, both physically and mentally. And so "*Ira furor est brevis*," for the nerves are not able to hold up to such a high tension for any length of time.

There are numberless cases where persons have turned completely gray in a single night, as Byron mentions in his Prisoner of Chillon, and in extreme cases the skin has changed color. This is caused by the disarrangement of the nerve centres, the result being physical instead of mental.

A good illustration of the nerve arrangement being out of order is the case of a person after a hearty meal. The physical being is sluggish, and no less so is the mental, this slug-

gishness being caused mainly by the effect of the alcohol which has been imbibed on the highest nerve regions, though there are other minor causes.

It is not rare to find a person who has a "phantom limb," retaining an imaginary feeling in a limb which has been amputated. Of course, this phenomenon is caused by the disarrangement of the nerves. And so in the case of one who is insensible to pain at certain times. Dr. Rush reports an instance where a man deliberately stuck his foot in the flames, allowing it to burn almost off. The patient suffered no pain either then or while it was being dressed, but some weeks afterward the sensation returned, the pain being felt very acutely.

Those stresses which tend to disarrange the higher nerve centers are *direct* and *indirect*, the direct stress being "produced by the action of some noxious agent immediately upon the centre themselves," while the indirect stress is caused by "agents acting on the peripheral ends of the nerves * * * which break upon the highest nerve regions * * * ."

The direct stress is generally caused in some such way as by striking the head upon some hard substance by a fall, or by a blow upon the head with some blunted instrument, producing a violent concussion of the contents of the cranium. This often produces inflammation of the brain, but not active insanity, for the disease is spread over two wide an area. It is rather a condition of habitude or hypochondriasis, finally of coma.

While speaking to such an extent of nerve centers and nerve arrangement, it may be well to say a word about heredity. An offspring tends to inherit every attribute of the parent, and will do so, unless some counteracting influence is brought to bear. Thus children of insane parents are more than apt to inherit an insane tendency. Mind, I do not say *insanity*, but an *insane tendency;* for it is rather an instability of nerve tissue. Without going further into the subject, we may mention Latency and Reversion; that is the case when

the attribute is lacking in the offspring, but re-appears in the third or fourth generation. Nathaniel Hawthorne gives a bizarre illustration of this Reversion, both physical and mental, in the House of Seven Gables. The attribute may lie dormant through many generations, and finally burst forth with new energy in some distant offspring. For instance, tame pigeons, whose ancestors in the long ago were wild, may become perfectly wild in one generation; and such is the case with other animals. Especially is this true when a distinct species, even though itself domesticated, is crossed with a tame animal. Darwin strikingly illustrated this by his experiment with European and Chinese cattle. In Livingston's book of travels, he remarks that half-breeds are more cruel than either Portugese or natives, and relates a native saying that "God made the white man, and God made the black man, but the devil made the half-castes."

There are numerous instances of disorder of conduct; in fact, I do not doubt but that each one of us has our own idiosyncrasies, but be they near or far from insanity, they are akin to it. Each one should have some personal peculiarity, however, as a proof of personality, provided that it is not carried to too great an excess.

I call to mind an extreme case related to me by his Excellency, Gov. Carr. He said that he had a friend who kept the flesh entirely eaten from the second joint of his fore-finger, the result of an idle habit of which he was entirely unconscious at the time when gnawing the flesh.

Gibbon, in one of his histories, tells of one of the Bourbon princes, perfectly sane on all other points, who imagined that he was a plant, and, standing in the garden among the flowers, he would order the gardener to water him in the same manner as he did the other plants.

Instances might be multiplied, but it is unnecessary, for we are all aware of their existence. How many men ever vary the order of dressing, even so much as by changing the order of putting on their shoes, right or left first?

Dr. Mercier says that "conduct is the external expression of intelligence," but there are few of us, indeed, who would like our intelligence to be judged by our conduct. Purely insane conduct cannot be corrected. By this I do not mean to say that maniacs should not be punished, for in many instances the punishment does as much good as it does to a sane person. I mean that the actions which are caused by the insanity can never be eradicated.

Kleptomania is an unpleasant peculiarity; and though many think it is something quite new, yet Catullus tells of a typical case in his twelfth ode.

Persons tending toward melancholia invariably exhibit an undue lack of physical activity, and the disease may be warded off by the proper exercise and exertion.

Coming under the third head, disorder of consciousness, there is a very interesting phenomenon bordering upon insanity, by which eminent psychologists have endeavored to prove the existence of a double personality. It is the case of a person awakening to a new consciousness, completely forgetting the old self; and, after a certain period, another change is made back to the first state, and nothing is remembered from the second period. It is held now that only the hemisphere of the brain is acting at such times, therefore the phenomenon. William LeQueux gives a good example of this in Fortune's Fool. George Eliot also has a splendid instance in Romola, when learned old Baldassarre forgot his Greek and could not recall it even at the moment of extreme necessity. Dr. Mitchell, in his Medical Depository, gives an admirable example of the same phenomenon. It may be that forgetfulness should come in at this point and be explained in the same way. I remember the words of old King Lear always with a pang of pity:

> "I am mainly ignorant
> What place this is; and all the skill I have
> Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
> Where I did sleep last night."

In the trial scene of Oliver Twist, Dickens makes Fagin show beautifully to what an extent sub-consciousness can be carried when the mind is intent upon some vital proceeding. Another instance of sub-consciousness or abstraction is the old tale of Archimedes and his circles.

From sub-consciousness we naturally pass to sleep and dreams. It is an established fact that dreams sometimes foretell insanity—that is, the first indications of insanity crop out in dreams. Dreams are generally influenced by some external circumstances. I have in mind the occasion when my father fell asleep with his feet before the grate, and in a few moments he awoke calling "Fire!" at the top of his voice. Or one may continue in dreams a subject which was in mind before retiring. A very notable instance is that of Mr. Coleridge composing two hundred verses of Kubla Khan in his sleep, after having read Khan Kubla before retiring. Recently Mr. Andrew Lang published some verses which he claims were composed in his sleep. A more humble instance occurred in my own experience. After toiling for nearly three hours over an intricate example in algebra, I went to bed, still pondering over an equation. During the night I dreamed a solution, and arising wrote it down. All of this goes to show that the mind was not entirely at rest, but was in a kind of mental aberration.

Cervantes, in Don Quixote, shows an example of perverted reasoning. Some hold that vivid imagination implies insanity, but that is evidently not so, for "bonny William of Avon" had a most vivid imagination, and at the same time the broadest intellect.

Winfield S. Nevins, in his book, Witchcraft in Salem Village, says, "Nor does it seem possible that they did or could invent all these marvellous tales." Of course they were not invented. I firmly credit that they believed implicitly their weird testimony; and, what is more, they saw and heard the things sworn to. All of this was occasioned simply by a dis-

ordered mental action. Disorders of the adjustment have occurred in taste, sight, smell and hearing, splendid examples of such instances being given by Dr. Upham in his treatise on the subject.

Thus we must conclude that one must be most careful lest they be, as Falstaff says in King Henry IV., "essentially mad, without seeming so." We, ourselves, can never tell when we are nearing the dangerous border land, and very often it is overstepped all unconsciously, as in Hamlet:

> "And he * * *
> Fell into a sadness, then into a fast;
> Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
> Thence to a lightness: and by this declension,
> Into the madness wherein now he raves."

A DRUNKEN PHILOSOPHER.

J. C. M'NEILL.

Although in the dead of winter, the day was warm. Waverly Broadwell sat in his third-story room and gazed out of the window with that dreaminess and sweet feeling of unreality which a mild day in winter always produces. The trees surrounding the house were entirely bare, and his vision wandered through their naked branches to the hills far away from the outskirts of the town, where the blue pines were rolled up like huge billows of cloud, dark here and bright there, according as the declinging sun threw some into the shade and tinged the tops of others with gold. The noises of the street fell upon his ear with a subdued, drowsy sound, as if the sleeping air were unable to bear its burdens. The young man's thoughts were naturally poetical, but they were presently dispersed in a most prosaic way.

"Wave! O Wave!" shouted a voice at the door.

"Come in!" called Waverly, and in stumbled his friend, Harry Belfast, holding his sides in a fit of laughter.

"Wave, old boy," said he, as the tears rolled from his eyes, "I have captured the funniest old nut in the world. He's down here in our warehouse. I locked him in so you could see him. Let's go and pay him a visit."

When they came within hearing of the warehouse, Waverly was astonished at the variety of mutterings that proceeded from within. At first he was thrilled by a flight of impassioned oratory, which soon gave place to the divinest singing he had ever listened to. Again it changed into the dry tones of a philosopher.

"My Lord, Harry!" he exclaimed. "How many have you got in there? You said you had a funny old nut. I think, from the number and variety of his voices, his name is Legion."

His companion made no answer to this, but unlocked the door and bade Waverly enter. Upon a work-bench stood an uncouth man, his clothes ragged and caked with mud, his hair long and tangled, and his eyes, which rolled around aimlessly, as red as fire. He was now making some remarks concerning the stars and the creation of the universe in general. Waverly looked at him a moment, and turned as if to leave.

"Hold on," said Harry, catching his arm.

"Oh, let me go, old man," his friend answered. "I am sorry you broke up my reverie just to see a drunk man. They are no curiosity around here."

"This one is a curiosity, though. Other men are fools when they get drunk, but this fellow has more sense now, by a long shot, than both of us together. Just ask him some questions on any subject you choose."

"I know you have some trick to play," Waverly replied, "but I'll ask him just to humor you. Old man," turning to the object of their interest, who was shedding abroad the very sunshine of rhetoric, steeping some imaginary scene in the most glorious coloring—"Old man, who made you?"

The drunk man paused, turned towards Waverly, and, after hesitating a moment, began a systematic discussion of the opinions of ancient and modern philosophers, and closed by drawing his own conclusions as to the nature of the Creator. Waverly's astonishment became more and more profound with every sentence, until at the end of this unexampled lecture he stood in the greatest amazement.

"Lock him up again, Harry," he said, when he had had time to recover from his bewilderment. "We must look into this thing some more."

"I thought you'd say so," replied Harry.

That night Waverly Broadwell was again in his room absorbed in deep thought. He was by nature an investigator. Things uncommon had always fascinated him; and in his drunken prisoner he now had a subject worthy of his talent. If the man in a state of beastly intoxication could display such marvelous intellect, what would he do when sober? Oh that daylight would come, so that he might visit the old man after the influence of the intoxicant had died away!

But just here he was again interrupted by the same visitor that had so unceremoniously come upon him the preceding afternoon. Harry entered, wearing the joyous expression of a man who has found his fortune.

"Well, old boy," Harry began, dropping into a great armchair before the fire, "I have an idea. I see where oceans of money can be made, and if you'll go in with me we'll divide the spoils."

"What is your idea?" asked Waverly.

"Did you ever see as big a wonder as our prisoner is? No. Well, did you enjoy his songs, his oratory, and his philosophy this evening? Yes. Good! Take yourself as a criterion in that respect to judge the world by. This old man is nothing less than a miracle. We can carry him all over the face of the earth, make him drunk, and give entertainments that will rival the singing together of the morning stars."

"Why make him drunk?" inquired Waverly. "If he is so eloquent during intoxication, sober he could hold the most fastidious audience spellbound."

"Ha! ha! there's the most wonderful thing yet! I went to the warehouse to-night, before coming here. What condition do you suppose I found my man in! He was sober, but the biggest blockhead I ever saw. In answer to my questions, he would blubber out a mass of incoherent stuff that would disgrace an idiot. It'll never do to let him get straight. We must buy a barrel of whisky and keep him full from year to year. Let's have a kind of concert with him here in the town hall to-morrow evening."

"I am willing," said Waverly, and after agreeing upon all necessary arrangements, the friends parted for the night.

All over town the next morning were scattered bills advertising, "A general entertainment to be given by the world-famous orator, musician, and philosopher, Jonathan Whittaker." As the hour approached the hall was crowded. Nobody had ever heard of this great man, nobody had appeared to sell tickets, and the very mystery of the affair seemed to draw the multitude.

Just at the appointed time, Harry came forward in disguise and announced a song by the great Jonathan Whittaker. In staggered the old man, supported by the arm of Waverly, and at his appearance the house shook with boisterous laughter and cries of "A drunk man!"

The renowned singer and performer, however, managed to get safely into his seat at the piano and ran his fingers in a kind of prelude several times across the keys. At his touch the noise of the house died away, and the pianist began his piece with the skill and confidence of a master. Never had such music greeted the ears of these people as now deluged them with a perfect delirium of harmony. They no longer saw the musician; they forgot where they were. Harry felt the glory of triumph flush through his veins, as he and Wa-

verly stood by the piano and watched the breathless throng, over which the music now sparkled like golden gleams of sunlight, now laughed like an April shower, now bellowed like the voice of thunder. But when the tide of melody had reached that point at which music seems divine, above the deep accompaniment of the piano rose the clear notes of a voice in song. It was a peculiar voice, as clear as a silver bell, yet pregnant with the very soul of beauty.

When the song was finished for a moment the house was as still as death, then gradually a murmer began to spread, which soon grew into round after round of thunderous applause.

"See there!" exclaimed Harry, as he tugged at Waverly's sleeve in an ecstacy of delight. "Our fortune is made!"

But Waverly's eyes were bent upon the wonderful performer. He was far more mystified than any of the audience.

"We shall now have the pleasure of hearing a lecture upon any subject which our renowned orator may choose," Harry announced, as he led the staggering old man to the middle of the stage. What followed has been preserved in the traditions of the town to this day. The speaker began with the most soul-stirring eloquence. Although his eyes were dull as marbles, his arms wild as a witch's, and his legs threatening at every instant to succumb beneath the weight of his body, these things attracted no notice, for his powerful thought and his deep, rich voice held all the attention of his listeners. As he proceeded, however, his form became more erect, and his thought dwindled into the commonplace. His voice gradually grew husky and unpleasant. The great man was becoming sober! The excitement occasioned by standing before so vast a multitude had overcome the effect of the intoxicant, and the brilliant musician and orator was soon muttering like a fool, and the people were leaving in consternation.

"I'll know what to do hereafter," said Harry. "We must have our whisky handy and give him a drink every time he begins to fail."

When they had found more comfortable quarters for their charge than the warehouse afforded, Waverly and Harry went together to bed.

"This is the most miraculous thing I have ever yet met with," said Waverly. "I'm going to have photographs taken of our man to-morrow, and then advertise him all over the world. This man was not born in the woods."

All the next week the papers were full of descriptions and photographs of the drunken philosopher. No response came, however, until some three weeks afterwards, when a little keen-eyed, quaintly dressed German came into the town inquiring for one Vaferly Proadvell. Nobody knew what was the nature of his business. He had been there some days, most of the time closeted with Waverly, when several other strangers arrived. They went directly to Waverly, and, do what they might, the townspeople could not discover what was on foot.

This secrecy was kept up till the curiosity of the citizens grew beyond control. Softly one night they placed a ladder at Waverly's window and sent one of their number to the top for the purpose of spying upon the strangers. This eavesdropper reported that the people in Waverly's room were gathered around a table on which was stretched the body of a man. They had all kinds of knives and tools, and worked very carefully and talked in subdued tones. He could not make out what they were at. He thought, however, that they must have been doctoring some one.

Be this as it may, there appeared on the street the following day a man very similar to Harry's old drunken prisoner, except that while the latter staggered, rolled his blank eyes, tangled his long hair, and beslobbered himself from head to foot, the new comer was a man of unusually graceful demeanor, his person was neat as a bandbox, and his eyes sparkled with the light of deep intelligence.

Somehow the rumor got out that this latest arrival was a

speaker of power, and after much persuasion by the people he agreed to address them in the town hall. Wonderful to say, this man followed the same line of thought, used the same language, and in short imitated the whisky orator of a few days before so closely that there was actually no difference in their speeches, except that the last man carried his to a triumphant close. As a musician and a man of deep information generally he made, during his short stay, a great reputation.

But within a week all these foreigners had disappeared and Waverly sat in his room once more alone. Some one tapped at the door and in walked his old friend Harry, who fell easily into the old arm-chair and lighted a cigar.

"Well, Wave, old boy, it's all over."

"Yes, it's over," answered Waverly. "That was a strange case, Harry. What do you think of it?"

"It strikes me that the mishap that befell our sot, the Professor, must have turned around, so to speak, or reversed, the whole nature of the man. The whisky that makes a fool of you or me was the only thing that could put any sense into him."

"Yes," replied Waverly meditatively; "I think you are right. If you care to hear it, I'll read you the report of the board of physicians in Berlin concerning the case," and pulling a newspaper from his pocket he read as follows:

"Berlin, January, 18...

"By order of the board of physicians, I proceed to give to the world the most remarkable case on record. Some three years ago an accident befell Prof. Scheinberg, of the University of Berlin, which seemed to affect only his mind. He fell at once into a state of stupidity, and his recovery was not anticipated until he happened to gain access to some whisky, by the influence of which his body indeed was overcome, but his mind seemed to shake itself free from the cloud which had overhung it. The case was closely studied; but just when all the ablest medical investigators of this city had agreed upon the nature of the operation to be performed, the object of interest was nowhere

to be found. Searchers were sent out after him, but for nearly three years their labor was fruitless. Some weeks ago, however, we received intelligence of his whereabouts. He was found in the custody of two young men in America, who proposed giving a series of entertainments with him by making him drunk. We went to him with all possible haste, and by lifting a portion of his skull which had oppressed his brain, we restored him immediately to the control of his brilliant faculties.

"The peculiarity of the case is this: All the great thoughts, all the love of music, and all the store of information formerly possessed by Scheinberg, seemed to be preserved bodily, crystallized, benumbed by the accident, so that whisky, which overclouds the minds of men in their normal condition, would breathe the breath of life upon this one. His body and his mind seemed to be thrown completely out of sympathy with each other; the former being just as it had always been, but the latter exactly the reverse.

"Prof. Scheinberg is, to the unbounded delight of all his students, again on regular duty at the University. He says that the past three years form a blank in his memory, except a few days now and then which he can recall. We conclude that these oases in the desert of his memory were watered and refreshed by the whisky bottle.

"KARL M. CLAUSFINGER,
"*Secretary Board of Physicians.*"

ELFLAND ECHOES.

Through the moonlit forest passing
  I behold a fairy train;
Loud I hear their horns resounding,
  Like the night wind's shrill refrain.

And I see their white steeds glisten,
  As through light and shade they fly;
Like a troop of wild swans southward,
  When the winter's cold is nigh.

—*From the German of Heine.*

THE LAWYER'S FEE.

R. C. LAWRENCE.

"Now, by George, this is too much!"

Colonel Bronson held an open letter in his outstretched hand and regarded his daughter severely.

"What's the matter, Colonel?" anxiously inquired his wife.

"Matter?" retorted the Colonel vigorously, "Matter enough. When that scoundrel left for college I had hoped the matter was settled, and was just beginning to feel satisfied, when here comes this letter." And the Colonel glared savagely at his daughter.

"And I want you to distinctly understand, Miss," continued the Colonel, "that you are not to dare to answer it. If you do I'll send you to a convent—by George, I will."

With this parting shot the Colonel strode indignantly out of the room, slamming the door, and leaving a tearful wife and a defiant daughter behind him.

The place was the good old Southern town of Mayville, and the speakers Colonel Bronson and his wife. The cause of the dialogue given above was well known to the inhabitants of Mayville, for it was an old story there, and the subject had been discussed at the village store by the men, and at the women's tea-drinkings it had been a matter of speculation and gossip for a long time. When our story opens the state of facts were about as follows: Colonel Bronson was one of those fiery, impatient, Southern cavaliers, and constituted the centre around which all the aristocracy of Mayville clustered. The Colonel had an only daughter, Miriam, for whom he cherished great love, and on whom he lavished all his wealth. Setting such store as he did upon his daughter, the Colonel was naturally displeased when he learned that Fred Rivers, a young man of Mayville, was in love with her; and when that young lady informed him that young Rivers' affec-

tion was returned he was speechless with rage, and endeavored to put a summary stop to that sort of thing immediately. This state of facts was known to the Colonel some years before our story begins. Many of the aristocracy of Mayville took sides with Colonel Bronson, but some of the elder people, and nearly all the young people, warmly espoused young Rivers' cause; and the subject excited a great deal of controversy in the staid old town.

Possibly it was presumptious in Fred Rivers to love Miriam Bronson. In addition to being the only daughter and heiress of Colonel Bronson Miss Bronson was a girl of much beauty and fine education, and coupled her accomplishments with such a sweetness of manner that she was, and justly so, the belle of Mayville and the pride of her father's heart. On the other hand, beyond the possession of an unspotted character and undeveloped talent, Fred Rivers had no accomplishments which would favorably contrast with Miss Bronson's and recommend him to the Colonel's good graces. The old Colonel saw his deficiencies better than any one else, and neglected no opportunity of impressing upon his daughter the fact that the contemplation of marriage between them was useless. But still Miriam loved Fred Rivers. And after all it was not strange; thrown together when quite small at the village school, her sweet manners and unassuming cordiality soon won his boyish heart, and through the years that followed that affection never wavered but increased in intensity as the months rolled by, until finally Fred Rivers awoke to the fact that he loved Miriam Bronson with all the ardor of his youthful heart; and when he told her of his love and learned that it was not wasted, he joyously started out with the stern determination, mixed with more or less of air-castle building, that he would some day make her his wife. This intention he put into practice by becoming a frequent caller at Colonel Bronson's mansion. Then the Colonel came to the realization of how things stood, and he begun to be less

cordial to young Rivers; but coolness would not daunt Rivers' spirit, for his visits were as regular as ever. The father thereupon called his daughter to him and impressively commanded her to cease to receive Fred as a visitor, reciting to her the difference in their stations in life, and telling her that young Rivers was presumptious in the extreme. Of course the Colonel expected ready acquiescence from his daughter, and when that young lady calmly told him that she loved Fred Rivers he rose in righteous indignation, had an interview with Rivers, and ordered him never to visit his home again. Soon afterwards, when he learned that Rivers had left Mayville to study law in an adjoining State his satisfaction was unfeigned; he contemplated his course in the affair with complacency, and congratulated himself upon the happy termination of what at one time seemed to be a serious impediment to his plans. But the way has never yet been invented by which a parent can put a stop to love-making between two willing young people, and so the Colonel was rudely surprised when, upon receiving his mail some two weeks afterwards to find a letter addressed to his daughter in the handwriting of young Rivers. The Colonel made no scruples of reading the letter, which was somewhat lengthy and affectionate; when he finished he jumped into his buggy and whirled away home, where he astonished his wife by the words that open our story.

After the Colonel's abrupt departure his wife and Miriam talked long and earnestly. Miriam had her mother's complete confidence and sympathy, and what transpired during that talk the Colonel never knew; but when he came to supper Miriam was so charming and so loving that the Colonel was completely carried away, and he hoped that his advice had been heeded, and that in a short time Miriam would cease to think of her absent lover. The Colonel was right in part, for that afternoon Miriam wrote a long letter to Fred, reciting her father's anger and informing him that she felt in duty bound to obey her father's commands, so all communi-

cations between them must cease. "But," she concluded, "our future depends upon you, Fred. When you return I hope that your conduct will be such that even my father will cease to be prejudiced against you, and that our fondest hopes may be realized."

Fred acted upon Miriam's advice, and through the two long years which followed no letters passed between them. The Colonel began to breathe freely again, for although he went after his mail regularly and gave orders that all letters bearing the postmark W—— should be delivered to him in person, still no letter came, much to the Colonel's satisfaction.

When the Colonel's conduct became known, the people of of the town sympathized more than ever with Fred, and although he was forbidden to write himself, yet he was greatly cheered by the sympathetic letters he received from friends at Mayville. Finally his long course was over; he graduated with honors, stood the examination of the court, and returned to his native town to engage in the practice of the law.

The Colonel was not at all pleased with this move on Fred's part, and more than once cautioned Miriam that any attention shown him by her might possibly lead to disinheritance and alienation from him. Miriam's hopes were not in a fair way of realization, for instead of regarding Rivers in a favorable light, her father's hatred increased daily. Finally it reached its climax. The Colonel had been nominated by his party to represent his district in the State Senate, and when he learned that his opponent was to be young Rivers, he smiled grimly, and looked forward to an easy victory, for no man of Rivers' party had been elected in twenty-five years. But through all the campaign which followed, the Colonel allowed his hatred for Fred to overpower his judgment, and the returns showed that Rivers was elected by an unprecedented majority. Then the Colonel inveighed more heavily than ever against him. But Rivers' course did not justify the Colonel, and when the legislative session was over, the Col-

onel was compelled to admit that the young man had great ability, and assented grudgingly to the praise bestowed upon him by others. When Rivers returned to Mayville the Colonel continued to treat him coolly; but, although the manly conduct and gentlemanly bearing soon won the Colonel's heart, he would not acknowledge it and stoutly contended that Rivers was at heart an unprincipled man.

Matters went on thus for two or three years. Rivers rapidly rose to be one of the foremost lawyers of the State. In the meantime, fast living and rash investments had wasted the Colonel's estate, and he had become embarrassed by a complication of legal difficulties. Finally a suit was brought against him which involved his whole fortune. When the Colonel received news that unless very active measures were taken, that his whole estate would be lost, he set himself earnestly to work and looked about for legal counsel to defend the suit. He tried to employ some of the best lawyers of the section, but they were engaged for his opponents, and he returned home after a fruitless search. Then his wife timidly suggested that he employ Fred Rivers. That somewhat ruffled the Colonel, though he was inwardly aware that she had given the right advice. He sarcastically proposed that his wife go down in the morning and invite Rivers up to take possession of his estate, and that when that was accomplished they could become, with good grace, a charge upon the county. His wife took all this meekly, but next morning when the Colonel went to Rivers' office and engaged his services, his wife knew that it was on account of her advice, and she was confident that Rivers could solve their difficulty.

Rivers was surprised when Colonel Bronson entered his office, and was astonished when he learned the Colonel's mission. The Colonel was rather embarrassed as he broached the subject, but the sympathetic Fred soon drew his story from him, and under his influence the Colonel grew eloquent upon the subject of his wrongs and the conduct of certain un-

principaled "gentlemen." Fred's eyes twinkled as the Colonel proceeded, for he remembered that he was the object of the same abuse on the Colonel's part only a few months ago. But he said nothing of it to the Colonel, and when the Colonel asked for his services, he expressed a willingness to undertake the case, and expressed himself as confident of the result.

"And, Mr. Rivers," said the Colonel, as he left the lawyer's office, "If you win this suit you may name your own price."

Rivers assented, and after the Colonel's departure, in the solitude of his office, he made up his mind to risk his reputation upon the suit. He realized that it would be the turning point of his life, and bent all his energies upon it.

The day of trial came. Colonel Bronson with set face was an anxious spectator. Within the bar of the Court sat some of the most brilliant lawyers of the State, representing the prosecution,—Rivers alone represented the defence. The case was called. Motion was made upon a legal technicality for judgment, and before the astonished Rivers could regain his composure, his motion for new trial had been overruled, and judgment entered against his client. He took an appeal, and was confident of his success; but the Colonel lost all hope, and that night he told his wife and daughter that his entire estate had been lost through the incompetency of young Rivers. He did not see the flush which rose to Miriam's cheek, and did not hear her low exclamation that she believed he yet would win—his mind was full of bitter thoughts as he contemplated leaving his home of wealth and luxury and resigning all to his victorious opponents.

Thus several months passed away, and Rivers left Mayville to argue the case before the Supreme Court. Two days after his return to Mayville a telegram was handed him. He tore off the cover and read: "Scott Co. v. Bronson. Error."

A smile came to his life, and he dispatched a messenger with the telegram to Colonel Bronson. In a few minutes the

joyous Colonel entered his office, thanked him with tears in his eyes, and asked him to name the price of his services.

Rivers replied that he had not yet decided, but that if he would give him permission he would call that night and name his fee.

That night when the Colonel's door-bell rang and Miriam opened it, the Colonel heard a smothered exclamation and a cry of joy. Rushing to the door he beheld with consternation his daughter weeping in Fred's arms. He stepped hastily forward, but Fred waved him back.

"You can't get her, Colonel. She's mine, *for she is the price of my services.*"

A SCENE ON THE YADKIN.

C. H. MARTIN.

It was during the year of eighteen hundred and ninety-three that I had the pleasure of spending the summer in a small village in Western North Carolina, situated under Italian skies and beside the beautiful waters of the Yadkin river. While here it was my good fortune to become personally acquainted with a young man who was very fond of sport, and who contributed largely to the enjoyment of my visit. He was especially fond of rowing and often took me on his excursions down the river.

One evening, as the golden sun was slowly sinking behind the tree tops in the far off west, we were drifting quietly down the stream in our boat, and on looking ahead I observed that the banks of the river came suddenly together. On asking my companion the cause of so sudden a contraction, I learned that it was what they called the Narrows of the river. As we approached the spot, I looked upon it with much astonishment, for I had never before seen a similar work of nature—

it stands among natural curiosities, like Adam before Eve, without a rival. To call it beautiful would degrade the scene to the level of a school boy's tale; to term it grand would damn the picture "with faint praise;" it soars above the beautiful, it mounts above the grand. There the river, nearly half a mile wide, suddenly contracts that large mass of water into a rugged, rocky channel of unknown depth and only about fifty or sixty feet in width. The Narrows, thus confined with granite barriers on either side, and situated between two parallel mountains, rush along down an inclined plane for the distance of about a mile, with the resistless force of a foaming flood. It rages and roars against the giant rocks that bind it in its narrow bed like imprisoned thunders that roar against the prison bars.

Just below the Narrows I observed another portrait of nature's sublime work—the Falls. On one side of the river are awful, overhanging crags, towering almost perpendicularly to the height of about a hundred feet—crags "that shock, yet please the soul." On the other side of the river is another mountain that rises with not so sudden an ascent, and between these two mountain brothers the historic Yadkin flows. As it rushes onward in its mad career, owing to a sudden declivity of many feet in the bed of the river, it leaps like an angry demon from the precipice above to the rocks below, a foaming mass of water.

As I looked at the Narrows and Falls of the Yadkin river they seemed to be the most wonderful works of nature I had ever seen. Though confessedly sublime and wonderful, yet they are not half so wonderful as those subterranean chambers which have been excavated in the bowels of a solid rock. Among those precipitous crags at the Falls is an opening through which one may go by stooping, and which leads on through the solid rock, then spreads out into a subterranean granite chamber. Leading from this chamber is another opening that extends on through the rock for an unknown and

unexplored distance. This vault looks, indeed, like it might have been the ancient home of some horrid goblin, and is by no means inappropriately styled the "Devil's Den." I am sure if Edgar Allen Poe, the gifted poet of gloom, had visited this spot its dismal surroundings would have suited the weird tone and sinister forebodings of his mind, and called forth the happiest exertions of his genius. Dismal, dreadful cavern, thou countest thy years by ages! Who visits thy dismal and dread abode may view, from within, the mountain's granite ribs and stand amid the ruins of a thousand years.

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The Value of Quotations. A truth, once given to the world, should be cherished for the food it furnishes in the growth of man. To feelingly and thoughtfully muse over sublime quotations, teeming with the wisdom of seers, breathing the ennobling conceptions of the masters of life, and resplendent with the beauties of God-given genius, is one of our grandest opportunities,—one that can be made the very nurture of a better life and a mighty inspiration to higher deeds. The use of quotations, only glories culled from the writings of those endowed with superiority of mind and soul, only should be especially impressed upon every student; he should have inculcated in him a desire to learn the "great truths from great authors;" he should be prompted to study the exalted ideas of exalted men, thereby elevating himself to a grander sphere. I was attracted by the following paragraph in the preface to a collection of quotations: "Great truths bear to great men the relation at once of cause and effect. A sublime truth, once uttered and made a part of standard literature, becomes thereafter a perpetual spur to noble deeds. The maxims of the wise form part of a nation's intellectual coin, and, like other coin, serve both as a measure and the prolific source of intellectual wealth. Alexander the Great, it is said,

constantly slept with Homer under his pillow. The ideal hero of the Iliad helped to make the real heroes of later Greece. Great ideas, in fact, usually precede and cause illustrious achievements. Hence it is that the literature of a people invariably contains within it that which has made the people what it is."

By quotations I do not particularly mean pithy, sententious bits of wisdom gathered from the mine of eternal truth, but also those lofty sentiments of life which masters have given the human race. Acquaintance with the grandest poets, the memorizing of illuminated truths and golden ideas, must necessarily leave an exalted impress upon the possessor; while he who passes his days in exclusively material ambition, not caring to devote any of his thought to paragons of truth, lives out his time in partial neglect of himself, and disdains this true culture which is offered him. Noah K. Davis has rightly said: "Brooding on the idea hatches the thing. If virtue be teachable it is here. Inflame imagination with its charms and it will become a life. Fill the mind with great thoughts, and they will become great deeds. The subjective evolves the objective." To memorize quotations, short or long, is an invaluable advantage to every man, and the love of truth, beauty, and wisdom, thus engendered and increased, will sooner or later appear in exemplary accomplishments.

Public Libraries.

A material need of our cities, both large and small, is well-selected libraries, accessible to all those eager to avail themselves of literary culture. Encouraging progress has been made in this direction, as the annual meeting of the American Library Association, which convened in Cleveland, Ohio, last September, has enthusiastically shown; and the interest in this vital influence for the aggrandizement of the public, has incited the

attention and co-operation of a large, increasing number, spreading not only in the larger centres but, to some extent, in the cities of comparatively insignificant population. In the great cities, as Boston and New York, ready access can be had to magnificent, comprehensive libraries, either maintained by the municipal government or through the philanthropic beneficence of some wealthy citizens. The majority of these, and by far the most useful, are circulating libraries. The conditions requisite to obtain books from these are moderate ; and the remarkable scarcity of theft and misuse proves that the efficiency of lax restrictions is not being marred by those evils which, at first, might seem attendant upon the freedom with which they are conducted. The lately increased appropriation by the city of New York to her libraries, in addition to the consolidation of the Lenox and Astor libraries, will add to the creditable stand the metropolis has taken in this line ; and the grand national one at Washington, which will be open this year, realizes the conception of an ideal library on a large scale, having the capacity of two million volumes, and furnished with all the magnificence and conveniences that could add to its greatness. The following extract will give some idea of the building: "In the most comprehensive sense this is the largest, most monumental and beautiful, the best appointed, and therefore the grandest building that the world has yet erected for the sole purpose of a library. With but poor and incomplete examples of large library buildings to precede it, its design is necessarily based on theory and deduction rather than established principles, for there was none. Its plan is generic, affording the largest latitude for expansion and rearrangement to meet future infinite needs."

The educative good that is being derived from the libraries in the large centres is enormous, and the need of them in a number of these cities has been fairly well supplied ; but there is a somewhat prevalent idea that such institutions are only practicable in places of large size, when the exigency,

in its totality, is far more powerful and comprehensive in the smaller cities and villages. The vast influence of a public library should be found in every place, though it will naturally have to be proportionate to the inhabitants and to those taking part; interest should be aroused among the prominent, educated class to organize a library and enthuse the community in its establishment; and it should be hopefully undertaken, no matter how small the beginnings may be, for the people will augment it as they grow in the realization of the benefits accruing therefrom. The library should be a circulating one, so that a book can be, under certain conditions, taken home and read there as the opportunity allows. An appreciable defect in some libraries is the necessity of not being able to take the book away where it can be read with more profit and pleasure, instead of being forced to submit to the inconvenience of going back and forth to the library and then having to leave at the appointed time, regardless of what one is doing. This may possibly be necessary in case of a State library, but there is no excuse for the bad management of the one at Raleigh, because a long interval for dinner causes great interruption in the day's work, and the time is so inconveniently allotted that one cannot gain the proper advantage in using it. The library should be open all the day, as the desultory manner of reading, into which one is coerced, is detrimental to its value.

It would be unnecessary to recapitulate some of the benefits of a public circulating library open to all who desire to use it: every one knows, to some extent, the vital part it plays in the education and growth of a community. In connection with the public schools it is invaluable, because, by the guidance of the teacher, the young can imbibe a taste for reading which will, if rightly directed, stimulate and elevate their after-lives. The pecuniary difficulties are not great and could be met by proper and interested co-operation; also, under suitable supervision, the selection of books can be made so

as to comply with the especial needs of the community. The importance of this should everywhere be urged, and those solicitous for the good of their city or community should make strenuous efforts to establish there a public circulating library.

Public Comments upon the Anglo-American Treaty.

We cannot at present realize the significance of the permanent treaty of arbitration which will soon be consummated between the United States and its mother-country. A year ago these two powerful, kindred nations were at unseemly variance on account of a misunderstanding as to the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana; but, small as the matter was, it happened to be of sufficient importance to arouse the jingoistic element of this country, antagonized by the more conservative but resolute sentiment of Great Britain. Yet this was amicably settled and the reciprocal unfriendliness quelled; so the affiliation between the countries, thus strengthened, has led to the recent commendable formation of a treaty, not only to settle a specific dispute but to tighten the tie of friendship and advance the progress of enlightenment. This is an event of peace in history which precedes former events of war in the stimulus given to evolution: the extirpation of any causes of disruption between two of the greatest nations, those two who are especially characterized by Christian sentiment; the cultivation of an enobling public opinion, whose influence will cause similar effects between other civilized governments; and bringing the world to an interested consideration of the anachronism of warfare and the universal blessings of international peace.

A felicitous instance of the feeling publicly evinced by our country and England in regard to the treaty can be shown by the addresses of the President and the Queen to their respective legistative bodies. Mr. Cleveland said in part: "The

example set and the lesson furnished by the successful operation of this treaty are sure to be felt and taken to heart sooner or later by other nations, and will thus mark the beginning of a new epoch in civilization"; while the Queen's message contained the following extract: "It is with much gratification that I have concluded a treaty for general arbitration with the President of the United States, by which I trust that all differences that may arise between us will be peacably adjusted. I hope that this arrangement may have further value in commending to other powers the consideration of the principle by which the danger of war may be notably abated." Senator Sherman, whom the President-elect has wisely chosen to be at the head of his Cabinet, lauds this "momentus achievement" as "probably the most remarkable treaty ever made by this country." The Marquis of Salisbury, after a trenchant allusion to jingoism, said in his Parliamentary address: "And we, or those who come after us, will have the advantage of seeing the necessity of vast armaments disappear before the growth of that which comes within the bounds of our nation to consider a necessity of civilized life, namely, the substitution of judicial decisions for the dread arbitrament of the sword."

The above sentiments from leading representatives but express the feelings of an impartial world, and the retiring administration has crowned itself with laurels in the promulgation of this act of arbitration.

The form of the treaty is a concise statement, remarkable for its simplicity, and it contains the following vital considerations: All points where national honor is materially involved are not amenable to the tribunal; the treaty is to last five years, and afterwards if both nations are willing; but if either desires, it will be relieved of the obligations after a year's notice. As the general resort to arbitration has not yet been properly tested, no one can dogmatically make positive affirmations as to the result; yet we approvingly quote from *The Nation* that "the main object in view is the determination of

the public mind towards arbitration. This is an end in itself much more important than any single adjustment, since, as Mr. Lincoln once said, 'without public opinion nothing can succeed; with it, nothing can fail.'"

The press of both countries endorses the treaty with its commendation, though a few pessimistic papers declare that the treaty adds nothing to our present relations, that such matters as are incorporated in it would be peaceably settled anyway, and that the encomiums it has received are but the outcome of an "intemperate zeal," as one of our Senators has termed it. Be this as it may, the enthusiasm is general; and some papers in both countries are strongly advocating that the two nations jointly appoint some day on which to magnificently and appropriately celebrate this triumph of peace when ratified,—especially as this mutual demonstration would awaken in both nations a warmer interest in the treaty and engender a greater degree of friendliness towards each other. The *New York World*, in espousing the celebration, its own suggestion, says: "History is sprinkled with commemorations of the bloody victories of war. Let this greater victory of peace be more renowned than the most glorious of these." Chicago has already declared her intention of making such a celebration, if not with the whole nation, then by herself; but it can be assured that the countries will appoint some day for an international demonstration, suitable to honor this "very great and auspicious step towards the attainment of peace among nations." Congress has not ratified the treaty, there being objections made to some minor points, especially to the fact that the validity of the Monroe doctrine, upon which our Senators believe it is unpatriotic, unAmerican not to harp, is not openly conceded. Yet this doctrine, which some foolishly zealous patriots think is worth more to the United States than all the doctrines of religion that theologians have ever given to man, is indirectly implied in the treaty, and England will have no right to interfere in the execution of the doctrine if she is

not thereby involved;—when she is so implicated, the matter will be referred to the tribunal, as in the Venezuelan difficulty. Nevertheless, the public sentiment, mighty in what it knows to be right, will finally force them to act favorably upon it, though some relevant amendments may be made.

The *St. James Gazette* has struck a popular note in the following: "It is somewhat hastily assumed that this means that the United States will exchange her traditional friendship for Russia, for a close general alliance with England. We could wish nothing better, and would be prepared to recognize almost anything in reason if it could get the two great Anglo-Saxon stock into line together against the world." Athough this is distant, if at all advisable, yet there seems to be a trend in that direction. France preceded several months ago the action of Great Britan by sending a resolution to the Secretary of State, saying that the French Chamber invited our government to negotiate a permanent treaty of arbitration with that country, to which Mr. Olney seems to have paid little attention; but the question is being opened again, and, though no action will be taken for some time, it shows the sanguine outcome of the Anglo-American treaty. But years off is that future so beautifully described by Tennyson:

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

The Charter of Greater New York.

The stupendous achievement of formulating a charter for the consolidation of Greater New York has hurriedly been accomplished by the committee appointed for that purpose. This municipal government, when incorporated, will have control over three million inhabitants, and the responsibility of meeting the requirements of such a vast, varied population, and of

remedying the defects of past partisan legislation, is appalling at the outset; so it could not be expected that this new charter will be wholly satisfactory or adequate to advance the progress of the city. The feasibility of inaugurating such a step as the consolidation of these cities under one municipality is wisely doubted, since the good derived therefrom may, in all probability, be overbalanced by the management of so unwieldy a commonwealth. The charter will be brought before the present State Legislature, where it is feared that the men in power will rush it through without a proper public discussion. The criticism of the cities involved should be carefully considered: they really should have the paramount right to condemn any injudicious provision. The encroachment of the State upon municipal jurisdiction is not in conformity with our democratic principles, and this decision should be passed by the Legislature in full accord with the cities themselves.

To enter into a discussion of the provisions would require too much space, but it might be well to mention, briefly, the cardinal features of the report. On account of the former misapplication of the legislative power, there has arisen a general distrust of the Board of Aldermen; so, in this innovation, there is a proposal for a body similar to our National Congress, the intention being to curb the responsibility of the legislators and allow every action more time for proper consideration. Their power has been restricted in a large number of instances, part of it going to the mayor, part to the people. The above-mentioned division seems to be unnecessary, since the real end in view could be more simply attained by allowing a certain length of time before passage for a general criticism of any legislation; while the large legislature would retard rather than promote the desired caution.

The almost unhampered power of the chief executive renders him, to some extent, a democratic monarch. Although his authority, if rightly used, will find no partisan impedi-

ments to its execution, the responsibility is too great to be given one man without strict limitations. The exclusion of the city's finance from the mayor's jurisdiction is providently taken, as this department especially should be under the authority of several. An attempt to eradicate fraud from the elections over which the police has control, is made in the proposed inauguration of a bi-partisan police commission. The officials must be equally chosen from the two prominent political parties, thus giving neither the advantage, but rendering both a hinderance to the other's misuse of trust. Though there seems to be no essential advantage gained, this reciprocal espionage may serve to exterminate in the future such instances of dishonesty as have blotted the past records. A needed innovation was that in which the public franchises were to terminate at the end of twenty-five years, and then renewed in case of petition; but at the expiration of fifty years the property and its appurtenances would revert to the city. The educational provisions are progressive, particularly because they aid in the overthrow of political influence over the public schools, and the charity regulations will render more efficient care of the dependent and more proper training of the indigent, helpless children.

It is ridiculous to predict the outcome of this consolidation and this charter. In the vastness of its application to conglomerate needs, the untried provisions cannot be expected to fulfil all desires nor to meet all necessities; yet there are patent imperfections which should be changed after an earnest discussion, and not until then ought the Legislature to take any important action. The Greater New York will have a powerful influence upon our nation, so we hope to see it not only the greatest city in America, but the grandest city in the world.

The Distress in India.

The horror that famine and pestilence are now causing among the neglected millions of India is overshadowing the universal sympathy over the Armenian massacres and the cruelty of the Spaniards toward the heroic Cubans. The extent that this distress has already reached, and the extent which it promises to reach before its fury is abated, will mark it as one of the most awful occurrences in this century. The plague seems to be the fatal "black death" which has in the past destroyed so many hundred thousands in seven of the great European centres. It has almost depopulated Bombay, has spread hence to other large cities, and the limit to its ravages are beyond calculation. The lack of rain has brought the people to starvation, as they never lay aside anything in case of emergency; so it cannot be expected that large numbers will not thus meet their death, even though the most strenuous efforts are made to relieve the suffering, for thousands of the destitute are in no hope of help. Much has been done by the English government to combat the famines; canals and railroads have added to the relief fund in some parts; but the sections unaided by these innovations are vastly greater, and without any prospect of obtaining proper means of sustenance. England is looked to as helping her starving, dying subjects, and she should disregard all expense in rescuing those from whom she has exacted so much revenue. We are glad to say that that nation is admirably exerting herself in this humane enterprise, truly incumbent upon her, as is signified by the following extract from an address made by Sir William Harcout in Parliament: "My government in that country [India] is making every effort to mitigate the suffering and lessen the calamity by the development of railways and irrigation works. The forethought given through a long series of years to the preparation of the most effective arrangement for alleviating distress caused by famine, makes their task more hopeful than in case of previous visitations." Although it is highly probable that

England will do a great deal in palliating the distress, the combined effects of famine and plague will cause frightful mortality in India, one that can find few, if any, parallels in history.

WITH THIS ISSUE of the STUDENT I resign the chief management of the magazine, which has been under my care for the past five months, to the editor from the Phi. Society. The Editor's Portfolio will also pass into his hands, and I will then assume the editorship of departments less congenial to me than this has been. The STUDENT has certainly attained a creditable reputation in the past, and it has been my earnest desire to maintain that past standard. The management of the magazine, and especially the Portfolio, has proved beneficial to me; and it is with confident assurance of the STUDENT'S future that I hand it over to the editorship of Mr. Staley.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

Sentimental Tommy made its first appearance in book form October 17, 1896. It is already in its fourth edition, and its thirtieth thousand.

It is said that Mr. George W. Cable will visit England next year and give select readings from his works. Turn about is fair play, though it is very doubtful whether he will meet with the same success that English writers have met with in this country.

Saracinesca is Mr. F. Marion Crawford's most popular novel, and more than 110,000 copies have been sold in the United States alone. It is strange, passing strange, that any man could attain such popularity who writes his name, as Mr. Crawford does, with the initial letter first.

The British Museum has recently acquired a papyrus manuscript, incomplete and mutilated, that is claimed to be one of the lost classics. The manuscript appears to be of the first century, B. C., and contains poems and odes by Bacchylides, who was the contemporary and rival of Pindar.

The *Bookman* praises Father Ryan's "The Sword of Lee" very highly, and says, "It is one of the most dignified, solemn and admirable of patriotic songs." Such praise sounds a little odd, coming from a Northern source, but it is very gratifying to see justice done, if it is tardy in coming.

The ashes of the late Miss Kate Field now lie in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston, by the side of her mother. The body was cremated in San Francisco with imposing ceremonies, then the ashes were sent to Boston in a small copper box, which was carried in a hand-bag filled with flowers.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris announces a new book, which will be a sequel to *Aaron, the Son of Ben Ali.* It will be a collection of folk lore, drawn from that never-failing source, the Georgia negro. Its appearance is anxiously awaited by all those who are charmed and delighted with the stories of Mr. Harris.

Dr. Charles E. Taylor has about completed the *Life of Matthew T. Yates, the great Missionary*, on which he has been working for some time. This work will be especially interesting to North Carolinians, as it will contain many of the missionary's best letters. The author is a thorough scholar and a skilful writer.

From Cliff and Scaur is the title of a book of poems by Benjamin F. Sledd, Professor of English in Wake Forest College. This is his first venture as an author, yet those who know his keen critical conception of what constitutes genuine poetry, feel sure that his poems will rise above the mere rhyme and jingle, which in this day and time, is considered poetry. G. P. Putnam's Sons are his publishers, and the book will be out about March 1st.

Mrs. James T. Fields has undertaken the task of writing the life of Mrs. Stowe. We may expect some glowing tributes to the memory of that great woman. What a pity that she did not live in bygone centuries when the church canonized good people! In that case she would have been made a saint, and a shrine would have been dedicated to her memory.

William R. Patterson, a young Scotchman, who writes under the pen name of Benjamin Swift, has recently published a book, *Nancy Noon*, that is highly praised by Mr. J. M. Barrie. There must be something in the air of Scotland that is congenial to writers. Just think of the great writers Caledonia has produced, Scott, Burns, Stephenson, and a host of others.

Henry Adams has written a book on the life of John Randolph of Virginia, which is said to be fair and just. If there was one man who was a mystery to the people of New England, and whom they delighted to hate, that man was John Randolph. They treated him with great injustice during his lifetime, and after his death they continued to heap aspersions on his name.

Yone No-guchi, a young Japanese poet, is accused of plagiarizing Poe. He is an ardent admirer of Poe's poetry, and has absorbed so much of its mysticisms that his own writings breathe a mystical air. If he needs must take the thoughts and style of another, he has shown remarkably good taste in stealing from a poet "as is a poet," instead of some of the rhymers of the present time.

The first volume of what may be called the prose works of Lord Byron, recently published, consists of his letters from 1804 to 1813. These letters, though very interesting in themselves, are valuable chiefly from the interest in the writer. Byron does not occupy the pre-eminence now that he once did. Thackaray said of his poetry that it was "stagey," and not the genuine article, and it would seem that the world has come to think about the same thing.

BOOK NOTES.

CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

The Cell in Development and Inheritance. By Edmund B. Wilson, Ph. D., New York. The Macmillan Co. 1896. Pp. 16+371. $3.

It may well be doubted whether any line of scientific research is pursued at this time with keener avidity or by a larger number of workers than the line biological. This widespread zeal may be due in part to the fact that we have but lately come into possession of a most promising clue to life problems and are just now in the stimulating period of victorious advance. In part, it is due to the inherent interest of all that relates to living, as distinguished from lifeless things, and the interdependence, not to say identity, of biological and philosophical inquiry.

It was in 1839 that Schleiden and Schwann established the cellular structure of all plants and animals. Since that time, in spite of recent attacks upon its individuality and significance by Sachs, Whitman, and others, the cell, as the unit of structure and function, maintains its supremacy. Indeed, with all our enlarged knowledge of the cell, we are still looking at the problems of life, as Whitman observes, from the standpoint of the cell-doctrine. Every question that may be raised relating either to life forms or to life activities is ultimately resolved into a question of cell structure or cell activity. As an eminent German physiologist has lately said: "It is the cell to which the consideration of every bodily function sooner or later drives us. In the muscle-cell lies the riddle of the heart-beat, or of muscular contraction; in the gland-cell are the causes of secretion; in the epithelial-cell, in the white blood-cell, lies the problem of the absorption of food, and the secrets of the mind are slumbering in the ganglion-cell."

Amongst the foremost students of this wonderful bit of living matter, Dr. Wilson takes no inconspicuous place. He is professor of Invertebrate Zoology in Columbia University, and though a young man, he has published numerous papers setting forth his researches. About a year ago his *Atlas of Fertilization and Karyokinesis* appeared, and was universally welcomed as a classic on these deeply interesting processes. The work before us is, perhaps, the most important since that of Oscar Hertwig on the *Anatomy and Physiology of the Cell.*

Though dealing with the same general subject, and having the advantage of a great mass of fresh material, the newer book does not displace its predecessor, for they do not cover the same ground throughout. A large part of Hertwig's book is concerned with the phenomena of movement, irritability, and metabolism, which are not dealt with by Dr. Wilson. They are on the same ground only in the treatment of the morpology of the cell and reproduction. And here they supplement one another beautifully.

After a singularly clear and instructive introduction, mainly historical, our author gives a sketch of the cell with its several organs, and, unlike Hertwig, passes at once to the description of the processes of cell-division. The three chapters following treat of the germ-cells, their structure, origin, and union. In the sixth chapter we have a critical examination of cell-organization, and in the next its fundamental chemical and physiological properties are dealt with. Then follows a chapter on the general laws of cell-division. The final chapter discusses the theories of development and inheritance from the cell standpoint.

Besides its handsome appearance and fine typography, which one expects from the Macmillan Company, this volume has several striking features. The first to attract attention is the generous profusion and high character of the illustrations. The reader is hardly less grateful for the historical notes scattered through the text, for the author's plan involves the historical treatment of the subject. There is a valuable bibliography, alphabetically arranged, at the close of the volume, many of the items of which are distributed under the special chapters to whose subject-matter they belong. Possibly the most pleasing characteristic is its manifest *up-to-dateness*. In the list of original research papers on which the treatise is based, one cannot but note the very recent date of the majority of them. Leaving on one side those whose interest is mainly historical, the bulk of the references do not take us beyond 1890, and many of them bear the same date as the volume under review. There is a glossary (author and date of the term given) and an index of authors and of subjects. W. L. P.

The Old Testament and Modern Life, by Stopford A. Brooke. $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.

This book of sermons, twenty in number, preached by Mr. Brooke to the people of London, is very different from the average book of sermons. It does not deal at all with the dull theological discussions and hair-splitting arguments in which many eminent preachers in-

dulge, but the whole book is aglow with life and vigor; you can feel in every line the writer's enthusiasm, and love for humanity.

There are those who would say that Mr. Brooke's views concerning the Old Testament are not orthodox. He holds that a great deal which we have about the lives of Old Testament characters is mythical, legendary, and not historically correct. He believes that the stories of Abraham, Joseph, Moses, and others are purely imaginative, and were handed down from generation to generation, and at last were written down in the form we now have them, just as were the stories of Achilles, of Siegfried, and of King Arthur. In short, he believes that while there may have been such a man as Abraham, the stories told of him in the Bible are legendary, and that he was not an historical personage. That is his view, but, of course, every one will judge for himself as to the correctness of such an opinion. Mr. Brooke thinks that some person with clear national and religious aims collected these stories from various sources and wove them into one book, and has left us a work, the most valuable part of which is its representation of heroes of human life; and of these men and women of noble character, the noblest is Abraham.

All through the four sermons on Abraham the important question which the author tries to impress on our minds is this: What is there in this story of the founder of a mighty nation which every man can take to himself and be bettered by it? The one thought in his mind is how to help humanity in its struggles toward a higher life. "I am the Almighty God; walk thou before Me and be thou perfect," is applicable to each one of us as much so as it was to Abraham when God called him out of Ur of the Chaldees. The history of humanity rests on the conception of the idea, "walk thou before me and be thou perfect." Just as God called Abraham to leave his country and walk before Him, so He calls us to-day. A duty calls us; a deep impression comes to us as we move on through life; a quiet hour alone in the solitude of nature; impulses toward a higher life urge us on to where Abraham stood when he heard the call of the great I Am.

In the sermon on "Freedom from Egypt" we find that we have reached a point in the development of these stories where history mingles to a greater extent with legends. Moses was a real person, and there was a departure of the Israelites from Egypt, but legend gathered round the events of the Exodus and the figure of Moses. The question Mr. Brooke emphasizes is, what are its lessons for our modern life—that is, the analogies to-day in State and church? And he brings the charge against our boasted nineteenth century civilization

that our society is built on practically the same lines as was that of Egypt. What is there in this account of the Exodus that can be applied to our forms of government? There is at least this: When any society exists which uses up the labor of the peasant and mechanic for its luxury and to increase its wealth, and drives them to overwhelming labor, whether as Pharaoh did, by the lash and cruel taskmasters, or as now, by laws and social conditions, which virtually starve those who rebel or complain, God himself is at war with that government. It is He who sends leaders to say to the oppressors, "Let my people go that they may serve Me." A glance at the history of France and other nations of Europe, at the close of the last century, will prove this. Spain to-day could learn from the accounts of the Exodus this lesson; when the tale of bricks is doubled Moses comes.

And so Mr. Brooke brings out the lessons to be learned from the lives of the different characters set forth in the Old Testament. He discusses the life of Samuel; he tells how David rose from the humble life of a shepherd boy to sit on the throne of Israel, and to sound in the ears of the Israelites, as Wordsworth did for the English-speaking nations, the beauties and glories of nature as he felt them in his own poetic soul. In the life of Elijah, that wild, stern, majestic character, as he stands on Mount Carmel and mocks the prophets of Baal, we obtain a slight conception of what many an enthusiast has felt as, firm in his faith in God, he refused to sacrifice to the gods of Rome.

Mr. Brooke's aim and end in all these sermons is to uplift humanity, and lead it to a higher plane. The lessons he has drawn from the characters of the Old Testament will be of far greater benefit to mankind than any learned homily on theological points of difference, or dogmatic assertions and denunciations.

Sons and Fathers. By Harry Stillwell Edwards. Chicago. Rand, McNally & Company.

A year ago this story, by a Southern author, was awarded a first prize of ten thousand dollars by the *Chicago Record*, though many of our best story-tellers on both sides of the water—816 in all—entered the contest. It was published as a serial simultaneously in many of the great dailies of the North and in the *Atlanta Journal*. It is safe to say that no other American serial was ever read by so many. In Chicago alone it is estimated that not less than 300,000 people read it. Its success and popularity extended to all classes, even to the highest. Wherever read it received unstinted praise; the classes in English in

the University of Michigan made it the text of their study; in Boston, conservative, critical Boston, it was recognized as "a great novel;" and Judge Albion W. Tourgee, that old South-hater and sectionalist, but a good novelist himself, said, in speaking of it, that he had been waiting for a great work of fiction to come from the South, and at last it had come! But such of us as were not in reach of the great dailies have been obliged to wait a year longer, but at last it has come to us also. It is a long duodecimo volume of 349 elegantly printed pages, gilt at the top. The binding is the library cloth, with vignettes and gold lettering, in which the better class of fiction is dressed now-a-days.

The scene is middle Georgia; it is a story of to-day. The plot of the story has to do with that which is very dear and tender to the heart of every Southerner—the purity of the Caucasian blood. Two young men of the highest intellectual qualities, well-educated and accomplished, have a mystery hanging over their birth, and are haunted by the possibility of having an octoroon for their mother. One of them, who had entertained the suspicion for years, was rendered a physical wreck by it, and dies without knowing who his mother was; the other had to fight a duel on account of it, and rests the happy issue of his love on his ability to solve the mystery which, after many disappointments, he succeeds in doing in the last chapter.

In giving local coloring and portraying character, Mr. Edwards has shown himself a master. Herein lies the irresistible charm of the book. One feels that "this is the South, sir," as he reads the descriptions of the dusty little railway town where the story opens; of the run-down farms, where every gate is off its hinges, and the negro laborers break all improved farming implements. The landscape is Southern, the horizon is Southern, the air is Southern. Then, how well-traced are the characters! We have known them all our lives, and many of them are our friends. There is Col. Montjoy, of the "old fire-eaters," and Gen. Evan, his friend, relicts of the Old South, dignified yet tender, the soul of honor, not yet quite reconstructed, and likely never to be. These are the "Fathers." In striking contrast stand the "Sons." They are vigorous, matter-of-fact business men, with no fund of reminiscences. They have no superfluous "sirs" tagged to their conversation, but are plain-spoken and to the point, no longer Southerners, but Americans—cosmopolitans as far as their environments permit. Such is Norton Montjoy, a free-spoken, frank fellow, fond of good cheer, and too fond of clubs, who finds the old farm unprofitable, and makes his $5,000 a year as travelling seles-

man. Such is Barksdale, the lawyer, self-reliant, calm, far-seeing, and yet having a good deal of the milk of human kindness in his veins. These are the men of the New South. The best type of woman is Mary Montjoy. She has the various virtues that have made the Southern women world-famous, and she has something else—she knows how to work. She understands all the economy of the household. She can give out a breakfast or feed the chickens and pigeons in the presence of a suitor who has seen the wide world, and do it without the slightest thought of impropriety. She can sew on a shirt button, too, on occasion. She is the author's ideal, but is not his creation—she is only a type; thousands like her are in every Southern State.

The other characters are strong. The author shows some analytic power in his portrayal of the hero, Gerald Morgan, and leaves strong, clear outlines of every one he mentions. Of course, everybody will read the book; it has been many years since we of the South have found anything so worthy of perusal. G. W. P.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GRAY R. KING, Editor.

—'80–'83. Mr. J. W. Bivens, who for the past six years has held the office of Register of Deeds in Union County, owing to his decline in health has retired to his country farm. Mr. Bivens was a very popular officer, and was tendered the nomination for another term but declined, for the reasons stated above.

—'81–'83. Dr. J. B. H. Knight is one of the leading physicians in Williamston, N. C.

—'84. Rev. W. B. Morton, who recently resigned his pastorate at Louisburg, has located at Roxboro.

—'85–8. Mr. R. B. Lineberry has for the past year successfully edited a paper at Pittsboro, *The Chatham Citizen.* The editorials of Mr. Lineberry are widely quoted. There is something fascinating about the work of editing a country news-

paper. First of all, the editor's good will is courted in supplies of early vegetables, enormous potatoes, six-legged chickens and the like. Of course the editor takes the hint, and the donors "get their names in the paper."

—'88. Rev. J. W. Lynch, of Danville, Ky., has not yet fully recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia. He will spend the winter and spring in Florida for the purpose of recuperating his health. If Ponce de Leon failed to discover the "Fountains of Youth" in Florida, it seems, at least, that he was not the last one to make the attempt.

—'89. Mr. Leon L. Lane, who will be pleasantly remembered by his old college mates, has a prosperous lumber business at Sanford. Mr. Lane recently married Miss Anna Maud Foust, of Mt. Vernon Springs. Miss Foust is, doubtless, remembered by many of our readers who have visited that popular summer resort.

—'89–'95. Rev. C. V. Brooks has a good school at Lemon Springs, in Moore County.

—'89. Cards are out for the marriage of Mr. C. T. Bailey, of Raleigh, and Miss Mary W. Wimbish, of Warrenton.

—'89. Rev. C. J. Thompson is pastor of College Hill Church, Lynchburg, Va. This is a prosperous church, and Mr. Thompson is doing good work there.

—'90. Dr. E. F. Early is practicing dentistry in Louisburg, N. C.

'90–'92. Rev. E. C. Bobbitt, formerly of Franklin County, is teaching near Philadelphia Church, in Nash. The people of the community are doing well, and have just built a comfortable school building. The school will no doubt be warmly supported.

—'91–'92. 'Tis with great pleasure and pride that we print the following clipping from *The Patron and Gleaner:*

A NORTH CAROLINIAN HONORED.—Mr. Joseph T. Buxton, of Jackson, this county, who has been taking a regular course in the

University of Pennsylvania, has been elected President of the Graduating Class of the Medical Department of that renowned University, an honor rarely conferred upon a Southerner. Mr. Buxton is a graduate of Wake Forest College, and later took a course at the University of North Carolina, at both institutions taking high rank. The honor conferred upon him at the University of Pennsylvania shows that the prejudice at the North against the South is disappearing among the younger element, and that true merit is recognized.

—'92–'93. Messrs. R. N. Cooke and C. P. Sapp have a prosperous school at Bardstown, Ky.

—'93–'4. Geo. Allen was elected constable in Barton Creek Township, Wake County, at the recent election. George's many friends will be glad to learn that he is still in the move upward.

—'94–'96. Mr. Jas. A. Briggs, Jr., better known as "Old Jim," has accepted a position with the well known firm of T. H. Briggs & Sons. Jim is a straightforward, steady young man, and will no doubt succeed in his new work.

In looking over a list of the members of the Legislature we find the following are Wake Forest men: House—'73–'74, J. H. Parker; '95–'6, E. V. Cox; '85, E. F. Eddins. Senate—'71–'73, John F. Newsom; '74, A. J. Moye; '90, J. F. Mitchell; '93–'96, C. H. Utley.

—'95. Samuel R. Buxton is carrying on a successful mercantile business at Jackson, N. C.

—'96. We congratulate the managers of *The Raleigh Tribune* on securing the services of Mr. Willis G. Briggs as city editor. Mr. Briggs' sparkling wit and staunch loyalty to his party make him admirably suited to the place. *The Tribune* is an eight-page daily, newsy and neat in appearance, and will doubtless merit the hearty support of the Republicans of the State.

EXCHANGES.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor.

QUATRAINS.

I. DOUBT.

The way is dim, and dark the night,
  I know not where to turn, or when
The dawn will come and bring me light,—
  I cannot see the path till then.

II. DISAPPOINTMENT.

A pine tree there, upon a lofty height,
  Smitten by wind and flood has fallen low;
In vain was all its majesty and might;—
  My hopes have fallen, and are lying so.

—*The Dartmouth Lit. Monthly.*

A PRAYER.

To all the world,
At Bethlehem, as peace was born;
So may it hap on Christmas morn,
Thy heart shall be
The hamlet free,
Where Peace, sweet Peace,
Shall come to thee,
And through thine own
To many hearts that mourn.

—*The Peabody Rec.*

WILD ROSE.

Free as a breeze of her mountain home,
  Playfully snatching caresses,
Whispering tales of his world-wide roam,
  Wanton with airy excesses!

Free as a breeze, but as innocent,
  E'en as the flower of childhood;
Deepest of blushes have only lent
  Grace to this nymph of the wildwood.

—*The Peabody Rec.*

A KISS.

I touched the ruddy lips to mine,
  And in ecstatic bliss,
My soul drank the enchanted wine
  That flows with Nature's kiss.

And then in transports lost I dreamed
  Of visions fair and bright,
While all of earthly beauty seemed
  To wax in lovelier light.

And dreaming on, of gardens where
  Diviner fragrance blows,
I softly breathed a silent prayer,
  And kissed again the rose.

—*The Univ. of Texas Mag.*

FORGETFULNESS.

A deep, unfathomable abyss
  In which is cast more than a king can borrow,
A final resting place alike for bliss,
  And the dull, weary loads of sorrow.

—*Tenn. Univ. Mag.*

THE ENIGMA.

The shooting star, that flames the sky
Is lost to view. 'Tis thus men die,—
A gleam of glory, flash of light,
Then darkness and eternal night.

—*Tenn. Univ. Mag.*

LOVE'S LITANY.

If thou wilt love me, sweet, through all thy days,
  And bide with me, adown life's path together
Though still my lot be cast in darksome ways
  And fair ambition's bark, by stormy weather
Be cast away—with these to cheer all joy
'Twill be and happiness that naught can cloy.

—*Univ. of Va. Mag.*

While above the hosts are singing
  Singing hymns so gay and bright,
In the east the day is breaking,
  While around us is the night.
So the dark our eyes engulfing
  Shall some day turn into light,
And the Son of God appearing
  In his glory give us sight.

—*Univ. Va. Mag.*

THE TRANSFORMATION.

I saw a rose, a flower fair,
Covered with ice, exposed to air,
In its setting of frozen dew,
This rose presented a lovely view.

But when I would with tender care
Pluck this rose so bright and fair,
An icy coldness met my grasp,
It seemed not made for man to clasp.

But ah! once held in love's embrace,
The ice melted with meekest grace;
And the ice-rose, cold and haughty,
Became a maiden gay and naughty.

—*The Carolinian.*

A MA BONNE AMIE.

Love as swift-winged and true,
  As the carrier pigeon in flight,
Or the homeward coursing bee,
  Is the love I send you to-night.

The days grow as bright as springtime,
  When your love I feel in my heart;
Naught are misfortunes to me,
  Life's way will never be dark.

—*King College Monthly.*

NATURE'S ART.

To-day the rain rushed along the lane,
  The road-bed grew soft and wet;
For every beat of my horse's feet,
  A print in the earth was set.

To-day was cold; and the rain-filled mold
  Grew stiffened and hard and fast.
The winds in glee called the world to see
  The ice-form of nature's cast.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

YOUTH'S CHRISTIAN PURITY AND ITS EFFECTS ON OLD AGE.

Sweet gem of the golden,
  Retained by the gray,
In memory's casket
  As years fly away;
Impressions of youth's dew,
  That brighten the eve
Of life, and give joy
  To those who believe.

—*Centre College Cento.*

A VIOLET.

O little violet, fresh and blue,
  When'er your face I see,
I think of your life, sweet and true,
  And what mine ought to be.

—*The Normal Rec.*

MY LOVE.

I.

She is the dearest, sweetest girl,
More lovely than the rarest pearl,
And far too pure for this rough world:—
  She is my love, you see.

II.

And though I her so dearly prize,
Fierce quarrels needs must oft arise:
When fire flashes from her eyes
  She's mad as mad can be.

III.

But when the storm has ceased to roar,
And all our little feuds are o'er,
I know that I love her ten times more—
  Than I did previously.

—*The Southern Collegian.*

Our Dumb Animals, published by George T. Angell, is worthy of a place in every home. Its motto is: "We speak for those that cannot speak for themselves." Thousands of dollars are lost every year by cruelty to animals, and the suffering they sometimes endure is shocking.

Our Animal Friends is published by a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. It gives pictures of the horses used in the late war by Gens. Lee, Grant, Jackson, Sherman, and Sheridan, with very neat short notices of each, also a good article on "Kindness to Animals Sunday."

The second issue of *The Howard Cadet* is before us. It is an eight-page sheet, and represents very neatly the local interest of the college. Its various departments are well arranged, but we think if more space was devoted to the "Literary Department" it would be of more value in training the students and make it of more general interest.

The outward appearance and arrangement of all of the departments of the *Centre College Cento* shows good taste. The best article in the January number is by Vice-President Stevenson on "The Senate." This is the address he delivered at the one hundredth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of the Capitol. The type used by this magazine is rather small for general reading.

The first number of *The Normal Record* has been received, and we like very much its appearance. Very few start with so good a number. The article "The Debt of English Literature to the Pedagogue," is very good. It mentions, in a very interesting manner, the teachers portrayed by our leading novelist. A part of the "pleasantries" tempt us to criticism, but as this is the first issue we forbear.

The Vanderbilt Observer contains some good verse and stories, but the principal part of its literary department is filled with essays, all of which are of a high order. Perhaps the best is "Hawthorne's Masterpiece." It shows careful study

and is well written, but we think the writer is a little lavish in his praise of "The Marble Fawn." This is one of our best exchanges. It has the true dignity of a college magazine, giving to its readers something of value and not filling its columns with worthless and degrading jokes.

The Bowdoin Quill for January, '97, is on our table. This is Vol. 1, No. 1, and we extend to it greetings. It is a neat little magazine, containing a brief history of "The Escritoir," which it claims as its ancestor, a very good poem, "Toys of Clay," and some interesting stories; especially would we mention "The Veteran of Wahoo Glade." The scene of this story is placed in Florida, and very graphically portrays an Indian massacre in the days of the early settlements in the "Land of Flowers." Its editorial department is neatly gotten up. We are glad to see it has no absurd nonsense, sometimes called "Local Hits."

The dress of *The Southern Collegian* is one of the most unique and attractive we have seen, and its contents are very good. It had some good verse, essays and stories. The description of Carmen in "A Whole History" is a beautiful portrayal of the nobleness and unchanging devotion so generally accredited to country maidens. We agree with the author of "Woman's Realm." The hope of our nation certainly is in the home, and its destiny is to be largely shaped by the mothers. The Christian mothers of our land are priceless, God-given jewels, whose reward will far exceed that of the bloomer and bicycle tribe.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor.

MR. FRED. KELLY, who attended college in the fall, has a position in the Experiment Station at Raleigh.

MRS. BRINSON has returned home after spending several days in Raleigh, visiting her sister, Mrs. John E. Ray.

MR. P. A. AUSLEY, of Robeson Co., N. C., left here in December for Georgia, where he received license to practice law.

SOME OF THE PROFESSORS went to Raleigh on the evening of January 18 to hear Mr. Remenyi, the celebrated Hungarian violinist. They were highly pleased with the music.

REV. JOHN A. WRAY AND WIFE, of Milledgeville, Georgia, spent several days on the Hill during the Christmas holidays, visiting Mrs. Wray's parents, Prof. and Mrs. Mills.

MR. R. P. WALTERS, who has been assistant depot agent here, is spending a few days in Atlanta, visiting friends. Mr. J. C. Kelly, of Littleton, succeeds him at this place.

ABOUT FIFTY-FIVE YOUNG OAKS have been set out in the Campus recently. They are all in the front part of the Campus and destined to add much to its beauty at some future day.

THE PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY has elected Mr. W. L. Cohoon, of Elizabeth City, second marshal for Anniversary in place of Mr. J. D. Biggs, Jr., who failed to return after Christmas.

MR. E. H. SNYDER, of South Carolina, who spent the summer and fall in the law school here, appeared before the Supreme Court of his native State at their December session and received license to practice.

WE ARE INDEBTED to Prof. John E. Ray for a report of the N. C. Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. Also to J. W. Denmark for the biennial report of the Treasurer of North Carolina.

THE PRINTER made some very bad errors in the article on "Greek Athletics" in the January number of the STUDENT. The author of the article was at home when the proof came and never saw it, and in justice to him we feel that we should make this statement.

ON ACCOUNT of having examinations before the holidays, there was some apprehension with the "powers that be" that the students would not return promptly for the opening, but at prayers on the second day of the spring term nearly all of the old students were in their seats and several new ones with them. There are 257 enrolled at present.

ON SUNDAY EVENING, January 3, Rev. E. F. Tatum, who graduated here, and has for several years been laboring so efficiently in China, delivered a lecture on his trip to China, their language, custom, etc. He has just returned from the foreign field and, after spending a few days on the Hill, he left for Davie county to visit his mother.

THE STUDENTS who remained on the Hill Christmas report a very quiet time, interrupted, however, by a very pleasant social gathering on the evening of December 28, for it was on that evening that Dr. and Mrs. Gwaltney had very kindly requested their presence at their residence to spend the evening. We believe it was called a peanut party.

THE "YOUTH'S COMPANION" ART CALENDAR FOR '97 has just made its appearance, and a delightfully original and artistic one it is, too. The Companion's yearly calendars promise to become a feature of every well regulated household in the country. The one for '97 is the most costly one of its kind the *Companion* has ever offered. It is printed in twelve colors, making a true reproduction of the original water-color paintings.

The size is 10½ by 24 inches. It is arranged in four panels, each containing the full length picture of a beautiful maiden most becomingly and appropriately attired for the season she represents. It is admirably suited for an ornament for mantel, centre-table or writing-desk.

This beautiful calendar is given free to all new subscribers to the *Companion* for '97, and to all old subscribers who renew and pay their subscriptions for '97. Illustrated Prospectus for the year '97 sent free on application.

Address the *Youth's Companion*, 205 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

A NEW KIMBALL PIANO is a recent purchase of the Sunday School here. It cost $225, and in honor of its arrival, the following very inte esting program was rende ed on the evening of February 2.

PROGRAMME OF SACRED CONCERT.

PART I.

Sing for Joy—*Anthem*.....Beirly.
The Mighty Deep—*Solo*.....Jude.
Lead Kindly Light—*Quartet*.....Dykes.
When the Mists Have Cleared Away—*Solo*.....Henshaw.
Holy Babe of Bethlehem—*Quartet*.....Danks.
In the Shepherd's Fold—*Solo*.....Sheldon.
Just as I Am—*Solo and Chorus*.
Eternal Rest—*Solo*.....Piccolomini.

PART II.

I Would Not Live Alway—*Quartet*.....Ascher.
Calvary—*Solo*.....Rodney.
My Faith Looks up to Thee—*Duet*.....Bassford.
Les Rameaux—*Solo*.....Faure.
Inspirer and Hearer of Prayer—*Quartet*.....Milliard.
Protect Us Thro' the Coming Night—*Trio*.....Novello.
Magnify and Praise the Lord—*Anthem*.....Holsinger.

BASE-BALL NOTES.

The prospects for base-ball this season are very bright. In spite of the cold weather the boys have been practicing right along. We have some of the old men from last year's team with us this session, and they show marked signs of improvement derived from their practice during the summer, but the new men will give them a hot run for the team this season. There are some good men among them. Since the beginning of the session they have been showing up in good form. It is evident that no one can get or keep a place on the team except by continued good work.

Base-ball in most of the Southern colleges for the last few years has been noted for the number of professionals playing on the different teams. Our own teams of '94 and '95 had, both of them, a few professionals on them, but I am glad to say that the custom died out last year at Wake Forest College, and that there was not a single professional on the team that year, nor will there be one on the team this season.

I have found it difficult to arrange dates with some of the colleges on account of the strong teams we had during the two seasons above-mentioned. They are afraid of us. I don't mean to insinuate that we will have a weaker team this year, for I think we will have one as strong, but it will be minus professionals. Dates have been arraged for games to be played in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and I think the trips, which will be only two, will be profitable, not only to the team, but also to the College. Wake Forest College has obtained a great many of her best students from the fame that her base-ball team has made in previous seasons. Last year's team was not only noted for its good playing, but for its gentlemanly conducts while absent from the

"Hill." I feel confident that the team of '97 will reap just as much glory, if not more.

The game with the University of North Carolina, to be played in Raleigh, April 3, should be especially noted. For the last five years Wake Forest College has not been able to get a game with the University, on account of the ill-feeling existing between teams of the two institutions, which ill-feeling, I hope and feel quite sure, has died out by now. Now, that a game has been arranged, I hope the boys will have interest enough in the team to attend the game. Arrangements will be made so that tickets can be bought in Wake Forest, including railroad fare and admission to the grounds, at very reasonable rates. The train will return soon after the game.

Three games have been arranged to be played on the "Hill." One April 13, with Randolph-Macon College, and two April 30, and May 1, with Franklin, Va., base-ball team.

I appeal to the boys to help us out in athletics. A base-ball team is worth nothing by itself; it needs the enthusiasm of the College to aid it. It needs the best wishes and aid of the students and the Faculty.

Now, that there is no foot-ball, the only thing left for out-door exercise is base-ball. Let all the students come and play; we need your aid. If you make errors at first, remember that the best players on the field had to start just like you. Even if you don't intend to get on the team, come out for the exercise, and it will not only do you some good, but it will benefit those boys playing for the team, by giving them some practice. It is discouraging to see what little "athletic spirit" there is among the boys, in general, this year. It seems to die down more and more every year. I therefore beg the Faculty and every student in College this session, to aid us in some way. The base-ball team itself, is all right—all that is needed is the enthusiasm of the College. Let us try to have a good team.

W. HORACE STILLWELL, *Manager.*

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

CUBA AND HER CAUSE.*

ALBERT B. CANNADY.

Ladies and Gentlemen: When I chose my subject I hoped, and had reason to believe, from the interest then manifested in Cuba by our government, that her dreadful state of affairs would, ere this, have reached a peaceful termination. I knew that, in so far as my success in this effort was concerned, much depended upon conditions remaining unchanged; yet, when I thought of those noble patriots on our southern border struggling to establish their independence, any thought of my own success here to-night fell into insignificance. I also knew that, if the war should come to a close, Spanish barbarities in that island for the past two years would furnish a theme for endless discussion. But, instead of realizing the consummation of my wish to-night, I am beset with the sad fact that Cuba's condition has grown even more deplorable, until now she presents a picture of cruelty and crime unequalled either in the past or present in the New World.

A review of the history of that country three thousand miles across the sea, which has reduced her to such a condition, is unnecessary on this occasion. Whether in the imprisonment of its only hero, Columbus, in the murderous history of Charles V, Phillip II, and the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, in the horrors of the Inquisition, in the thousand years of destruction carried on by Cross and Sword, in the terrible

*Anniversary Oration by the Orator of the Philomathesian Society.

league maintained for three hundred years between Church and State, in the butcheries of Pizzaro in Peru, in the conquests of Cortez in Mexico, in the bloody marches of Balboa in Central and South America, it has ever been the same inhuman course.

In Cuba we find this policy carried to a degree unbearable. Taxing those people twice as heavily as she has her people at home, to support her own army and navy, to keep in affluence her thousands of public officers in Cuba, Spain has reduced them to poverty and their country almost to ruin. She has put upon them a public debt exceeding, per capita, that of any other American country, which debt has not contributed to build a single foot of highway, railway or telegraph in Cuba, to erect a lighthouse, to deepen a port, to build an asylum, or to open a public school. She has stifled their voice at the polls and in the Cortes, forced them to swear allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church, which now owns the cemeteries, buries the dead, jangles its bells and issues its solemn decrees in every village. By her decree, thousands of innocent men and women are spending an existence almost as silent as death in foul dungeons in which have accumulated the poisons of three centuries. Such a course has disheartened effort and paralyzed energy in Cuba. It has disqualified merit, and destroyed patience and forbearance.

Determined to submit to such treatment no longer, the Cubans rose two years ago in their sixth revolt, and have since not failed to gain in strength a single day. Driven to arms, they have entered the field of battle for their freedom, and they have shown as much heroism in the hour of danger as they have judgment in the hour of deliberation.

Let your minds go back to the year 1868, when the ten-years' war broke out. Cuba, a pigmy by the side of Spain, fought like a giant. Blood ran in torrents. Public wealth disappeared as in a bottomless abyss. Spain lost two hundred thousand men. Whole districts were left almost depopulated.

Seven hundred million dollars went to feed a conflagration which tested Cuban heroism, but touched not the hardened heart of Spain. Realizing that Cuba could not be subdued, Spain proposed the same deceitful reforms that she did one week ago. Soon forgetting the lesson of that war, instead of making good her promises, she began anew her same old system of plunder and exploitation. Would the Cubans have been worthy of the name of men, or worthy of the consideration of mankind, to have submitted longer? Now they have invited their oppressors to a war of extermination, and they will fight till the last machete has fallen from the hands of the last man. Spain may convert their island into a cemetery, but she can never control it; and though they stand without a dollar to support their army, they are making the struggle for freedom which has called forth the admiration of the world, while their beggared oppressor, with treasury exhausted and credit gone, stands ready to present to the world the end of the worst-governed country known in two thousand years.

Our cry in 1776 was, "Taxation without representation is tyranny." We had freedom of speech, press, locomotion and religion. We could assemble, combine and arm, practically enjoying self-government. If, having such rights, we were justifiable in rising against a foreign power, how much more are the Cubans, who enjoy not even one of these rights.

Cuba has shown her ability to govern herself by the establishment of a government which has not failed to perform its functions, letters bearing the seal of which government have already been received in our own country. She has also shown it by the organization of an army which has grown from a few hundred to 60,000 men.

Leading public authorities have affirmed that Cuba has never fought a battle. I would ask such men what they term the great conflict on the plains of Bayamo, lasting for six consecutive hours, in which Spain lost one of her greatest

generals, and Campos himself escaped only by stratagem, having lost almost his entire staff and three hundred men? What would they call the great struggle that followed soon after at Sao del Indio, when the Spaniards were driven off the field and through the very gates of their fortified city, Guantanamo? Not only have the Cubans met their enemies in open battle, but they have maintained a struggle against them, which has grown with every effort, and if they had been half matched with their opponents, they would long ago have driven them from the field.

True, only a small portion of the Cuban population can read and write, yet how can Spain better their condition when the same is true of herself? But the Cubans are not ignorant because they cannot learn, but for want of an opportunity. In Marti, we find combined patriot, statesman, orator, poet, author—all; in Gomez and Maceo, generals with whom all Spain has been unable to cope; in Diaz, the foremost of modern missionaries. We see Cubans as Mayors of Paris, members of the French Academy, as dramatists in Italy, as chemists in Germany, as directors of the Conservatory of Paris, as professors, legislators and writers in America. Do you say that a people from whom such men come are incapable of the the highest development?

Not one of the South American countries which President Monroe recognized in 1822, when he declared the doctrine which has become our recognized policy, and built up the great American system, had organized a government, adopted a constitution, or elected a president. Cuba has done more. She has emancipated her slaves, put into the field an army sufficient to baffle the efforts of three hundred thousand Spaniards, and sent to the seat of our government a representative, who has never ceased to ask for recognition and to offer all possible information.

It would be folly to say that Cuba has not suffered in the loss of her brave and fearless Maceo. Like a lion, uncon-

querable, he went at his will, and no Spaniard dared attempt to change his course. I can see him now, as, with his band of braves, he comes out from his mountain fastnesses, and drives the Spaniards in headlong flight back to their fortified cities; now, as he builds his camp-fires within sight of Havana, while his frightened enemies, safe within their gates, dare not venture out to attack him. I see him again, in the ten-years' war, in his eastern mountains, holding out against all Spain eleven months after every other Cuban general had surrendered, and then making no terms with an enemy who was glad to let him go in peace. I see Spain's great warrior, Santocildes, fall before him, Devos whipped into the sea by him, and Weyler content to remain in his comfortable Havana palace rather than attack him. A fighter as tenacious as lucky; a patriot; a warrior, carrying upon his body twenty-five wounds received in his country's service; a general who never mistreated a prisoner, he died by an act of Spanish treachery while under a flag of truce!

But the Cuban cause did not die with Maceo, if Congress did immediately drop the question; but just as the American patriots fought on with greater resolve when they lost their Warren and Montgomery, so have the Cubans since the loss of their Maceo. With eyes steadily fixed upon the great object for which they took up arms, they stop not to lament the loss of dead leaders, but move on with unabated courage toward the attainment of that object, and they are bound to succeed, for—

> "Freedom's battle once begun
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft is ever won."

But what of Maximo Gomez? That tall, wiry, battle-scarred hero, who has borne the brunt of Cuba's struggles for twenty years, who, according to Spanish reports, is anxious to give up the fight? In my imagination I behold him as he sits alone in his pavilion, with head bowed in grief over the loss of his

noble friends and companions, Marti and Maceo. But suddenly he rises, gives orders to his aids, and is again on the march to the West. He rides for days at the head of his army, silently devising the blow which may win Cuban freedom. With the eyes of an eagle he chooses his direction, with the cunning of a fox he covers his tracks, and while the Spaniards are announcing to the world his death and the end of the revolution, he, with his entire army, is crossing the Trocha. He is now in Pueto Principe. He has caught Weyler napping. Five days later he greets and reports to the President of the Republic, and before he is discovered is again on the march. The idol of his soldiers, the pride of his people, the George Washington of Cuba!

The United States owes Cuba help in this war. Lying here almost within sight of our shores, struggling to establish a republican form of government, selling us ninety per cent of her sugar and most of her tobacco, buying her grain here, furnishing investment for American capital and homes for American citizens, promising future protection for our southern border, humanity and self interest alike demand that we shall aid her. American property in Cuba, running into the hundreds of millions, has only furnished fuel to the general conflagration. Our flag has been insulted with impunity, our citizens imprisoned and shot down by a ferocious soldiery without trial, contrary to every principle of international law and in the very teeth of treaty stipulations. Has the day arrived when the American flag is inadequate to protect its citizens and their property, even in the remotest corners of the globe? If so, American self-respect is gone, and well may we view our future with the gravest apprehension.

In looking upon the Cubans in their struggle for the dearest right of man, we cannot forget the sacrifices made for us in the darkest days of our history. We can never forget the hallowed memories of LaFayette, Pulaski, and De Kalb, who threw their lives at our feet that we might succeed. We are not

asked to send a LaFayette to Cuba, but only to give her those rights which will enable her to meet her enemies on the field. Shall we do it, and thus win the eternal gratitude of a sincere and honest people, and the commendation of the world, or shall we allow our civilization to break down before the Spaniards in Cuba as has the European before the Turks in Armenia? Never! American civilization is capable of greater things than that. One year ago, when that Christian hero and apostle of the nineteenth century, that St. Paul of the new world, was bound in a Cuban dungeon, and sentenced to death because he dared to raise his voice for the uplifting of his countrymen, when Spain thought we contemplated action for his release, even before a communication from our government demanding such release could reach that island, she had set the prisoner free, and the returning breeze bore the glad tidings that Diaz was saved. Let America once raise her firm voice against Spanish butcheries in Cuba, and they will cease. American sentiment needs not to be more aroused upon this question. Already have Cuban-aid clubs been organized all over the land, and resolutions favoring those people have already been passed by nearly all the State legislatures in the Union. Our people have decided that that government which can authorize the wanton execution of guiltless subjects is out of its place in this part of the world. Besides, nobody has the right of oppression. Cuba, in rising against the oppression of Spain, serves not only her own cause, but that of mankind. If we and the rest of the world are indifferent to her cries, so much the worse for all. Another iniquity shall have been consummated, and human liberty shall have suffered another defeat.

If the Cubans are poor and many of them negroes, so much the more are they entitled to our support. The love of liberty lives with the poor and the oppressed. It throbs in the breast of the caged bird; it has gone with martyrs to the stake; it cannot be extinguished. Have we forgotten that the men

who froze at Valley Forge, and those who perished in the swamps of our own State and South Carolina, were poor, ragged, and forlorn? No less were they noble and heroic, and out of their deeds of daring and noble aspirations free government was born. Then we cannot refuse aid to the Cubans, who, brave with the same hope, fierce with the same passion, are fighting their hard way to freedom.

Claiming the guardianship of liberty on this hemisphere, boasting that we are the descendants of those who carried our standard through a hundred battles, and saw it ride in triumph on land and lakes and seas, who gave their blood and treasure for our independence, who fell on every field from Lexington to Yorktown, can we, the descendants of such men, stand quietly by and witness the inhumanities of this "Hyena of Spain," Weyler, who has transformed battle into butchery, honest soldier into fiendish brigand and assassin, inverted social order, defiled domestic purity, outraged civic forms and slaughtered unarmed men and unprotected women and children, and given their homes to the flames and their flesh to the birds? Shall we, who boast of our civilization, freedom and prowess; whose mission is to enlighten the world and lead downtrodden humanity to higher and better altitudes; who have taught Cuba by precept and example to strike for her freedom, tolerate this relic of barbarism here, almost within sight of the stars and stripes? If we do, we shall be false to our history, false to the genius of our people, and false to our mission to mankind.

If you say the Cubans fight in disorder, I answer, so did the farmer boys at Bunker Hill. If the Cuban Government frequently moves, so did the Continental Congress. If the Cubans are guerrilla fighters, so were Marion's men and Sumpter's brigade. So were the Watauga men at King's Mountain. So, indeed, were all the armies of the Revolution, whose total number did not equal the force now doing battle for Cuba.

But one says, appeal to Spain. Why, General Grant did

that nearly thirty years ago. We appealed to *Spain* when the crew of our Virginius was brutally butchered in Cuba, and received not even due apology. *We* owe Spain no debt of gratitude. If everything for which she has stood since Charles the V. is *right*, then everything for which we have stood is *wrong*. Among the first people who settled in this country, whose blood flows in American veins to-day, were those Hollanders, who, weak in numbers, though strong of heart, there among their dykes on the North Sea, first made head against the Spanish Empire. Here settled the men who followed the "Lion of the North" when he stayed the oncoming of Spain and Austria on the plains of Germany. Here settled the descendants of that small band of protestant seamen, led by Drake and Hawkins, who curbed the power of Spain in the days of her widest dominion, and whose guns in the English Channel "pealed the Armada's knell." Here settled the men who draw their blood from those who followed Blake into the Mediterranean, from the "Ironsides of Cromwell," of whom it has been said that even the "banished cavaliers felt an emotion of pride when they beheld a brigade of their countrymen, outnumbered by foes, and abandoned by friends, drive before them in headlong route the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage through a counter-scarp which had been pronounced impregnable by the greatest of the Marshals of France." Such are the men who have done most to settle and build up the United States, and they fought their way to liberty against the power and bigotry of Spain.

Come down to the first decade of the present century, when we were a young nation, struggling to take our place in the great family of republics, when the world was convulsed by Napoleonic wars, and when our situation was filled with danger. Turn to the correspondence between Mr. Jefferson and the Spanish minister and read there the friendship of Spain for the United States. No! We owe Spain *nothing!* We have the right to interfere in this struggle on the broad grounds of humanity and civilization and our own interests.

Who can estimate the good which may come from this revolution if the Cubans win? The French Revolution—that terrible rebound from the enthrallment of darkness—largely purified the political atmosphere of a continent. The influence of the American Revolution has permeated Christendom, and conferred countless benefits upon the human race. Shall such an influence be checked? If not, let the United States aid these struggling patriots. Americanism will be enlarged and ennobled. Democracy will be vindicated, and republicanism will triumph.

Enlightenment and civilization travel together, and dwell only in a free land. That absolutism which has had the constant training of three centuries in a country where the Inquisition found a congenial home, where the Holy Brotherhood was established for the crushiug out of life and liberty, where manhood and womanhood have been made the playthings of brutal might, could not, if it would, teach the doctrines of peace or the equality of man.

Spain steadily loses in strength, and now, like Bunyan's Giant Despair, almost helpless, she sits at the door of her dark cave of despotism and grins with impotent rage at the splendid procession of republics which, one by one, have wrenched themselves from her cruel grasp, and now march on in progress toward higher civilzation and liberty. Already the flower of her army has been sacrificed to maintain the power of a dynasty. Thousands of honest, sincere and loyal boys have left their homes in Spain, never to return, and many a mother now weeps unavailing tears for the lad who left her side two years ago and now sleeps in the fever swamps of Cuba.

Nature has written upon the face of that Island a destiny too high for that of a corrupt European dynasty. Washed on half her shores by the Gulf Stream, with the Mississippi pouring out its rich treasures on one side, and the Amazon on the other, with the ports of Havana and Matanzas on the north, and the Isle of Pines on the south, possessing all that

is desirable in both climate and soil, she needs only a free government to make her one of the most important factors in American civilization. Yet, with all of her natural advantages, she eats not the bread of her own toil. Robber feet press her soil. Robber hands snatch the fruits of her enforced labor and wield scourge of her afflictions. Still she is undaunted. Like her own palm, the queen of the forest, which defies the hurricane blasts that sweep over her bosom, and proudly dashes the storms from her peerless brow, the spirit of Free Cuba is undying. It sighs in the morning breeze, laden with the aroma of her perfumed breath. It moans its weird, deathless hopes adown the ravines of her lofty mountains. It rolls np from her plains on the widening beams of a tropical sun. It hurls its defiant shout into the midst of her raging tempests. It raises its sonorous voice in the deep roar of her sounding seas, and everywhere, and at all hours, it pervades all true hearts and cherishes all true souls.

The pæns which stir the Cuban heart reach our shores. Shall they awaken here no echo in the breasts of their more favored brethren? I believe the hour is not far distant when we shall see Cuba arisen from the reddened couch where she now lies in anguish, and, clothed with the mantle of liberty, sit down at the feast of nations, where she will shine as one of the brightest gems among the republics which grace the Western World.

MINOR CHORDS.

C. M. S.

Through the sweetest song runs a minor strain,
  Which fills our eyes with unbidden tears;
In the noblest life mingle joy and pain,
  That move the world through the passing years.

THE MERMAID'S SONGS.

TOLBERT H. LACY, '98.

Some years ago, when I was a boy, I spent a summer with some of my numerous cousins in western Virginia. They lived in Botertourt County, five or six miles from town, and about a mile from James River. Near the house flowed Black Creek, a small tributary of the James. This creek was crossed by a dam about three hundred yards from "the House," thus forming a pond nearly a mile long, and perhaps a third as wide.

We young ones had quite a fleet of boats on the pond, thirteen, I think there were—duck-boats, fishing-boats and batteaux all counted. The favorite of them all was my "Nellie," a thirty-pound canvas boat, which I built soon after my arrival on Catfish Lake.

The "Nellie" was a pretty tub, fifteen feet long, twelve inches deep, and only sixteen inches wide. Many a spill the boys had with her before they learned to handle her.

Three of us went up the pond one scorching afternoon to take a dip, and, later on, to cut some tall, straight reeds for fishing-poles. We stayed in the water till about six o'clock, when it began to be dark, and to thunder. Dick and Charlie swam ashore and began to dress at once; evidently in great haste they were, too. They called to me to be in a hurry, but I had never seen a storm in the mountains, and I didn't think much of it any way, after the blow of September, 1889, off Hatteras; so I went in rather slowly. I was half-dressed, and they were half-way down the pond when the storm broke. I finished dressing, adjusting my tie with more than ordinary care; and then I stepped into the "Nellie" and pushed off. The wind was blowing straight across the pond; with my back turned towards it I didn't notice at first how fast it blew. But when, about the middle of the pond, I turned down with

my broadside to the wind, I found that it was blowing fast. In fact, I had hardly turned around before the wind turned me over, and I had twenty feet of water between me and the air before I had time to breathe.

I think I spent nearly ten minutes under there emptying buckshot from my pockets. I had on ten pounds. When I had relieved myself of this sinker I came to the surface, where I struck the Nellie's copper nose with my head. This gave me a fresh, though breathless, start to the bottom, and I thought I would never get back. I did see the clouds again, though, and I remember now how furiously distorted they were. I managed to screech once before I went down again. My brother told me afterwards that the screech was very weak. Then I went down again into the cold, black water. I swallowed a gallon or more, and gasped for air. Then I thought my lungs were being used as a high-pressure boiler, and the world turned green and gliddery, instead of black and still. Then it began to slip and slide past me, with a gentle rise and fall of everything; as the long, low swell in a calm outside the capes lifts and lowers a dory.

Then a beautiful mermaid floated up and hovered around me; she was pale as death, with long, wet auburn hair clinging round her neck and shoulders. Her face and slender figure would have made Aphrodite bite her lips with envy. She wavered about me for a little while, and then began to sing. Her first selection was "The mighty deep," given as a bass solo. I can feel my soul vibrating yet with the deep, solemn thunder of her voice. After this, strange to say, her voice changed to a low, clear mezzo-soprano; all the songs that she sang for me afterwards were in that voice. There was quite a number of solos, and sometimes voices in the water would join, and the chorus would produce the most exquisite harmonies; chords I heard, and modulations, of which a Chopin, in his wildest dreams of ecstatic delight, would never have dreamed.

While one of these choruses was being rendered, there grew up out of the water an enchanted palace, built of snow-white ice, and furnished within with curtains and carpets and tapestries of the most wonderful design. The great bow-windows were lighted, and within the princes and princesses were dancing "The Lancers." My palace, however, did not last long; it vanished into a mighty whirlpool that came and snatched away everything except my mermaid and the water and me.

When the palace had gone, she began to sing a wild, sweet song, which I had never heard before; it had the melancholy ring of some old Scottish or Polish folk-song, but never was song of human voice half so wonderful as that. While she was singing, the lights went out, and it got dark and cold again. She went away, leaving me without finishing her song.

That is all that I can remember of the wonders that I saw and heard under that cold, black water.

The next that I knew, I was stretched on the wet grass, and my big brother was trying to pour some hot brandy down my throat. My youngest cousin—she was twelve, and I was fourteen—was objecting to this, because it would make me drunk. I went off again before I found out anything else, but I came to again under the influence of that scorching brandy; and it did make me gloriously drunk.

They carried me home and put me to bed in hot blankets. I slept for fifteen hours, and when I awoke I was well again, except for a burning thirst and a throbbing headache.

My brother is older than I, and I suppose he knows; when I told him what I had seen and heard, he laughed and said, "Water in your ears, sonny." I have, however, ever since that drowning, longed to hear again the weird, sweet melody of that unfinished song; it was so wonderfully beautiful. I expect to hear it some day; for I was born to be drowned.

IN QUEST OF MONEY.

G. M. BEAVERS.

Three years ago last summer I was canvassing in the eastern part of North Carolina and chanced to stop at the home of Colonel Jones to spend the night. I found the Colonel to be a survivor of the old southern aristocracy. His family consisted of three very attractive daughters, just grown to womanhood. Three young gentlemen called that night, bringing guitars, and a few hours were passed very pleasantly with lively conversation and music. About ten o'clock the conversation drifted to the affairs of a miser, named Mike Lawson, who had lived in that neighborhood and who had recently died. This topic interested me so much that I began to make some inquiries; whereupon the Colonel proceeded to tell me the miser's history, as follows:

"We were children together and attended the same schools, where Mike was always slow to learn and received many a flogging for his dullness. He surpassed everybody, however, in selfishness and stinginess, never sharing so much as an apple with a playmate. He had a little money which he would lend only when he saw a chance of fleecing the borrower. I recall that I once got a loan of twenty-five cents for a week from Mike, and at its end paid him fifty. I never knew him to care for but one person, and that one was a girl a year or two younger than himself. She appeared to like Mike well enough, but after the war was begun he was drafted and sent to the front, but soon deserted. He never saw her afterwards, for while he was in hiding, she was killed by a stray shot during a skirmish between our boys and the Yankees. After the war, when Lawson came out from his concealment, he seemed determined to render life miserable to every one he could, so much so that the good dames of the neighborhood whispered it around that he had sold himself to the Evil One to escape

the war. But be this as it may, he managed in various ways to obtain money, and he hoarded nearly all he got, not, it seems, that it might minister to his wants, but to prevent its being of service to any one else. Lawson died a week ago. None of his money, so far as I know, has been found."

On further inquiry, I learned that the miser was reputed to have been worth at least $25,000, possibly much more. His home for several years had been a cabin near a swamp; and each of the young men present averred that he had seen queer lights and heard strange noises about this cabin since the miser's death.

When they took their leave, I walked a short distance with them and asked them to go with me to the miser's home and help me get this money which was believed to be hidden there, perhaps under the floor; if not, somewhere else. One said that he was too easily scared to go, while the other two said they were afraid of ghosts, but that they certainly would like to have a few thousand dollars.

After persuading the latter two to go with me, I returned to the house and went to my room as if to retire, for I was anxious that no one should know of the adventure besides us who were interested. As soon as everything grew quiet in the house, I slipped noiselessly out and rejoined the two young men, James McLeod and Robert Eton, who were to accompany me.

We set out for the cabin, two miles distant, talking of what we were going to do with old Mike's money, and laying plans how we should act if haunts troubled us. We passed Eton's home, where we secured a lantern and a spade. On the way McLeod and Eton planned for me to search for the treasure while they would stand guard and keep off all haunts which might be roaming around. As we came in sight of the cabin we saw a light, then two, then three, moving about in a strange and unaccountable manner.

"Look," exclaimed Eton, "the ghosts are ahead of us."

"Yes," said McLeod, "and if they stay there I'll stay away."

I told them that a light would not hurt anybody, and that I believed they were jack o' lanterns anyway, which had risen from the neighboring swamp. They were of the opinion that these lights were the ghosts of deceased men whom Mike had robbed or cheated, trying to recover their money. After some discussion I succeeded in persuading them not to desert me, and we went on. A little before we reached the house these lights retreated into the swamp and disappeared. My companions still felt uneasy and uncomfortable, but I grew bold and taunted them with cowardice.

Raising the latch, we entered the cabin together and were greeted with a deafening roar. Had I not loved money, I should have departed hastily right then. I glanced around the one room of the hovel, seeing a little pile of straw, which had been the miser's death-bed. There were but few things besides in the room. No time was to be lost from our work, as noises weird and demoniacal began to be heard. I seized the spade, prized up a few planks in a corner, and fell to digging, while my companions held the lantern and stood by. Then ghastly spectres arrayed in black and red appeared, at which they discharged their pistols, but without any other visible effect than that of keeping them a few feet away. All the while goblins, ghosts, hobgoblins, fiends and demons were keeping up a veritable pandemonium all about us. Thunder rolled and reverberated a few feet above, while through the cracks between the logs of the cabin we saw balls of fire rapidly rising and falling. All was quiet for an instant, and I began to hope that we were safe. But I was quickly undeceived by noises more varied and sights more frightful than before. Menacing attitudes were assumed and gestures made by our supernatural visitants. My companions, by loading and shooting alternately, kept up a continual fire at the nearest of these.

After a few minutes of digging, though it seemed hours to me, I found a large jug, buried under a sill. When I told this to my companions, the fiends became frantic; they raged and raved so that it was almost impossible to keep them off. In desperation, I, spade in hand, jumped at a large goblin near by, who rapidly moved off. I then tried to find a handle to this jug to pull it out by, believing that it contained money; but as it had no handle, I could not pull it out. I looked up only to find my companions gone and a gigantic goblin standing over me with drawn sword.

"Get out, or die!" shouted he in awful tones.

Get out I did, with him close after. I ran into the swamp, got tripped by vines, my flesh lacerated and my clothes torn by briers and thorns, my senses almost knocked out by contact with trees, and muddy all over from falling down in some sloughs in the swamp. I was so much frightened that I mistook the noise made by the undergrowth over which I ran for the goblin in pursuit. Just before day I succeeded in getting back to the Colonel's, and, reaching my room very quietly, I went to bed, but I could not sleep. When a servant announced breakfast, I told him I was sick and wanted the doctor. When the doctor came, I made known to him what had happened, and he gave me some medicine to quiet my nerves and sent me a complete suit of clothes, of which I was in quite sore need. The following day I left that community never to return.

* * * * * * *

While traveling for a Baltimore shoe firm last winter, I chanced one day in Atlanta to meet with several other drummers at the Alhambra Hotel, among whom was Jas. McLeod. As they were telling their ludicrous experiences and jokes, he narrated our adventure with so great a delight in it that I saw he understood the causes of the mysterious occurrences of that night. So I followed him to his room and asked him to explain them to me, which he consented to do.

The families of the three young men who called at the Colonel's that night had made a plot to find and divide the miser's wealth. My companions of that night had tried to prevent my determining to go, but failing in that, they thought it best to go with me and frighten me so terribly that the report would be spread that Lawson's home was an exceedingly dangerous place to visit. The young man who refused to go with us went ahead and notified the searching party of our coming, and told them that McLeod and Eton had taken all the balls from their cartridges. So those at the cabin assumed their masks and got ready to receive us with the courtesy of ghosts. Many kinds of explosives were used, and especially thundering powder, while lighted balls of tar played an important part. McLeod and Eton disappeared, by simply jumping out the door while I was after the jug, which, McLeod said, contained no money at all, but was full of brandy. All the searches have not yet discovered the place where old Mike concealed his hoarded store.

GETTYSBURG.

(Being an account of the experiences of a veteran, told by himself.)

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

We were talking of the causes of the failure of the battle of Gettysburg, when the old veteran spoke up:

"I tell you, gentlemen," said he, "one of the main causes why we lost Gettysbnrg was liquor.

"Two days before the battle we had captured Camp Carlyle from the Yankees and had camped there ourselves. The officers' headquarters was a big two-story building with wide verandahs around the house, up-stairs and down. The soldiers were camped some distance to the rear of the house.

"It wasn't often that our boys got a chance at liquor, and, when they did, they made good use of it. I've never seen so

much liquor in a country as we struck there in Pennsylvania. I remember, the very first day after we got into camp, Joe Duncan went foraging around to see what he could find. He came to an old haystack and kicked his foot amongst the straw and found a whole barrel of whiskey. He set the barrel up, bursted in the head, dipped out a water-bucketful and came to where our company was in camp. He set the bucket down, and says he, 'Boys, come up and help yourselves.'

"Well, sir, that's the way liquor was around there. There was more mint than I ever saw anywhere in my life; sugar, too, by the barrel, and ice packed away in the ice-houses. Mint-juleps in tin cans were plentiful.

"The night after we got in camp we took the 14th and 23d regiment bands and went up to serenade the officers. The bands played awhile and then we stopped them and hollered for speeches. We'd call out an officer's name and yell for a speech. Presently he would come out, scramble alongside the house, trying to hold himself steady till he got to the portico railing. Then he'd say: 'Gen'men, you must excuse my ign'rance, but I can't speak to-night,' and with that he would go scrambling back in.

"That was the way with the last one of them till we got to Major Williams, our adjutant. He happened to be not so badly stung as the others. He came out, sorter rocking in his walk, though, and when he got to the railing he made us a bow and says:

"'Gentlemen, how much rations you got?'

"'None! None!' we all hollered.

"'Gentlemen,' says he, 'I have issued you seven days' rations ahead. You shall all have plenty to eat. (We knowed that was a lie.) We haven't seen a Yankee with a gun on his shoulder since we have been here. They are hiding from us. When we find them we wont leave enough of them to grease a ramrod.'

"When he said that, we cheered and went back to camp.

"The next night our brigade was halted in the old, washed-out road that crosses the battle-field. As the companies came up, General Ramseur would say, 'Boys, I want you to take off your canteens and haversacks and leave them in a pile right here. We've got to take those breast-works up yonder, and we don't want any noise. Take nothing but your cartridge-boxes and guns. The Yankees have got a strong picket-line out and if they shoot don't return the fire, but keep advancing until you've driven them back into the works. North Carolina to the rescue! will be the watch-word.'

"I'll tell you, that made my heart rise in my throat, for I didn't like the idea of getting my life snatched out there in the dark.

"We were in the wheat field when we met the picket line. They were so close together it was like a line of battle. I could tell by the way they challenged us that they were scared. 'Halt! who goes there?' they would say, so low that you could hardly hear them. We advanced on them and they commenced backing, but calling halt all the time. Presently one of them sort o' bucked up like he was going to see who we were, anyhow, and one of our men, like a fool, shot him. Then the whole line commenced to fire on us and we were ordered to lie down. That waked up everything behind the works, of course. The firing went on for some time, until one of their officers came out and gave this command: 'Cease firing. Don't you know that you are firing on your friends, or the fire would be returned?'

"About half of them stopped, but the balance kept on. Right then was the only time I ever knowed cussin' to do any good. Capt. Mosby, captain of a company in our regiment, rose up and done a piece of the most ambitionest cussin' I ever heard a man do.

"'G— d— you,' he hollered, 'haven't you had orders to cease firin'. Don't you know that you are firin' on friends, or your fire would be returned?'

"That stopped them and we pressed them back behind the works. We halted so close to the works that I heard a Yankee officer whisperin' to the men to wait till we were right at them before they were to shoot.

"The brigade that was to attack on the right of us had been defeated in the meantime, and we were ordered back. When we started down the slope the Yankees turned loose their guns on us, but they forgot, I suppose, that we were going down hill, and so their aim was too high. But I never felt a more ticklish feelin' about the back than I did then.

"The next day was the first day of the battle. Our brigade was stationed six miles south of Gettysburg to guard the supply-wagons. General Ivison, who was drunk, I think, and a coward besides, was off hiding somewhere, while his brigade, commanded by a Lieutenant Colonel, was being beaten by the Yankees. General Ramseur got orders for us to go to their relief, at once. We put out in a double-quick to the battle-field and kept it up until we had covered those six miles. When we got there we were out of breath and burning up for water.

"Says I, 'Boys, have any of you got any water, and can give me a drink?' They said no, for they wanted what little they had for themselves. 'Boys,' says I, 'if I come out of this battle alive, I am coming out with a Yankee canteen.'

"Our canteens were nothing but two tin plates stuck together, with the alphabet on them, and they leaked like a sifter. The Yankees had good ones that were covered over with batting of some sort.

"General Ramseur waited for us to sorter catch breath, and then he says: 'Boys, do you see that stone wall over yonder?' One of the men in my company spoke up and says, 'Yes.' 'Well,' says he, 'I want you to drive the Yankees from behind it, and then you can rest.'

"We charged across the field and presently came to a board fence. The men mounted it, but down it came, throwing

some of them, it looked to me like, ten feet. They never stopped running, though. A little beyond it I saw a wounded Yankee soldier with at least six canteens strung around him. As I passed him I reached down and grabbed one of them, and he held up his arm to let me slip it off, but as the strap was around his neck, I couldn't get it without stopping, so I let it go. I suppose he had been detailed to get water, but was shot on the way. A little further on, I saw another one, with his canteen lying by his side. As I passed him I grabbed it, but he hollered, 'Don't; don't take my water!' So I put it back and I said: 'Excuse me, sir; I thought you were dead!'

"We routed the Yankees and had them just flying, when the order came to lie down. I could'nt see, to save my life, what they wanted us to lie down for, as we had them running.

"Whenever the order to lie down on a battle-field is given, a man is going to try to get behind something—I don't care if it's a bush no bigger than your finger! There were a few scattered rails near by, that I tried to hide behind. I was just stretched out good, when one of the boys, clean out of breath, came up and laid down; and instead of turning his head towards the Yankees, he lay with his back to them, so they could shoot him all up and down. Says I, 'Nox, you fool you, what are you lying that way for—so they can shoot you all up and down?' 'Dan,' he says, blowing like a horse with the thumps, 'I—am—too—tired—to move!'

"'Well,' says I—and its the only time I ever laughed on the battle-field—'I'll make a breast-work out of your fat sides,' and I got down behind him.

"We now saw why the order had been given to lie down. General Daniel's brigade had gone through a little skirt of woods, and was swinging around to position on the other side of the railroad. General Ramseur had halted us to give them time to get in position. We had the Yankees like partridges in a nest, and the only way they could get out was up the

railroad. We all saw it, and commenced hollering to General Ramseur, 'Bring us a battery! bring us a battery!' He turned to a courier and said: 'D— it, tell them to send me a battery! I have sent for one a half dozen times.'

"Well, sir, he hadn't more'n spoke the words before he threw up both arms and, looking up, said: 'God, Almighty, forgive me for that oath.'

"The battery, however, was already coming, and in a few minutes it was throwing shells at the railroad. As soon as the Yankees saw that, they surrendered at once. Just before the battery ceased firing I saw a Yankee jump up on the railroad and, as he did so, a cannon-ball struck him in the breast and cut him half in two. I saw him fall apart. I picked up his canteen and says, 'I reckon *you* are dead!' Unless somebody has moved it, that very canteen is at my father's old place now."

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSION.

W. PARKER ETCHISON.

On the evening of the 18th of last December I was permitted to see one of the most beautiful sights that nature can display. It was a spectacle that very few get to see in a lifetime. It was a magnificent phenomenon called a mirage.

I had heard of mirages being seen out west on the plains and also in deserts where there are no mountains or trees, but I never knew that they could be seen in a country like ours.

A mirage is a reflection of the sun on a body of water, and if all the conditions are just right, this reflection or shadow can be thrown for thousands of miles and the object portrayed to the eye as plainly as if it were really in view.

On the evening of which I speak, I was returning home from Wake Forest to spend the Christmas holidays. My train, which should have left Winston-Salem at five o'clock in the evening, was one hour late, consequently I did not leave until

six. As a rule, a late train is very annoying, and indeed was it so with me on that evening, as I was very anxious to see my people after a five months' absence. But I shall always thank the fates for making that train one hour late, though I little knew, while walking to and fro in the depot at Winston, every minute seeming an hour, that the future held in store for me one of nature's grandest displays.

The train finally pulled out of the depot and I settled myself down in a seat, tired and worn out from the day's journey, but with a feeling of great pleasure at the thought that within one short hour I should be at home. It is only thirty miles from Winston to my home.

On that evening, there were not many passengers, but I noticed an elderly gentleman sitting on the opposite side of the car from me. I did not know him, but I was destined to make his acquaintance in a short while. We had gotten some eight or ten miles out from Winston. The sun had just disappeared behind the horizon and darkness was settling over the landscape. I turned and looked at the gentleman opposite me, with the curiosity to see how he was enjoying himself, which comes to one when he is fatigued and knows that his fellow-travellers are in the same condition. I noticed that the gentleman was closely engaged looking at something through the window. He seemed excited, and was half way up in his seat. I wondered what it was that he was so intentedly watching, but did not pay much attention. He finally called me to his side and told me to look out at the window.

I shall never forget that sight. It made me forget that I was on the train; it made me forget that I was anywhere but standing on the seashore, looking out at the broad expanse of water as far out on both sides as I could see, with the black billows rolling up against the window. I turned to my companion and inquired what it was. He told me that it was a mirage.

A mirage! Was it possible that I was seeing that very sight,

which, as a child, I had read so much about, and which I had always doubted? Yes, there it was, not only seen by me (if so, I should have doubted my eyes) but by my elderly companion, Captain Hawkins, and several others who had now appeared.

It was a scene which was very difficult to describe, and the description of which can hardly be exaggerated. There was nothing in front and on either side, as far as I could see, but a vast expanse of water, of a dark muddy hue, which continually came rolling up in violent waves against the window. Out in front, at a distance of about one hundred yards, there arose several small islands and on the side of one of them there appeared a large rock which was continually being beaten by the incoming waves.

The scene lasted about twelve minutes, and continued over a space of about seven or eight miles, and, strange to say, it did not go gradually away, but all at once. In a second, instead of viewing a vast and choppy ocean, we saw through the gathering darkness only the hills and valleys usually seen by one on a moving train. The scene itself had indeed passed away, but I shall ever hold in my mind a vivid recollection of that sight—a sight which must be seen and realized before appreciated.

I found that my elderly companion was Rev. J. L. Wood, of Winston, and that he also was going to Mocksville, my home.

Mr. Wood wrote a description of the mirage for the *Winston Sentinel*, and I noticed that the *Charlotte Observer* also copied it.

I told my people about the mirage, and they seemed to insinuate that Rev. Wood and myself also must have been "in our cups," as they did not think a mirage could be seen in this country; consequently, as my reputation was at stake, I have mentioned the sight to only a few persons; but Mr. Wood and several others will take pleasure in testifying to the truthfulness of the above description.

A SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

H. B. FOLK.

It had been learned by the commander of the Confederate forces at a certain point that a heavy attack had been planned by the Federals upon a Confederate division some distance away. He determined therefore to send a message to the commander at this place in order that he might be on his guard. A young soldier, whose home was in this locality, and who was familiar with the country, was chosen as the messenger.

The young soldier set out in the grey of the early dawn, mounted upon a gallant bay, which had proved its mettle, speed and endurance on many a battle-field and raid. But soon the sun rose, dispelling the chilly mists, and ushering in a clear autumn day. The air was crisp and bracing, sending the blood tingling through the veins, and filling one with the joy of existence. The young man, galloping along on his high spirited steed, did not fail to appreciate the charms of the occasion.

Hour after hour he rode on, in that long, swinging, unvarying gallop, through stretches of woods, in which the autumn had turned the leaves, and the frost had sweetened the grapes and opened the chestnut burrs; over hills and across bridges, resounding to the galloping hoofs of his horse; in the midst of fields, which, once cultivated, were now over-grown with weeds and underbrush, and burned and desolated by the hand of war; past many a spot on which had stood dwellings, marked now only by tall, naked chimneys and charred remains.

Towards noon he neared the village, not far from which was his home. He had not seen it since his enlistment, for the operations of his company had, for the most part, been at a distance, and he now noted with a painful interest the sad traces left by war. Perhaps, too, he felt a secret pride, as he

galloped through the well known town, mounted, erect and graceful, upon his gallant horse, feeling himself observed by all, and conscious of being the bearer of important dispatches.

Not many miles further on was his home. There he had left his mother, his grandfather, his sister and the two smaller children. His father, a wealthy planter, had died some years before. When he reached there he would rest his horse awhile, and pay a hasty visit to the family, whom he had not seen since that sad morning when he had bade them farewell and rode off to join the army.

But the ravaged fields and burned buildings by which he passed, filled his mind with anxiety and suspense. He looked eagerly for the first glimpse of the house. He catches sight of a chimney-top. But ah! will it prove but a chimney standing bleak and desolate amid ashes and heaps of ruin? He strains his eyes. No, thank Heaven! the house is standing.

He entered soon into the grove and rode along the carriage-way toward the house. How familiar, and yet how strange, everything looked! Here too, he could see, the blighting hand of war had been laid.

Before he had reached the gate he was recognized from within, and out they all tumultuously came to greet him. There was his mother—the same dear, loving mother; there was his sister, as sweet and beautiful as ever; there was his grandfather, trying hard not to be undignified in his welcome, but utterly failing; and there were the two smaller children, dancing joyously about. There, too, were a few of the old servants, showing every tooth they possessed in their delight.

He was escorted within, where the precious minutes sped rapidly away. But he could not stay long. He must soon be going.

He bade them all a tender farewell, gave his mother and sister the last kiss, turned his horse's head and started off. When he looked back, he could see his mother and sister sobbing in each other's arms, and his grandfather and the children gazing intently after him.

His horse, refreshed by the rest and food, again struck into that long, swinging, tireless lope, which rapidly covered mile after mile. He had thus far proceeded without seeing any of the enemy, although he knew that scouting parties were likely to be in this section. But while he was going through a woods, a man suddenly stepped from behind a tree, pointed his gun, and cried, "Halt!" But instead of obeying, he leaned quickly forward, gave the word and a touch to his steed, and shot by like a flash, while the ball whistled by his ears. At the noise several other men came running from the woods, with their guns, and fired at him. But his horse, covering the ground with terrific speed, had borne him too far, and the shots passed harmlessly by.

Toward night-fall, he reached the encampment, and delivered his message to the commander, who at once took every precaution to guard against a surprise.

The next morning, just before daybreak, the alarm was given. The soldiers were quickly marshalled and marched in the direction of the enemy. Soon the sounds of battle were heard. Shots rang out, at first one by one, then faster and faster. As it grew lighter the sounds increased. There were mingled the shouts of the men, the commands of the officers, the rattle of musketry, the stamping and galloping of horses, the clanking of sabres, and the groans of the dying. Presently the heavy boom of artillery pealed forth. Cavalry thundered across the intervening space, dashing, with uplifted sabres and wild yells and terrific onset, into the midst of blazing sheets of fire, and upon serried walls of glittering steel.

Charge and counter charge is made. The cannon from either side belch forth their missiles of destruction and death. The slopes of the heights on which they stand are covered with the bodies of the dead and dying, and slippery with blood. The two lines waver back and forth, as hour after hour the battle rages.

The Confederate commander determines to stake all on a

last attack upon the enemies' guns. The cavalry, in which our young soldier has borne a conspicuous part during the fight, is drawn up and the bugle charge sounded. Slowly the mass starts forward; then faster and faster and faster, until the ground trembles beneath the thundering, flying hoofs. Safely they reach the foot of that blood-stained slope. With scarce diminished speed they begin the ascent, straight towards those black muzzles pointing down upon them. Suddenly a blinding sheet of flame bursts forth, and the missiles of death mow down horse and horseman. They pause, close up their ranks, and again move on. Once more that blinding flash and deafening roar, and once more horse and rider sink to the earth. The remnant hesitate and waver. Their leader is gone. But a youthful figure, mounted on a foaming bay charger, springs forward, calling to them to follow, and they spur onward.

Not another pause do they make until they have dashed in among the guns, and hurled themselves upon the enemy. A mad confusion of carnage follows. The Federals fight desperately; the Southerners, furiously. The ground is piled with slain. But nothing can resist the valor and fury of the Southerners, and the Federals are forced to retire.

The capture of the enemy's battery decided the battle in favor of the Confederates, but the victory was dearly bought. Epecially among the cavalry, which captured the guns, was the loss heavy. It was many a poor fellow's last charge.

The young soldier's family, anxious for news of him and of the battle, sent a servant to the scene of action. When he returned he was accompanied by an officer, a friend of the family. The officer's face and manner, even before he had spoken, awakened their worst fears. He told them how their boy, after fighting valiantly all during the battle, and especially distinguishing himself in the last charge, had fallen, covered with wounds, in the final struggle upon the summit. The body was now being brought home by a detatchment of

soldiers, whom he had just left, having ridden forward to inform them of his death.

Soon the soldiers entered and deposited their sad burden. Then all silently and reverently withdrew, leaving the stricken family alone with their dead, and their grief.

They buried him in the little ivy-grown family burying-ground, the pride and hope of the family—their sacrifice on the altar of their country, and the stricken mourners, with bowed heads and anguished hearts, turned away to their now darkened home.

A FATHER DUPED.

A. W. SETZER.

Judge Nathan was one of South Carolina's most honored and esteemed citizens. He had served his state in the capacity of Judge for a number of years, but becoming tired of the vexations of public life gave up his seat on the bench and retired to his country residence a short distance from the city of Charleston.

His wife had died some time before, and his family now consisted of himself and his daughter Amy, a beautiful girl—of fifteen summers—the idol at whose shrine her father worshipped. The old Judge never for once thought, while lavishing his affection upon her, that his daughter, so pure and innocent as he thought, could ever cause him pain. But the Fates do not have respect for age and social distinction.

Fred. Doughton was a student in Yale College. His health had become impaired and his physician advised him to come South. He had been in Charleston only a short while, when his eyes first caught the sight of Amy Nathan. Fred. could not keep from admiring her well proportioned form and graceful carriage, as she entered the car in which he was sitting, and, as they rode together in silence, he considered plan after

plan by which to gain an introduction to the possessor of the perfect form, beautiful face and brown eyes which had called forth his admiration.

Before he had time to formulate a place by which he could hope to be successful in gaining the wished-for introduction, the car stopped and Amy walked to the door followed by the keen glances of Fred. Doughton's eyes. As she took the last step from the car, her foot slipped and she fell. Fred. rushed to her instantly, and, at the risk of his own life, lifted her from the ground just in time to prevent her being crushed under the wheels of a carriage attached to a runaway team. Amy was very much frightened, and for some time leaned upon Fred's arm for support. But fortunately she was not hurt, and, after thanking him very kindly for his brave deed and taking his card from his extended hand, she turned and walked in the direction of the milliner's shop.

The morning paper contained a glowing account of how a Yale student, who was spending his vacation in the city, had rescued the beautiful daughter of Judge Nathan from what would otherwise have been certain death.

Fred. was busy looking over his mail, which had arrived on the noon-train, when a messenger entered his room and announced that Judge Nathan was in the parlor, and desired to see him. Fred. hastily looked over his mail, spent a few minutes in arranging his toilet, and then entered the room in which his guest was waiting.

As Fred. entered the room, the old Judge arose, with tears in his eyes, and, grasping Fred. by the hand, said in broken accents: "Young man, you have done me noble service—service my gratitude for which words cannot express. At the risk of your own life, you have saved one who is dearer to me than all the world." Fred. bowed low and the Judge continued, his voice becoming somewhat clearer: "I understand that you are a stranger in the city. I hope this afternoon's interview is but the beginning of a more extended ac-

quaintance. I shall expect to see you at my house frequently during your stay in the city." Fred again bowed low, and, with all the politeness of a New Englander, thanked the Judge for his kind invitation to visit his home, and signified his acceptance.

Fred. Doughton did not long delay taking advantage of the invitation which had been given him, for the very next afternoon he might have been seen walking in the direction of the Nathan residence. He was not so anxious to see and converse with the Judge, nor was it to form a "more extended acquaintance" with him, that caused Fred. to visit the Nathan residence so soon after receiving the invitation. He thought of Amy. It was with her that he wished to converse and form a "more extended acquaintance." He was very kindly received, being met at the door and conducted into the parlor by the Judge himself.

The host being a Judge, and his guest a student of law, the conversation naturally drifted into a discussion of legal topics. While the Judge was absent in the library, searching for some old Colonial Records, Fred. had an opportunity of addressing himself entirely to Amy for a few minutes. Fred. already knew that her father would not allow her to receive attention from young men, but Amy talked very pleasantly, and he determined to make his rescuing her serve his purpose, and for several weeks he made regular visits to the Nathan residence. Quite a number of times the Judge was either absent or otherwise engaged, so that he was entertained by Amy, a circumstance which Fred. wished for oftener than it occurred, for they had reached that stage in their acquaintance when two is considered company and three a crowd.

Late one afternoon Amy and her father were walking together in the garden. One might have inferred from the stern countenance of the Judge that he was thinking very seriously about something. At last he broke the silence and

said in a low, but matter-of-fact tone: "Amy, your interviews with that 'Yankee' must be stopped."

They walked on in silence a few paces, and the Judge continued: "Young Doughton, though he saved your life, is, nevertheless, a stranger and ——."

"Why, father, he is so nice and good—I'm sure he is of a good family."

"You can be sure of nothing in a stranger, and I say this thing must be stopped."

Their conversation closed abruptly, for just then they saw a man enter the garden gate and walk towards them. He had evidently heard and been attracted hither by their conversation.

The visitor (rather intruder) proved to be one of the Judge's old servants. While the Judge was examining some violets of a very rich hue, the old servant placed in Amy's hand the following note, which she carefully concealed, as she thought, in her pocket, but instead it had been placed in one of the folds of her dress, and, when she turned to walk away, fell upon the ground:

"DEAREST AMY:—I have decided to make my Boston trip on our bridal tour. Make ready for your escape to-night.

Your devoted, FRED."

The Judge following behind, seeing the white envelope lying on the ground, picked it up and began to read. Once, twice, thrice he read, "Bridal tour; make ready for your escape." Then, holding up the envelope, he said in a tone in which Amy had never heard him speak: "Amy, what does this mean? Would you disgrace yourself and me by eloping with this stranger?"

Amy stood dumbfounded. Her cheeks flushed red, then grew pale. She saw in the Judge's countenance that it was useless for her to utter a word.

That night the key turned in Amy's door, but it was turned from the outside and by her father's hand. Her own cozy room was made her prison.

While this scene was being acted at the Nathan residence, Fred. Doughton was preparing for the one which should follow soon after. The old servant had returned and told him what had happened, but Fred. was too determined in what he undertook to yield to anything save the inevitable. He remarked to the old servant, at the same time going on with his preparation: "I'll show the old Judge a 'Yankee trick' to-night."

Amy had become so exhausted from weeping that she had fallen asleep. The silver-tipped moonbeams kissed her fevered cheeks and the gentle zephyr sang her lullaby.

A tap from the direction of her window awakened her, and, as she raised her head and looked in that direction, she saw Fred. holding on to the elm which grew just under her window. "Amy," said Fred, in the same sweet, mellow tone, though perhaps somewhat suppressed, "the train will leave the station in three-quarters of an hour. We have no time for delay. Come, this elm will serve for a ladder."

Many were the thoughts that came into Amy's mind during the five minutes in which she was occupied in preparing to leave her prison. Having prepared herself for the event which should take place a few minutes later, she seized a pen, and, with a trembling hand, hastily wrote the following note, which she left lying on the table in her room:

"DEAR FATHER:—Love knows no obstacles which cannot be overcome. By the time you have read these words, I will be Mrs. Doughton. AMY."

A few minutes later the two lovers were seated in a closed carriage and were being rapidly driven towards the city. The driver was ordered to stop at Rev. Mr. Hughes' residence. The clergyman himself met them at the door and conducted them into the parlor, where, a few minutes later, he repeated the words: "I pronounce you man and wife," and thus were "made two hearts beat as one."

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Higher Education for Women.

The recent action of Trinity College in opening her doors to women on equal terms with men, and the subsequent step taken by the State University in admitting women to post-graduate classes, have brought the question of higher education for women more prominently before the people of North Carolina. It is very encouraging to note these signs of an awakening interest in female education, although we do not believe in co-education. If the two sexes are educated at the same schools, and pursue the same course of study, there will be a tendency for woman to lose some of her womanly qualities, and replace them with the ways of man, thereby degrading herself from the plane of true womanhood, and drifting toward that class of women who call themselves the "New Woman." It does not follow that she would become one of those bloomer-wearing creatures that *Puck* or *Judge* depicts — the women of the South will never fall that low — but there will be a tendency for her to descend to man's equal. We are old fogy enough to believe that woman's sphere of usefulness in the world is not the same as man's; that,

> "For contemplation he and valor formed,
> For softness she and sweet attractive graces;"

and so we think that there are other things more important to woman's true work than an equal training with man in mathematics, the sciences, or ancient languages. Southern people are not yet ready for female preachers, doctors, lawyers and politicians, and so they do not take kindly to co-education.

However, we are not going to discuss the merits of co-education, but speak of the deplorable condition of higher education for the women of our State. We have only to look at the female schools of North Carolina — and, for that matter, the whole South — to be convinced that the great majority of our people are not in favor of higher education for women. On no other ground can we account for the lack of interest manifested, than that the people do not believe in it. For years the University, Trinity, Davidson, Wake Forest, Elon (though Elon has been co-educational from the beginning), and a dozen other schools have afforded opportunities for men to secure higher training, but no school in the State offered the same advantages to women. We may, however, expect better things now, since the State Normal and Industrial College receives an annual appropriation from the State equal to that given to the University. The wonderful growth of that School, however, has been due almost entirely to the individuality and untiring energy of its President.

But what are the causes of such a state of affairs? The first and main cause is a lack of money. When you think of the fact that no female school in the State has any endowment fund, but is forced to rely on its tuition charges alone for support, and also that, while no male college is thought of as a money-making institution, yet every female school is expected to yield an income, you will begin to get a faint conception of the reason why they are no better. The natural result of such a system is that the standard of scholarship is lowered to a degree that would not be tolerated in any of our male colleges. The schools are not to blame so much for this, since they are driven to it by competition. They must secure pu-

pils in some way, or they cannot live, and the result of this competition is apparent. The parent is bewildered by the numerous catalogues and testimonials sent out by the different schools, all bidding for his patronage, and he generally selects that school which offers greatest "inducements," without inquiry about its standard of scholarship. To him one school is as good as another, for he looks on it as a business transaction; he pays so many dollars, his daughter spends so much time at school, and then gets her diploma, which, in many instances, is the main object desired by both father and daughter. Of course he does not object to her acquiring some knowledge, but he is very well content with knowing that she has secured her diploma. Her education is completed, she has received the finishing touch, if she can pound curious noises out of the piano, or recite a selection in a manner so affected that nervous chills chase each other upon and down the listener's spine—and this is called higher education of women.

The Baptists of North Carolina are proud of Wake Forest; they have built, equipped and endowed this their college for men until it is second to none in the State, but they have done next to nothing for their women. True, they have made eloquent pleas in woman's behalf, and passed resolutions to establish at Raleigh a school which would give to Baptist young women the same opportunities and advantages which Wake Forest gives to Baptist young men; but it seems that the people have overlooked the fact that to do all this will require something more substantial than words. The bare, unroofed walls of the Baptist Female University bear mute testimony to the lack of interest in female education. And when in the course of time those buildings are completed, and the doors are opened to our women, unless the school is endowed it will be only another competitor in a field already occupied. If it is to fill the place which it should fill, it must not be a commercial institution, as too many of the other

schools are; it must not be dependent solely on tuition charges for its support; its aim and end must be to educate women, and not simply to make money. O for a Vanderbilt, a Rockefeller, or a Bostwick, to come to the aid of female education!

But while the need of mony is great and pressing, the need of leaders in this work is not less great. The men who are engaged in female education are, many of them, giving their best talents to the work, but the obstacles in their way are many. Leaders are needed who will give their whole lives to the cause of educating our women, and who will not be baffled by discouragements. The men who were at the head of Wake Forest in the earlier years of its history had to battle against great odds, but their hearts were in the work and they fought on. So must it be with those who are to guide the destiny of our Female University. They must go forward in the face of opposition, discouragement, and, oftentimes bitter disappointments, yet they will be encouraged and strengthened by the thought that their work is not for a day but for centuries, and that generations yet unborn will rise up and call them blessed.

Legislative Action Regarding the Public Schools.

The recent Legislature, like all its predecessors, has been sharply criticised, and, for various reasons. Legislators and base-ball umpires share the honors about equally in that respect. The fact that many of the members of this Legislature were so outspoken in their condemnation of lobbying, yet did nothing to prevent it when the time came for action, has been severely commented on by some. Others point to the fact that all the members, although antagonistic to the use of railroad passes, went to Chapel Hill to the inauguration of President Aldermen and rode on passes, and so on almost *ad infinitum*. It is not our purpose, however, to speak of those things, but to say something about the way the public schools

fared at the hands of this Legislature. At the beginning of the session a bill was introduced to appropriate from the general fund $100,000 to aid the public schools. This bill was warmly advocated by Superintendent of Public Instruction Mebane, and by others interested in the subject, but it was killed. It was opposed by some on the ground that if it was passed it would be necessary to reduce the regular appropriations to other objects. It did not pass, but the appropriations to all other objects were increased. The appropriations for 1897, exclusive of the expense of the Legislature, exceed those of 1895 by more than $120,000. These are the figures; look at them and read the story. The Legislature could not give $100,000 to the public schools, but it could give to other objects $120,000 more than last session. Why was this? What influence was brought to bear on the Legislature to defeat this bill? Superintendent Mebane, in a recent published letter, let the cat out of the bag. When the bill was before the committee President Alderman of the University, and President McIver of the Normal College, were before the committee and opposed the bill in the form it was then in. The appropriations to the University, to the Normal College, to the A. and M. College were all increased. Can you see any connection in the facts? If you are not densely ignorant you can put two and two together and it makes four, and perhaps you have already guessed the reason that bill was not heard of any more. Just at the close of the session a bill was passed which appropriates $50,000 *from the school fund* to aid those schools which adopt the system of local taxation, and this bill was urged and supported by certain persons who were opposed to any appropriation from the *general State fund.* How they did work and plead for local taxation! The voluntary principle of education must be introduced into the public schools, but must be carefully kept out of higher education; such are the arguments of those gentlemen. It is all right, and even necessary, for a district school to depend on itself for the

education of its ignorant children, but the State must pay the piper when it comes to higher institutions of learning. We believe in the principle of local taxation; we believe that on that principle depends the future usefulness of public schools; but we also believe that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and that the voluntary system will apply just as well to the "head of the public school system" as to its primary departments. We wonder if the men in charge of those institutions, which are aided by the State, would be willing to submit the question of appropriations to a vote of the people? We are not criticising the course pursued by Messrs. Alderman and McIver, but we do criticise the members of the Legislature for being moved by such influences as were brought to bear on them. The bill which was passed is a mere farce. Where is the justice or consistency in taxing one district to aid another? Yet that is what this bill does. If one township fails to tax itself to aid its schools, then part of the money due it from the general school fund is given to the township which does vote local taxation. It is just a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. It is called a bill to encourage local taxation, but we fail to see where the aid comes in. Suppose every township in the State should vote for local taxation, they would not receive one cent more from the State than they would without this bill; they would receive only the money of the general school fund, and they would get that without this bill, just the same. Along in this connection we recall that, five or six years ago, when Messrs. Alderman and McIver were holding teachers' institutes in the various counties, they both declared emphatically that the public schools were of the highest importance; that any boy, when he was ready for college, could secure a college education, but the greatest struggle was in the public schools; that on them, and not on the colleges, depended the welfare of the State. But now a change has come over the spirit of their dreams; further comment is unnecessary. The bill which appropriated money

from the State fund, and which would have benefited every school district in the State, was killed, and as a measure which they hoped would protect them to some extent from the wrath of their constituents, the members of the Legislature passed this bill, which if it aids one district must rob another. The people are patient and long-suffering, but an awakening will come, and then woe to the time-servers and trucklers.

Better Library Arrangements.

A proper use of the library is one of the most important parts of a student's course, and one which should receive more attention from the students than it now does. And, also, any change in the plan of conducting the library which would encourage and stimulate a more extended use of these advantages, ought to be adopted. We believe there are some changes, or rather improvements, which, if made, would prove beneficial. In the first place, the classification of the books is not extended enough. It is all right as far as it goes, but the trouble is it doesn't go far enough. There is no classification by authors, and the main divisions are not sub-divided. If a student wishes to find what a certain writer says on a particular subject, the chances are that he will have to spend some time in search of the book referred to. For example, if he wishes to refer to one of Emerson's essays he has to search through all the books of essays to find Emerson, and then look through all of the volumes of Emerson's essays to find the subject he is looking for. This search requires time, and time is too valuable to be wasted, when such could be avoided. This waste of time could easily be remedied by a better system of classification, say the card catalogue system, in which the authors, alphabetically arranged, are catalogued, and also the subjects which each author treats. Then the different subjects are arranged in order, with a list of the books treating of each particular subject. A glance at the

catalogue is all that is necessary to know exactly where to look for the book wanted. The advantages arising from such a system are so apparent that it is hardly worth while to discuss them. Then, too, we believe that the library ought to be kept open at least six hours each day, and longer would be better. A student, in preparing a recitation, often finds references to other authors. If the library was open, and the books so catalogued that he could find the book without any delay, he would look up the reference; but as it is now, by the time the library is opened he has forgotten the reference, or has concluded that it is not worth the trouble it would require to look it up. A moment's thought will convince any one that if the library was open at all hours the books would be consulted a great deal more than they are at present, and the use of the library would be worth much more to the students. The books are for consultation and use, and the student needs the benefit to be derived from their use; and any change which will be of so much benefit ought to be made. And along with these things we are convinced that the librarian ought to be a permanent officer of the College. No one will dispute the advantages of such a change. With each year he would become more and more familiar with the books and their contents, and he would be of valuable assistance to the students in selecting books which present different views of the same subject. He would know in just what light different writers looked at the same subject, and the students would be encouraged to look at a question in all its aspects. There is a vast amount of information to be derived from the twelve thousand volumes in the library, and this information is no less important and valuable than that gotten from text-books.

There are some other things which ought to be attended to, such as binding the magazines of the reading-room and keeping them in a special place for reference, putting a stove in the library, and other improvements, the need of which is so

apparent that it is surprising how they could have gone so long without attention. The library is perhaps the most valuable of all the departments of college work, that is, if it is properly used; and everything possible ought to be done for the comfort and convenience of those who enjoy and make use of the advantages of this department.

The Cretan Problem.

To one taking a cursory view of the situation in Crete, it seems that a great-to-do is made over a trifling matter. It is not easy to understand why the combined powers of Europe should be so interested in one little island. What difference will it make to the nations of Europe whether a little island, with only three hundred thousand inhabitants, belongs to Turkey or to Greece? Yet the great powers have blockaded Crete, and are going to expel the Greeks from the island. The greed for more territory, which is the bane of all the nations of the Old World, is at the bottom of the whole matter. While the butcheries in Armenia were going on, the so-called Christian nations stood idly by and looked on. No nation dared to interfere to stop the wholesale slaughter, lest peradventure some other nation would seize the booty which they are all regarding with longing eyes—the possession of Constantinople. So, while "peace on earth, good will to men" was being chanted in all the great cathedrals, the Sultan was allowed to work his own sweet will on the helpless Christians of Armenia. And now, when the Greeks have come to the aid of Crete, whose inhabitants are bound to Greece by the ties of consanguinity, like civilization, and the same religion, the powers issue an edict that such aid and encouragement must cease, because forsooth the peace of Europe is endangered. If the peace of Europe is dependent on the preservation of the Ottoman Empire, then it is resting on a shaky foundation, for the

empire of the Sultan must go to pieces, and the sooner the better. For more than a thousand years the Eastern question has perplexed the wisest statesmen of Europe, and it will continue to be a source of contention until Turkey becomes subject to a more powerful nation. It is not a question of which power shall control the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, but it is now a conflict of religions. The question which must be solved, though it plunge all Europe into war, is whether the religion of the Turk shall prevail over the religion of the Greek. The powers may drive the Greeks from Crete in spite of the fact that many prominent Mussulmans have declared that peace can be obtained only by the union of Crete to Greece. Kings and monarchs, impelled by selfish motives, may take the part of the Turk; but, just so sure as there is an Omnipotent Ruler who watches over the destinies of His subjects, so sure will the day of retribution come when the power of the Turkish Empire will be a thing of the past. The greed of princes cannot hold in check much longer the great religious movement which is behind this outbreak of the victims of Turkish fanaticism. God will take care of His own, and the nation that stands in the way of His purpose will be wiped from the face of the earth.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor pro tem.

Mr. Sidney Colvin is preparing a biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, which will probably be ready for the press within some eighteen months. Much is expected of this work, since Mr. Colvin is a charming writer and has an abundance of material at his command.

The people of the ancient town of Venusium (now Venosa), the birthplace of Horace, are about to erect a monument to the

memory of the poet. But as he himself said, he has erected to himself in his works a monument more lasting than brass.

"The Spectator" of Addison and Steele, which will never lose its power to please, is being published in a fine library edition of eight volumes, edited by a biographer of Steele, Mr. G. A. Aitken.

"American History As Told by Contemporaries" is the title of a work in four volumes, edited by Prof. A. B. Hart, of Harvard University. This is a very unique kind of history, and will no doubt receive wide recognition.

The sale of the novels of Mr. Marion Crawford is amazing. More than half a million have been sold in the United States alone. The most popular is "Saracinesca," which is now in its 110th thousand.

Of our recent poets Tennyson was the wealthiest; he was worth something over £57,000. Next to him was William Morris, who fell behind him only a few hundreds of pounds. Tennyson made his money by his poetry; Morris grew rich through his business.

The life work of Herbert Spencer, "Principles of Sociology," has been completed. The author is now seventy years old, and, although a life-long invalid, has been for the last thirty-six years engaged upon this work.

On the 17th of May next there will be a great Irish literary festival held at Dublin. Prizes are offered for original productions in the Irish tongue and for the recitation of Gaelic pieces. This is the first festival of its kind held in Ireland for nearly nine hundred years, and it may bring to light many traditions and legends which have lived in the tongue of the common people.

Professor Trent's work, "Southern Statesman of the Old Regime," has appeared. The statesmen whom the author chooses to discuss are Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Calhoun, Stephens, Toombs and Jefferson Davis.

While we are translating other languages it is a relief to remember that foreigners are equally as hard at work on ours. Three French boys have translated the soliloquy of Hamlet, the first words of which, "To be or not to be," they rendered as follows: 1. "To was or not to am"; 2. "To were or is to not"; 3. "To should or not to will."

Matthew Arnold writes to his mother in a manner very different from that which he employs in addressing the public. His cool and critical intellect never allowed anything to be published from his pen until it had been polished to the last degree; but in one of his letters to his mother he writes: "London was not *liveable-in* from the crowds in the streets all day and all night." In another place he speaks of the "*unwellness* of Dicky and Nelly," his children.

Mr. E. C. Stedman, in reference to Kipling's "The Seven Seas," says: "The spirit and method of Kipling's fresh and virile song have taken the English-reading world. * * * When we turn to the larger portion of the Seven Seas, how imginative, how especially rythmic and sonorous! * * * The ring and diction of this verse add new elements to our song. * * * The true laureate of Greater Britain."

I quote from a discussion of the character of Thackeray's Henry Esmond in Macmillan's Magazine: "He is the best man Thackeray has given us; perhaps the best man we have known. And the springs of his goodness are that he is humble before what he can understand of goodness, and true to the motions of his heart in gratitude and affection."

BOOK NOTES.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor pro tem.

An Old-English Grammar and Exercise Book. By C. Alphonso Smith. Boston, Allyn & Bacon, 1896.

So many and so excellent works have appeared during the last two decades in the field of Anglo-Saxon grammar, that the appearance of a new text-book upon this subject would naturally be accompanied by the demand that it present some decided merits for its general acceptance with the public. That such merits are to be seen in this little book of some threescore and ten pages, it is the purpose of this short review to show.

The author himself—a friend of the writer—has already shown marked ability in his researches in English grammar and literature, and has in this work given us an Anglo-Saxon grammar that will be scholarly and at the same time practical. In his own modest words: "It is the object of this book to give an elementary knowledge of Early West-Saxon prose; * * * only the essentials, therefore, are treated in this work, which is planned more as the foundation for the study of Modern English grammar than as a general introduction to Germanic philology."

The Introduction contains, besides the usual discussion of the vowel and consonantal system, two interesting chapters on subjects which are generally left unnoticed in most Anglo-Saxon grammatical works: That on the Order of Words is an abridgement of the author's excellent dissertation which appeared a few years ago; the other discusses Vowel-Shifting and Analogy, and is extremely suggestive.

On the very threshold of the grammatical part we are compelled to take issue with the author as to his classification of what are generally called the First and Second Declensions of nouns. It is to be regretted that, instead of adopting the Indo-Germanic classification of Sievers, he has adopted the Germanic system of vowels as his basis, thus tending to mystify the student who may afterwards desire to pursue more scholarly work in old English.

The remaining portion of the work follows the old line of treatment very faithfully. In one point the author deviates somewhat—that is, in his classification of strong verbs; here he has admirably combined the divisions of Sievers and the nomenclature of Sweet, thus enabling the student readily to master the accepted order of Ablant rows.

The novel feature of the book consists, however, in the introduction of practical exercises in translation from modern English into Anglo-Saxon. This will serve as a most effective means of stamping on the mind of the student the essential points in the grammar and syntax of the oldest periods of our language.

The work abounds in helpful suggestions, etymological hints, and historical studies of words and phrases. It is written in Dr. Smith's characteristically clear style, and forms a valuable contribution to the practical teaching of old English.

Craik's English Prose, Nineteenth Century. Macmillan & Co., New York.

This is the fifth volume of English Prose edited by Mr. Craik. He is a public benefactor. Since the great body of our people cannot make literature their profession, they find no leisure to read the ponderous volumes of Dickens, or the multitude of Scott's works. The present editor has put it within the power of all to get an intelligent idea of any of the prominent authors of the present century in less time, it may be, than it would otherwise require to read one of them. But perhaps these selections are better fitted for the class-room than anything else.

Take Dickens, for example. We have first a very brief sketch of of the most important events of his life; then a critical essay on his work, by A. W. Ward. The selections are as follows: From *Pickwick Papers*, "Mr. Pickwick on the Ice," to illustrate Dicken's broadest, most open humor; from *Oliver Twist*, "Sikes and His Dog," where we have a picture of the murderer flying from the awful sense of his crime; from *Christmas Carols*, "Christmas at the Cratchits'," where we are shown a family re-union of the poor; from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "The First Appearance of Mrs. Gamp," to reveal another side of the author's humor; from *David Copperfield*, "A Retrospect," for pathos; and from the same novel, "The Shipwreck," one of the finest scenes in all Dickens, to show his power over the tragical; and from the *Uncommercial Traveller*, two selections—"The City of the Absent" and "The Very Queer Small Boy," mixed humor and description.

Now, anyone after reading these extracts will close the book with a general idea of the style of Dickens. Thus Mr. Craik treats every author of prominence from Walter Scott to Robert Louis Stevenson.

Shakespeare's Sonnets. J. M. Dent & Co., London.

I think the Temple edition of Shakespeare, which is now complete, is in every respect the most admirable that has yet appeared. Only one play to a volume, neatly bound and handsomely printed, it is equally fitted to be carried in the pocket or to be laid upon the parlor table. The Cambridge text is used, and the editor is Israel Gollancz, the great Shakespearean scholar, who supplies each volume with a full introduction, glossary, and notes.

This edition of the Sonnets is "a thing of beauty." There is just one sonnet to a page, which leaves sufficient room for the reader to make any marginal notes he may see fit. The editor gives a very thorough analysis of the Sonnets in the introduction, which will be invaluable to those who are just beginning to study them. He makes three general divisions, which he names "The Better Angel," "The Worser Spirit," and "Love's Fire." Under "The Better Angel," for example, he has three subdivisions—"Love's Adoration," "Love's Trials," and "Love's Triumph"; and under the head of "Love's Adoration" he gives in brief the substance of that group of sonnets, viz., that beauty and goodness must live on (1) in the beloved's children, (2) in the poet's verse.

EXCHANGES.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor

IDOLATRY.

Yes, Rose, the horrid thought is true,
  At idol shrines I bow,
And fall in daily worship to
  A graven image now.

But suffer not a moment's fear,
  Your happy soul to start,
For 'tis your image, Rosa, dear,
  And graven on my heart.

—*Univ. Tex. Mag.*

OPPORTUNITY.

Once only did the angel stir
The pool whereat she paused in pain:
Another step outspeeded her;
The waters ne'er have moved again.

—*Public School Rec.*

We had a dream the other night,
When all around was still;
We drempt that each subscriber came
Right up and paid his bill.

He entered the editor's sanctum
And vented his views unsought;
Next day he was hanged as a bandit
For wrecking a train of thought.

—*College Rambler.*

Wouldst thou make thy life a poem,
Or a painting sweet and grand?
Wouldst thou scatter rays of sunshine
Through this world on every hand?
Then, wait not upon the coming
Of something great across thy way;
But, without a thought of blessing,
Do thy DUTY day by day.

—*Guilford Collegian.*

NATURE—THE HEALER,

Caught in the tumult of this busy life,
Where rest comes not, and where the strange wild strife
Of tongue and brain is keen,
There come dread days unseen
By others, when the nerves and brain o'erwrought,
Respond in life-drawn throbs to whirling thought.

Then happy he who in such case as this
Can go without to find the quiet bliss
Of nature's place in wood,
With sweet air breathing good;
And when he's felt the pulse of forest's deep,
Makes whole his cure in dreams of balmy sleep.

—*Dartmouth Lit. Monthly.*

LONGING.—(A RODLEL).

JEDERMANN.

I think of thee when all is dark and drear,
And life seems sad and overcast to me;
When all my soul's discerning rest in fear,
I think of thee.

My dearest, will it ever, ever be,
That destiny will ever bring thee near,
That I can hear thy voice—thy features see?

I think of thee as if thou still wert here
E'en by my side, when I was fancy free:
In sleeping or in waking, still, my dear,
I think of thee.

—*Tenn. Univ. Mag.*

TWO OF A KIND.

A man and a hog lay side by side,
And each of corn was filled;
But the hog had taken it in the ear,
While the man had his distilled.

The hog was at home in the corner of the fence,
But the man was a stranger there;
He stopped by the way for a little rest,
While on his usual tare.

They slept and snored the whole night through,
And each of the other not aware,
Till the man reached over and touched the hog
And felt his bristling hair.

With a swimming head he thought it a dream,
Out on the ocean wave,
And said to the hog, in smothered tones:
"My friend, you need a shave!"

The hog gave a grunt, which the man understood,
But he suddenly awoke from his spree;
For he grabbed the pig by the end of the tail,
And thought him a heathen Chinee.

—*King College Monthly.*

THE BATTLE.

Cupid dipped his light-winged dart
In venom sweet of Thespe's eyes;
He tinged its barbs with coral red
From lips in saucy smile apart;
The villain next must needs devise,
With dusky tresses from her head
To string his bow, then pierce my heart,
Transfixed at Thespe's feet it lies,
But faithless wanton love is fled.

—*Univ. Va. Mag.*

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ELZY.

My boy Elzy's gitten sick,
Think he's takin' chills;
Kinder yaller roun' the eyes,
'N green about the gills.

Nary bit o' appetite—
Won' eat nothin' 'tall,
'Fraid we'll have to plant him
'Long erbout next fall.

Lustre fadin' from his eyes,
Smiles agittin' dim
Never says nothin' to you
'Less you talk to him.

Neighbor Dinkey looked at him—
" By the powers above!
Don't you know what's ailin'?
Elzy's got in love."

—*William and Mary College Monthly.*

The second number of *The Catonian* has just been received. It is published by the Clarinda High School, Clarinda, Iowa. It makes a very creditable beginning. We are pleased to see that its local columns are not stained by nauseating jokes, which so many of our exchanges seem to think indispensable. We hope to see the number of contributions increased.

EARTH'S LULLABY.

Night is calling to thee,
White night:
Sleep is murmuring to thee,
Deep sleep.
While the wonder-waking stars
Swing noiselessly their silver cars,
And the wind playeth low in the heavens.

God is bending o'er thee,
Lord God:
Strife is whispering to thee,
Life's strife.
While the clouds in mystery thrill,
The darkness standeth still,
And the dawn blossoms soft in the heavens.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

The outward appearance of the *Judson Triennial* impressed us very favorably, also the contents, until we struck those stale jokes. But this is its first issue, so we forbear.

A large part of *The Messenger* is taken up with sketches and short talks on the life of Prof. H. H. Harris, who died recently at the Seminary. He was for several years connected with Richmond College.

The printer of the *Southern Collegian* came near committing the unpardonable sin when he forgot to put the first half-page of "Higher Citizenship" in quotations, as it was taken from Grady's famous speech at the University of Virginia.

The stories, essays and poetry in *The Vidette* are fairly good, but one story is to be continued. That will do for the *Century* or *New England* magazines, but if possible college magazines should avoid it, although the length of them sometimes makes this unavoidable.

We are glad to know that Rip Van Winkle has awoke again. This time he only took a three years' nap. We suppose, that as soon as he rubbed his eyes, he sent us *The Harrisonian*, dated June, 1894. It contained a very nice account of Commencement for that year, and a kind reference to the WAKE FOREST STUDENT, and really, we enjoyed this relic of the past, as it is a very good magazine, but would like to see one of more recent date, so that we might know how it is progressing.

The Teck contains a very kind offer from Mr. Boos, a native born German, to accept the company of a limited number of students on a European tour during the summer. He has a very interesting trip mapped out, and any one wishing to take such a trip would do well to confer with him.

Life at Washington.

The inauguration of a President, the selection of his Cabinet and the seating of a new Congress give especial timeliness to the remarkable series of articles on various phases of the government, by Secretary Herbert, Postmaster-General Wilson, Attorney-General Harmon, Senator Lodge and Speaker Reed, to be printed in *The Youth's Companion* during 1897. This series of articles and the many other brilliant features promised for 1897, show that now, on the eve of its seventy-first birthday, *The Companion* is as wide-awake and as progressive as ever. *The Companion's* Art Calendar, lithographed in twelve colors, is given to each subscriber for the year '97. It is the most costly gift of its kind *The Companion* has ever offered. An illustrated prospectus may be had free by addressing *The Youth's Companion*, 205 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

T. L. CAUDLE, Editor Pro tem.

—'71. The legal profession of South Carolina has always been noted for the ability of its advocates. Perhaps no one has more valiantly assisted in sustaining this reputation of our sister State than Mr. W. P. Trantham, of Camden. Mr. Trantham's disposition has been largely toward criminal practice. During his practice he haa has acted as counsel in forty capital cases, and has been successful in each.

—'78–'83. Mr. W. R. Walters is numbered among the largest planters of Granville County, N. C. Mr. Walters has conducted his farming largely on a scientific basis, and his efforts have been attended with that success which enterprise and energy always demand.

—'79–'82. Mr. E. E. Hilliard is the popular editor of the Scotland Neck *Commonwealth*, Scotland Neck, N. C.

—'82–'84. Dr. J. E. Ashcraft is a physician of great prominence in Monroe, N. C.

—'82–'83. Dr. James R. Rogers, of Raleigh, was elected State Penitentiary physician by the last legislature. Possibly no member of the medical profession enjoys a wider patronage in Raleigh than Dr. Rogers.

—'84. Dr. Charles Lee Smith is Professor of History and Political Science in William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo. He has held this position since '91. Dr. James G. Clark, in writing a history of William Jewell College, speaks of Dr. Smith as follows: "He is a close student and enthusiastic teacher, and possesses to an unusual degree the happy faculty of imparting his enthusiasm to the students under his charge. He is an original investigator, and his methods of instruction are in strict accord with the best modern pedagogical theories."

—'87. Dr. L. L. Vance enjoys a large and paying practice in North Danville, Va.

—'88. Prof. James Henry Simmons is Professor of English in William Jewell College. He has discharged the duties of this position with the most signal success.

—'90–'92. Rev. J. D. Moore, who was a student at the Southern Theological Seminary last year, now has charge of the pastorate at Red Springs, N. C. Mr. Moore possesses that fire, energy and zeal which render him especially popular among the members of his congregation.

—'90–'92. Mr. W. P. Shaw, Jr., a very prominent merchant of Winton, N. C., was recently married to Miss Rosa D. Britton, of Coleraine, N. C.

—'90–'94. Dr. Harry N. Walters recently graduated at the Baltimore Dental College, Baltimore, Md. Dr. Walters, a year prior to his graduation, appeared before the State Medical Board and was granted license to practice dentistry in North Carolina.

—'91–'92. Mr. Aloise Paul Kitchin was licensed by the Supreme Court, in February, to practice law in North Carolina. He has assumed the practice of his brother, Hon. W. W. Kitchin, of Roxboro, who was recently elected to Congress from the fifth district.

—'92. The efforts of Mr. Oliver H. Dockery as a member of the legal profession have been attended with phenomenal success. Mr. Dockery is located at Rockingham, N. C., and in consequence of his truly genial and affable disposition, commands a large and growing clientage.

—'92. We clip the following from the *News and Observer* of the 21st:

At a meeting of the executive committee of the University of North Carolina in the Governor's office yesterday, a new and very much needed professional department was added to this famous institution —the department of pharmacy.

The establishment of this course fills a real and pressing need in the life of the State. For many years the druggists of North Carolina have been endeavoring to found such a department at the University, and they will be glad to hear that it is at last a fact. Students of pharmacy heretofore have been compelled to go north and spend $800 to $1,000 for their training; now it can be accomplished at infinitely less expense, saving the money to themselves and the State.

The course will be two years, leading to the degree of Ph. G. The gentleman chosen as Professor of Pharmacy is Mr. Edward Vernon Howell. Mr. Howell is a graduate of Wake Forest College, having taken the degree of A. B. at that institution in 1892. He then secured a scholarship at Johns Hopkins, but gave it up to go to Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. There he studied under such distinguished men as Remington, Sadtler and Maisch, and graduated in pharmacy in 1894 with the degree of Ph. G. He is a member of the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association, and chairman of the executive committee. He has twice won the Association's prize for original work. He is a young man twenty-six years old, and is now located at Rocky Mount.

—'96. Rev. W. H. Davis is serving, with great satisfaction, several churches in Johnston County.

—'96. Rev. E. J. Harrell is pastor of the Baptist church at Fairview, N. C.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor.

PROFESSOR LANNEAU will lecture in Franklin, Va., April 9.

MISS BESSIE HART, of Louisburg, is visiting her uncle, Dr. J. C. Fowler.

WE WERE glad to see on the Hill, recently, Prof. G. H. Ross, of Oakdale, Alamance County.

MISS ELLEN JOHNSON, of Baltimore, has recently taken charge of the millinery department of Dunn, Dixon & Co.

A BEAUTIFUL eight-room residence is to be built in our town soon by Mr. Z. V. Peed, on the lot between the residences of Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Simmons.

MISS NANNIE KELLY, who is in school at Oxford, spent a short time on the Hill recently, visiting her parents. She was accompanied by Miss Prentiss Wilson, of Raleigh.

ON MARCH the 8th, Lt.-Gov. Reynolds spoke to the students and faculty. He spoke of the scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and gave a very interesting account of his visit to Salt Lake City, and what he saw there.

THE SOCIETIES have elected marshals for Commencement, as follows: Eu.—J. M. Brewer, Jr., W. P. Baldwin and S. J. Honeycutt; Phi.—E. B. Gresham, A. J. Terrell and Loftin Larkin. Of course, we have enjoyed the usual marshal "set up."

THE ALUMNI ADDRESS for Tuesday evening of Commencement week will be delivered by Rev. W. V. Savage, of Tarboro, and the Baccalaureate sermon, on Wednesday evening, will be preached by Rev. F. C. McConnel, of Lynchburg, Va., whose reputation as an orator is too well known to need any comment.

MR. HUGH LONG has gone to Gaffney, S. C., to practice law.

MR. J. D. HUFHAM, who graduated last year, is on the Hill visiting friends.

DR. HATCHER is now holding a meeting of great power. His opening sermon on "What wilt thou that I do unto thee" made a deep impression.

MR. D. T. OATES has formed a partnership with Mr. Cooper, of Clinton, and represents that firm at Fayetteville. Mr. Cooper is also a Wake Forest man.

MR. SOLOMON HOLDING has finished his medical course at Bellevue Hospital, New York, and returned to the Hill. He is not decided where he will locate.

MR. HARRY WALTERS has finished his dental course at Baltimore Dental College, and returned to the Hill. He will have an office at the Holding Hotel for the present.

A VERY NEAT and comfortable "grand-stand" is being erected at the baseball ground. This has been very much needed, and will add much to the pleasure of the on-lookers.

MR. JAMES P. POTEAT, of Milton, N. C., who attended college here during the sixties, is visiting his brother, Prof. W. L. Poteat, and his son, who is attending school at the Academy here.

MISS ELVA DIXON left for Bryn Mawr a few days ago, where she will study to be a trained nurse. She was quite a popular young lady, and will be missed much by her many friends on the Hill.

WE WISH to call the attention of all friends of the STUDENT, and especially the students, to the fact that two of our leading merchants do not advertise with us. Look over our advertisements, and trade *only* with your *friends*. Think of the thousands of dollars spent here directly and indirectly by the students, and you will not need the wisdom of a Solomon to see how ungrateful it is of any merchant to refuse us an advertisement for our magazine.

DR. J. B. POWERS has been selected by the State Medical Association to prepare an essay to be read at their annual meeting, to be held at Morehead City in May. A treat is in store for them. Doctor Powers is not only a very eloquent speaker, but a thorough student.

CHARLES BEVERLY gave us an exhibition on Friday night, March 12th; also on Monday night, the 15th. He is the well-known hypnotist, and truly it seems that his power lies in mesmerism and hypnotism. He does not claim to be able to affect more than one out of ten people, upon an average. Those who were affected by his peculiar power seemed oblivious to everything else, keeping their eyes fixed upon him most of the time, tried to do whatever he wished them to do. They would sleep, dance with broom-sticks, also talk to them, pick strawberries, fish, give serenades, side-shows, and do many other amusing things.

NEW SONGS FOR SCHOOLS.

J. FISCHER & BRO., 7 Bible House, N. Y., have sent us the following new songs:

1. *The Tinker's Song.* (For boys.) J. Wiegand. Price, 40 cents.
2. *The Chinese Umbrella.* (For girls.) Chorus with umbrella drill. C. H. Lewis. Price, 50 cents.
3. *The Crafty Old Spider.* J. Wiegand. Price, 40 cents.

They will prove very interesting to persons who are getting up entertainments at schools or social gatherings. Numbers 1 and 2 are beautiful and attractive action songs, and number 3 contains a good moral lesson for young and old. The music is very tuneful and catchy, while the accompaniments are written in an easy and graceful style.

THE WELL-KNOWN "laughing philosopher," A. W. Hawks, of Baltimore, came on March 6th, and gave us one of his choice selections—"Sunshine." Most of the time he kept his audience laughing, but at times became very pathetic. His theory for sunshine is to help others to get it, and we, also, will find it. One of the most touching illustrations was that of a brave Southern girl who sat beside a wounded soldier as he lay on the battle-field bleeding, and by holding up

his head all night, saved his life. She was happy because she had helped another.

As he never travels on Sunday, he kindly consented to lecture in the evening and at night. His subject in the evening was "Happiness." He claims that it is the duty of every Christian to be happy every day in the year. True happiness belongs not to generals, like Hannibal, neither to politicians, poets or the millionaires, for they seek only wealth, and at last get only coppers with which to close their eyelids.

Tired, lonely, tempted, or at the death-bed, comfort is found in mother's Bible and the study of the life of Christ. He was the happiest of men, although poorer than any man in a poor-house to-day, and was buried in a borrowed tomb. His sufferings were great, but amid it all he was happy. First, one must be self-forgetful. Live for others. Live to give, and not to get. Store up education, not for riches, but for the world. Second, one must be a busy man. Idle man is wicked and vile. There is plenty to do. One must be a man of constant prayer. Pray to the same God as fathers and mothers, though far away. Nothing in life too little to interest God. Christ caught the victory from beyond. He overcame this world.

He spoke very feelingly of his great trial, since he was here in November, in the death of his wife. He reached home one night only to find that the death angel had smoothed away all trace of pain and left only radiant beauty. The man without hope is desolate, and to be pitied.

At night he spoke of "the voice"—strongest force known in time or eternity. Some men want the whole earth, and some think they own it, but the earth gets them when the Great Voice calls. If men go to ruin in North Carolina on account of the licensed saloon, that Voice will hold the people of the State to account. An organ costing a million dollars, and which will make thirteen trillion sounds, can't compare with the human voice. The voice should be *in* the home

and not on the *out*side. Let the voice of father and mother be sweet as in courting days, and keep the boy at home instead of driving him out to fall a prey to the soft tones of the bar-keeper.

A poor girl in Baltimore had not clothes to go to the mission meeting, and he sent her a dress on Saturday evening, and, not seeing her at the meeting on Sunday, went to inquire the reason. The poor girl, amid sobs, told him the pitiful story that her father found it Saturday night and had sold it for drink. Use the voice to help the weak, and in singing old hymns which carry us up to the foot of the Cross. We will carry songs with us when we leave here. Sweetest voice is that of Christ; voice of angels. No man, woman or child died in the sound of Christ's voice. All hope of future is due to Christ's voice in the world, which all hear at some time. At last hear the voice commending in heaven, and enter the place where the voice will be heard forever singing in heaven.

THE MOST instructive and in many respects the best lecture during this term was delivered by Dr. Taylor on the evening of Mareh 18th before the Scientific Society. His subject was hypnotism, and was more interesting because we had seen the practical workings of it.

He first gave us a brief history of the phenomena. Men and women have been influenced from the most ancient times especially by the priests in India, Chaldea, Babylon, Greece and Rome. Theophrastus, or Paracelsus, gave the first clear suggestion in regard to it, but had no name for it. About 1660 came the great faith cures in England. In 1750 Gassner, a Catholic priest in Germany, believed sickness due to devils, and in trying to cast them out helped many.

Among the many experimenters, the most important were Paracelsus, Gassner, Mesmer, Braid, Liebault and Charcot. It aroused much interest when, in 1776, Mesmer went to Paris and around a vat of water containing many curiosities, with soft music coming from an adjoining room, performed

what seemed to the people such wonderful acts. He was offered twenty thousand francs for his secret, which he refused. He could not have explained it had he wished. He aroused such interest in the matter that a committee was appointed to investigate it, and Benjamin Franklin, then being in France, was on the committee. They reported the acts to be really performed, but due to imagination.

James Braid of England made the first scientific use of it in 1842. He left off the trickery, and only required the subject to look steadily for a few minutes at some bright metal. He gave it the name of hynotism, and published a book on it in 1843. Liébault's and Charcot's work is perhaps the most important.

Four theories are advanced to account for it: these are the supernatural, emanation, neurosis and suggestion theories.

The advance of science dispels the spiritualist or supernatural theory, also emanation, as it shows it is not due to any substance passing from the actor to his subject. The neurosis theory claimed that it was due to a morbid condition, and tried to explain it wholly from a physiological view, the fourth claimed that it was all due to suggestion. More than two thousand books have been written on the subject in the last few years.

The best solution is that it is due to the higher and lower nervous systems of the body being thrown out of gear with each other. One set of cells may inhibit (check) another. The lower and higher systems work together when in order, but may work independently. A soldier shot in the leg may not know it at first, as the higher system is in complete control; but the next day, while suffering in the hospital and shut in from the sight of battle, the lower predominates, he feels intense pain, but cannot think. Henry Clay, just recovering from sickness, intended to speak only twenty minutes, but never felt his friend pinching him, and spoke for two hours, as the impression never got to headquarters. It is best illus-

trated by imagining a music-box and an organ combined, so that they may easily be ungeared. Ungear the organ, wind up the music-box, start it on a tune, and it will play it through; but when the organist returns to the key it obeys the organ and works with it.

No well person can unwillingly be affected. It is only necessary to have the mind centered on some object, thereby driving back consciousness. Animal tamers only hypnotize their subjects. An army law in Austria is to hypnotize all horses when shod for the army. A person in this condition would stab another with a paper dagger, but not with a real one, and most subjects are more or less conscious. Suggestions are not carried by a fluid, but by actions. Illustrated by case of a mind-reader who could find a hidden ball when those present knew where it was hidden; but when no one in the room knew where it was, he could not find it.

Deferred suggestions are stored in the lower nervous system, and act on the same principle that a clock wound up will strike at certain times. A man may write without being conscious of it. He gave a very apt illustration in the case of a companion in the war, who every night thought he was writing to and receiving letters from his son, who was in a Northern prison. It was only the lower nervous system communicating with the higher.

This subject is of much value to physicians, as nearly half of the surgical operations in Paris are performed while the patients are hypnotized. No one should be hypnotized more than once, unless a long time intervenes, as they are five times as easily influenced the second time, and twenty times as easy the third time. "Allow no one to trifle with your nervous system."

THE FOLLOWING is the schedule of the Wake Forest College Baseball Team, with the dates, names of teams, and where played: March 26, McCabe's School, Petersburg, Va.; March 27, Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.; March

29, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.; March 30, Richmond College, Richmond, Va.; April 3, University of North Carolina, Raleigh, N. C.; April 5, Philadelphia, Raleigh, N. C.; April 13, Randolph-Macon College, Wake Forest, N. C.; April 16, Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.; April 17, University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.; April 19, S. C. College, Columbia, S. C.; April 24, Trinity College, Durham, N. C.; April 26, Trinity College, Durham, N. C.; April 30, Franklin (Va.), Wake Forest, N. C.; May 1, Franklin (Va.), Wake Forest, N. C. Names of players, in batting order, on the first team that will go out of this State: C., Honeycutt, S. J.; s. s., Mills, L. R., Jr., Captain; c. f., Williams, W. O.; p., Edwards, C. J.; 1 b., Webb, Wm. P., Jr., l. f., Bagley, J. B.; 2 b., Lewis, F. C.; r. f., Camp, R. C.; 3 b., Sams, O. E. Mr. R. H. Gwaltney will catch for us all games played in this State.

EDWARDS & BROUGHTON, PRINTERS AND BINDERS, RALEIGH.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

A FEATHERED FRIEND.

There comes a little bird each morn
  And he sings, sings;
Sweet as call of elfin horn
Is the little warbler's lay,
And he comes at break of day,
  And he sings, sings.

Often, too, in wildest night
  Does he sing, sing;
When the fairies shriek in fright,
And the storm-clouds flee away,
And the morn comes fair as May,
  When he sings, sings.

—*D. A. Tedder.*

SAN MIGUEL DE GUANDAPE.

JAMESTOWN SETTLED EIGHTY-ONE YEARS BEFORE JOHN SMITH.

WALTER CLARK.

It has long been the habit of historians to treat the colonization at Jamestown in 1607 as not only the first permanent settlement in the United States north of St. Augustine, but as the first tentative settlement, except the three ill-fated colonies of Sir Walter Raleigh at Roanoke Island in 1585–87. But, besides the permanent settlement of the Spaniards at

at St. Augustine in Florida in 1565 and at Santa Fé, in what is now New Mexico, about the same date, and the abortive settlement of the French at *Arx Carolina*, and the Spanish Colony at Port Royal, in South Carolina, there was another attempted settlement of the Spaniards on the very site of Jamestown itself, eighty-one years before John Smith ventured upon that historic scene—indeed, years before his adventurous spirit had visited this mundane sphere. Comparatively recent discoveries in the Royal Library at Simancas, in Spain, establish this fact, though it was unknown to Bancroft, and indeed only one historian has noted it. The expedition, too, was more pretentious and far better supplied with men and material than the subsequent English expedition, which is inseparably connected with memories of Capt. John Smith and Pocahontas.

"As early as 1520, Lucas Velasquez de Ayllon, one of the Auditors of the Island of St. Domingo, though possessed of wealth, honors and domestic felicity, aspired to the glory of discovering some new land and making it the seat of a prosperous colony." This was the year that Cortez invaded Mexico, and more than forty years before Menendez made his settlement at St. Augustine. Having procured the necessary authority, D'Ayllon despatched a caravel in 1521 under Francisco Gordillo to explore the North American coast. He fell in with another Spanish caravel under Quexos, whom he persuaded to join him, and they finally landed at a point on the coast, which, by their calculation, was about thirty-three degrees and thirty minutes at the mouth of a river, which was possibly the Cape Fear River in North Carolina. They sent men ashore and formally took possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain. Though strictly enjoined to open friendly relations with the natives, they seized some seventy Indians to carry off to sell as slaves, and made no attempt at colonization. On their return, the act was condemned by a commission presided over by Diego Columbus, and the In-

dians were declared free and directed to be conveyed to their native land. D'Ayllon proceeded to Spain with Francisco, one of the Indians, who told of a giant King and many provinces, and, on June 12, 1523, obtained a royal *cedula* giving him many and exclusive privileges for the purpose of colonizing the country and converting the Indians—their enslavement being expressly prohibited. He sent out two caravels to the new continent under Pedro de Quexos, who explored the coast for 750 miles, setting up at various points stones to commemorate taking possession of the country in the name of Charles V. He returned to Santo Domingo in July, 1525, bringing one or two Indians from each province to act as interpreters in the contemplated expedition of colonization. At this juncture D'Ayllon was hindered by the law suit of a rival, who sought to invalidate his grant from the King, and also by the delay in the arrival from Spain of a store of artillery and supplies.

At length D'Ayllon set sail from Puerto de la Plata, with three large vessels, early in June, 1526. As missionaries he took the famous Dominican, Antonio de Montesinos, who was the first to denounce Indian slavery (long prior to Las Casas) and with him, Father Antonio de Cervantes and Brother Pedro de Estrada, both of the same order. The ships carried six hundred persons of both sexes, including physicians both for the souls and bodies of the colonists, and one hundred horses. The expedition, it will be thus seen, was far superior in both numbers and supplies to the English expedition, eighty-one years later, which contained one hundred and five men, of whom we are told "only twelve were laborers and very few mechanics; forty-eight were gentlemen and four carpenters." D'Ayllon reached the coast at the mouth of a river, which he named the Jordan, and which is supposed to have been the Wateree in South Carolina. Here he lost one of his vessels, but built a smaller vessel to supply its place—the first ship built on this continent. Francisco, his guide

here, deserted, and, the reports of the country being unfavorable, D'Ayllon moved along up the coast. At the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, being pleased with the view, he entered and proceeded up James River. He selected as a site for his colony a fair peninsula on the northern bank of the river and fifty miles from its mouth, which he named Guandape, and on which Jamestown was afterwards located. On its future site he founded a settlement, which he christened San Miguel de Guandape. Here he found only a few scattered Indian dwellings, each one hundred feet long, formed of pine posts and covered with thick tops of pine trees, capable of housing large numbers of Indians. The land was low and swampy and the location proved to be malarial, as the English found to be the case nearly a century later. The Spaniards began work in good earnest, the heaviest labor being done by negro slaves, the first ever introduced upon this continent, which the institution was destined to curse till near three and a half centuries had passed away. Winter came on before the buildings were completed, and proved to be unusually severe. Some men were frozen to death on board the vessels lying in the river, but before that the malaria of the ill-chosen spot had pronounced itself, and many colonists sickened and died. D'Ayllon, having probably exposed himself to the sun and weather too freely to encourage his men, was severely attacked with fever and died on the 18th of October, 1526.

He left the temporary command of the colony to Francisco Gomez, till his nephew, John Ramirez, should arrive from Porto Rico. Troublous times were at hand, for a rebellion sprang up, headed by Gines Doncel and Pedro de Bazan, who seized the constituted authorities, including the temporary governor, and placed them all in confinement. This was put down by a counter revolution, which restored them after a civil war, and Bazan was tried for treason and put to death.

This continent was destined not to become Spanish but English, not Catholic but Protestant. The colony which

had such an unfortunate and stormy beginning was soon abandoned. The next Spring, the body of D'Ayllon was placed on a tender and the remnant of the expedition set sail from San Miguel, but the tender foundered at sea, and the ocean rolls above the resting place of the restless adventurer whose keel had tracked its waters in a vain quest for fame, wealth and honors. Of the six hundred souls who had left Santo Domingo with hearts beating high with hope, one hundred and fifty dejected and fever-worn survivors regained that island.

The records and maps of the expedition fully demonstrate that D'Ayllon's settlement at San Miguel de Guandape was on the identical spot afterwards settled by the English. Ecija, the *Piloto mayor* of Florida, and who had in his possession these early charts, was sent in 1609 to find out what the English were doing at Jamestown, and he reported that the later settlement was on the same spot as that which had been selected by D'Ayllon for his colony of San Miguel.

The principal material for the history of the expedition is preserved in unpublished manuscript in the Royal Library at Simancas in Spain. Indeed the details are fully given in the legal proceedings which resulted from, as they had also preceded, the expedition. For what little is known, the world is largely indebted to the labors of that conscientious and accurate historian, Justin Winsor.* But it fell not in the scope of his labors to explore more fully the history of this ill-starred colony, the earliest on the continent north of Mexico. Doubtless some one who has the time, learning and patience, to decipher the pages of the long-forgotten litigation, will yet give the world the full details of this tragedy on our shores, which was so poignant and full of grief to many at the time, but which has now been brought to light again only after the waves of more than three centuries and a half of oblivion have rolled over and submerged them.

"There were brave men before Agamemnon," and we now

*Winsor's Critical and Narrative History of U. S., Vol. 2, pp. 240, 241 and 285.

know that nearly a century before the Englishman John Smith, there was the Spaniard Lucas Velasquez D'Ayllon, and that eighty-one years before the English Colony of Jamestown, on the same spot stood the Spanish settlement of San Miguel de Guandape.

Raleigh, N. C.

FRANZ AND NELLIE.

TOLBERT H. LACY, '98.

Franz and his violin were true friends, tried through an acquaintance through half of Franz's life. He used to tell his mother, when she asked him if he loved Nellie, that his violin was his sweetheart; and truly it seemed to be so. Franz made his violin his constant companion, at first for his father's sake, because his father wanted him to become a great violinist, and later, on account of his genuine love for the little instrument.

The violin had been a family relic for four or five generations. There was a tradition that one of the ancestors had received it as a present from an Italian Prince, for whom he had once risked his life. Be that as it may, the violin bore some faded name on the inside of its back, with the date: "Fecitur 1693." Franz's father had, in his youth, been a beautiful performer; but he had lost three fingers from his left hand, at Chancellorsville, and had given Franz the violin on his ninth birthday.

Franz was eternally practicing, and he learned to play with wonderful skill. His nature was the very spirit and soul of music, aud he could make his violin sing and laugh, or shout with delight at the mere joy of living; and sometimes, when he was suffering with "the blues," he would lay his cheek against the little instrument, and draw his bow across the strings, and it would wail and sob like a heart-broken child, or sigh like a young girl in love.

Never was hound more obedient to his master's will than was that violin to the will of Franz; and Franz had invested the little collection of wood and cat-gut with a living spirit, which he loved more than he did anything else on earth, except, perhaps, his mother—and his cigarettes.

Franz was only eighteen, but he was an old-time cigarette-smoker. He had learned the habit, no one knew how, six years before, when he was a little boy, and now he was always smoking.

His father had thrashed him, his mother had entreated him, his physician had warned him of the wrath to come when outraged Nature should avenge her wrongs, but it was all in vain. "Yes, I know I'm going to die, and I suppose my cigarettes are hurrying up the date of my funeral; but that funeral is still far away, in the misty future, and my cigarettes are here at hand. Moreover, when I am in my grave, where will I be able to get any cigarettes? I'm going to smoke while I can; I don't want to stop, and I won't stop." Thus would he answer all the arguments, which the older heads advanced for his benefit; or, as he said, for the detriment of his peace of mind. Poor boy! He found the error of his way when it was all too late.

Franz with his violin used to spend much of his time in the pine woods, just across the pasture from the house. There he would lie for hours, prone on his back, looking up through the green boughs of the tall pines, out to the blue heaven above, where the clouds were floating. He would dream dreams, sometimes wonderfully beautiful dreams, about the people who lived in the clouds, and how much they must love to roll down those long, gentle slopes, and to dive far down into the soft, billowy depths of the cool, white clouds. Here he would lie and dream and smoke, and smoke again, until his cigarettes were all gone.

Sometimes he would forget to smoke, and would sit leaning against a big pine tree and play. Often his music was con-

fined to efforts to mimic the calls of the birds, and he succeeded in this so well that he had the mocking-birds nonplussed; but quite frequently he would tell his violin of his dreams, and then the old violin would catch the spirit of his reverie, and, under the touch of his gentle fingers, it would tell all about the way the little boy and girl in the moon were frightened nearly to death by that terrible old man in the Moon, and how, when they were running away from him, hand in hand, they had tumbled over the edge of the moon; and how they had fallen into one of those great fleecy, clouds, and had lived there ever since. Or, perhaps, it was the story of the spirit of the South Wind, that wandered among the tree-tops in search of his lost Albatross, and sighed, and sang such melancholy songs, because he couldn't find her. But sometimes even that faithful spirit would grow weary of his fruitless search, and would stop and play with the apple-trees that were in bloom in the orchard, or with the lilac bushes in the front yard. Once he even had the courage to go searching around in Franz's violin, to find a bunch of violets that Nellie had put into it for him.

Franz didn't know, until that evening in the pines, how much he loved Nellie; and even then he didn't dream the half of her love for him. He never knew how much she loved him, unless the dead can know our thoughts.

That day they were in the woods together, Nellie and Franz; Nellie was leaning against Franz's favorite tree, and he was stretched out, full-length, on the pine needles; his head was close to her side, and she would pull his long curly brown hair sometimes. He was telling her, with his violin, the story of the little boy and girl in the moon, but she couldn't understand it, although she said it was just beautiful. So he told the story in language more comprehensible to her than the violin's talk. This time, however, the boy and girl were youth and maiden, when they finished their fall to the moon, and the boy had a violin. "He loved the girl, too," Franz said, "more than he did before."

When he had finished the tale, she bent down her head and kissed him once, at which he was very much surprised. She had always vowed, before, that she never would kiss him.

Fránz told her next day that the spirit of the South Wind had stopped whispering to the pines about his lost Albatross, and had held his breath in wonder at that kiss, and that afterwards he had sighed a little over his lost youth (it was late in September then), and had laughed a little over the folly of young people; then he had gone away to the orchard, and the oak woods beyond, so as not to intrude.

With that one kiss had come to Franz, deep in his heart of hearts, the knowledge that he loved Nellie more than he did his violin or his cigarettes. He was afraid to tell her this, but he stopped smoking altogether. He told his mother that he didn't think it right for a boy of his intelligence and good looks to kill himself smoking; but he had already killed himself.

The very day after he smoked his last cigarette he had a violent hemorrhage from the lungs, and the blood was yellow with nicotine. That frightened Franz terribly; and, what was worse than the fright, he was afraid to tell anyone of it. He and his violin had to keep their awful secret, but not for long.

A week after that first hemorrhage, Franz went out to the pines, alone, to dream out a waltz. He wanted to play something new at the dance that was to be given in honor of Nellie's birthday. He was getting to be in a good waltzing humor, and had played over a snatch of song that had occurred to him, when a rabbit ran past him. He sprang up at once, and dashed off in pursuit of the little creature, but he had run only a short race, when that awful pain in the chest seized him. He stopped at once and laid down—his lungs were bleeding violently. When he had rested for some time, although his lungs continued to bleed, he got up and staggered back to his violin and his tree. He took up his note-book and

wrote down a few measures of his new waltz, but his strength failed so fast that he became afraid, and began a note to his mother. He told her what had caused the hemorrhage, and asked her to love Nellie for his sake. She had always been jealous of Nellie. Then he tucked the note under his violin strings.

In spite of his determination to die erect, his head dropped lower and lower, until his violin was crushed between his breast and his knees; but he never knew that.

Poor Nellie found him there, just at sunset. He had fallen to his side, and the red glory of the sun, gleaming through a vista in the trees, was shining on his beautiful hair and his cold, dead face! And the dear old spirit of the South Wind had forgotten his own grief, and was spending his dying breath in singing a sweet, gently solemn requiem over the death and grief of his friends.

A GERMAN PROFESSOR.

J. H. GORRELL.

As the sun was setting behind the low hills of Saxony, the slow and rickety little train that carried us from Bitterfeld made a sharp turn, and the spires and towers of the distant city of Leipzig came into view. One naturally experiences a peculiar feeling in drawing near to a place unknown and interesting, and this feeling was strongly intensified by the flood of historical recollections suggested by the name, Leipzig. This old city has been for hundreds of years one of the literary centres of Europe, and her people have always shown themselves to be the generous friends of liberty and free-thought. Here, from the earliest times, vast multitudes have gathered yearly from all parts of Germany and Europe in the celebrated *Leipzigermessen* and converted the city into a ver-

itable Vanity Fair. Here the clashing religious factions of the Reformation-time listened to the impassioned discussions of Luther and Eck. And, three hundred years later, at the gates of Leipzig the Battle of the Nations was fought and the invading host of Napoleon was turned back in disastrous retreat toward France.

> "Mein Leipzig lob' ich mir,
> Es est ein klein Paris und bildet seine Leute."

But old Leipzig looked peaceful and unpretending enough, as I alighted at the Bavarian Station and made my way to the modest little hotel Stadt Nuernberg.

In the *café* that evening I made only two inquiries—one for the whereabouts of Auerbach's Cellar with its delightful reminiscences of Faust, the other for the abode of a Professor in the celebrated University, who by his masterly works on Phonetics and Anglo-Saxon Grammar and Poetry had made himself an object of veneration to all students of English Philology—Professor Sievers.

The low-vaulted Auerbach's Hof had, of course, to be visited first, and an hour was spent there among the noisy students, made still more realistic of olden times by the constant sight of the fantastic mural painting of Dr. Faustus' egress from the cellar on a wine-cask.

Then my course directed itself to the beautiful University buildings on Augustus Square. It has always been a custom with me to feel my way very carefully in seeking out the mysteries of so venerable an institution, and, just as I had done a few days before at Berlin, I began by a scrupulous perusal of the various announcements by the professors. Among them I distinctly recollect the announcement of the death of an old phililogus and of the invitation by the *Rector Magnificus* to the students to be present at the celebration of the last academic honors to the aged professor.

Venturing through the large folding-doors of the vestibule,

my eyes fell upon the inscription, *nach den Hoersaelen*, written above the marble staircases. Arriving at the top of these stairs, I found myself in a magnificent marble hall, into which open the doors of the numerous lecture-rooms. The passage ways were crowded with boisterous students—some loafing along the walls, munching a piece of bread and watching the passers-by, others busily discussing pet theories with hands full of manuscripts and heads presumably as full of cobwebs. A great number have the left cheek gashed with ugly blows of the *Schlaeger* and these, together with others, who have perhaps not yet taken part in the duel, wear curious caps of various colors and a tri-colored ribbon running diagonally across the shirt front, announcing to the world that the proud owner is a member of the University corps.

I had little trouble in finding the lecture-room of Germanic Philology and under the direction of a young American student, who showed me marked kindness during my sojourn in Leipzig, I entered and secured a seat. It was not long before a general shuffling of feet and a slight applause announced the entrance of a professor, and the well-known K—— B—— ascended the platform, uttered a curt address to the audience, then turned his back to the students and read off his lecture in a rapid monotome. His subject was "Middle High German Poetry," but all the poetical spirit was hidden under a mass of metrical rules and exceptions, which were recited with great gusto to the blackboard and seemed to me to be as devoid of life as the bald rear portion of our professor's head, almost the only part of him that was in view of the audience.

I confess I was bored; some of the foreign students yawned significantly, but the professor's German admirers took down religiously every word spoken,

> "des Schreibens ja befleisst,
> Als diktierte der Heilig' Geist,"

in Goethe's irreverent words.

"This is, then," said I, "the traditional German lecture; at any rate it is extremely soothing to strained nerves," and I quietly spent the remaining portion of the hour in taking a survey of as much of the city as could be seen from the open window. At last the concluding gong was sounded, and, without taking a single look at his hearers, the professor abruptly gathered together the leaves of his manuscript, made a dash for the door, and was free.

During the intermission of some ten minutes, the janitor entered and placed everything in order for the next lecture; the seats were vacated and afterwards reoccupied, and the room gradually filled almost to overflowing—a sure sign of the popularity of the professor. A moment or two of waiting, and the door opened. Immediately the whole assembly rose to their feet and stood in reverent silence till the professor ascended to his desk.

"That is Professor Sievers," whispered my friend, and with great interest I looked to see what manner of man he was—a large, thick-set body, an enormous head, a reddish beard, a broad, rather rugged forehead, and thick growth of sandy hair over which there was evidently little control, for it bristled forth in every direction. Yet his face was a most pleasant and attractive one, not handsome, but bearing marks of labor; there were in it also evidences of infinite endurance and best of all a kindliness and sympathy for the toiling student. Every movement bore signs of that immense energy which conquers all things and enables the Germans to accomplish their miracles of scholarship.

Unlike his predecessor, Professor Sievers faced his audience, paid little attention to his manuscript, and *talked.* From the introductory *Meine Herren* to the close of his lecture he had the undivided attention of every student; the most uninesting problems of phonetics seemed to take on new life under his magic touch; his voice, naturally unmelodious, seemed to thrill with enthusiasm as he told of the triumphs of modern

philology; absorbed with interest he would unconsciously lean far over his desk and illustrate his rules of phonetic change by scores of examples drawn from a dozen languages, appealing for confirmation, now to a Swede, now to a Dane, to a Norwegian, to a Frenchman, and to an Englishman, among his students. There was no ceremony, no conventionality; all the barriers that separate a professor from his students were broken down, and we felt only as if we were following a great leader, whose aim it was to help us over the pitfalls and bring us safely to the goal.

Before I left America I had fortunately obtained a letter of introduction to Professor Sievers, and I had hitherto felt some slight hesitancy in presenting it; but his first appearance to me was so reassuring, that I looked forward even with delight to his next *Sprechstunde*, when I should have an opportunity of meeting him face to face.

As the hour came on I made my appearance as presentable as possible—which, alas, was not to be boasted of, considering the little baggage I had allowed myself—and made my way out of the city, through some barren commons, to an ancient suburb called Gohlis. Rain had fallen during the night and I had to choose my path very carefully through the muddy lanes and courts of the little village, till I stood in front of Turnerstrasse, 26.

My card and note of introduction admitted me at once into the study—a large sombre room, supplied with numerous shelves of books, dark-green upholstered chairs, and desks and tables covered with books and papers. I was cordially received by the professor, and the conversation naturally turned upon his acquaintances at the Johns Hopkins and upon the difference of German and American Universities methods. At this point we were interrupted by a tap at the door, and in walked a newly-fledged Doctor of Philosophy, in full dress, bearing triumphantly a copy of his dissertation, which he presented with great ceremony to his professor. This formal

visit over, we resumed our conversation, now discussing English Philology and kindred problems. He accepted very graciously a little piece of work I had done along this line and, looking through the pages, he observed that his interest in this study was as great as ever, "though I've had to abandon it for some time," said he—"we University men are overloaded now with Germanics."

He gave me an urgent invitation to go with him next day to his Seminar, and, after a hearty hand-shake, I withdrew with feelings of mingled pleasure and admiration.

Promptly the next morning I was at the door of his lecture-room, and together we directed our course to the old University buildings. After missing his way once or twice in his absent-mindedness, he led me through the narrow *Grimmasche-Steinweg* and entered a lofty old building. We ascended stairs after stairs until I thought there was no end to them, and at last entered a large dark room with the low ceiling of ancient days. The benches and desks were old and defaced by the hands of generations of students who have studied here for a hundred years or more. I was eyed very curiously by the fifty or sixty men present when we came into the room; but I soon secured a seat and the work began. The Old High German text of Tatian was the subject, and for two hours there was a ceaseless succession of reading, literary interpretation and philological exposition. Question after question was fired at the heads of the students, and question after question was asked in return, and lively discussion of interesting passages was freely indulged in. In it all Sievers showed himself the consummate teacher, always ready with an answer from the marvellous stores of his knowledge, never showing any trace of ill-humor with those who were slow to comprehend, combining a wonderful nervous energy with the care and cautiousness of the true scholar.

I need not give in detail other meetings with Professor

Sievers; suffice it to say that they were as charming and stimulating as those I have recounted.

On the morning of my departure I called to say good-bye. With unaffected simplicity he told me of his pleasure in meeting with students from America, and of his regret that his great pressure of academic duties had not allowed him to do more for me during my stay in Leipzig. A greeting to his friends in America, a warm grasp of the hand, and we parted.

Professor Sievers celebrates this year his twenty-fifth anniversary as professor in the Universities of Germany, and his enthusiastic pupils in all parts of Europe and in America have published in his honor a magnificent jubilee volume as a testimony of their love and admiration. They have gathered together the choicest fruits of philology and laid them affectionately at the feet of their old master. No more worthy tribute could be paid to a truly great man—great not only in his lecture-room and in his seminar, but also in his every-day associations with his followers. Even with my short acquaintance, I feel that somehow the stony paths of linguistic science are less arduous, for I have obtained a glimpse, slight though it may be, into the inner life of that prince of teachers and scholars, Eduard Sievers.

QUATRAIN.

R. C. L.

From willow branch aloft the cat-birds sing,
And cheer the silent woods and streams;
What joy into my soul their matins bring,
And fond recollections of bygone dreams.

swarm of diseases upon men. The bare suggestion of pain was enough to call up the name of Pandora, and doubtless a jumping toothache brought a shower of blows on the innocent wife; for was not a woman the cause of it all? And are not all women descended from Pandora? "From her," says Hesiod with great seriousness, "is the race of female women; as a great bane they live with mortal men, no sharers of dire poverty, but of abundance: but as when, in the vaulted hives, the bees feed the drones, skilled in evil works, all day long, until the sun goes down, they ply their work, day in, day out, and store away the white honey-combs; but the drones, staying in the covered hives, reap the harvest of another's labor into their own belly. Just so Zeus, the loud-thunderer, gave mortal men an evil, women skilled in grievous works." Out of justice to Hesiod, we must say that he makes some very astute remarks on marriage. Ma ry a maiden, for she can be taught; marry one of your neighbors, and look very sharp not to marry to please your friends. "For man makes booty of nothing better than a good wife, and nothing more terrible than a bad one."

And so the lampoons were kept up. About 650 B. C. Simonides of Amorgus wrote in biting iambics a satire on women which, without possessing much literary worth, has been preserved to show how well the Greeks had come to relish such literature. I can quote only a few random lines from the conclusion. "For Zeus devised this as the greatest evil—women. Even if they seem to be of any benefit, when a man gets one he finds out what a bane she is, for a man who lives with a woman never passes a whole day in peace. But his neighbors rejoice in seeing what a blunder he has made. Still, every man will be praising his own wife when he mentions her, and finding fault with the other man's—they don't know that their lot is the same."

This seems bad enough, but the climax is not reached until Hipponax has had his say: "Two days of a woman's life are

she receives from the hands of Hector, now ready to return to the field of battle, her infant son, "like to a beautiful star." There is something extremely modern about the anxiety of Penelope for her grown-up boy, Telemachus, who left home without telling her where he was going, and for the reason, sometimes regarded as valid to-day, that he was afraid he could not go if he told her.

As for aged mothers, nothing in the whole field of literature is more truly pathetic than the speech of the shade of his mother to Odysseus: "Thus also I was destroyed, and drew on my doom; neither did the well-aiming goddess that delights in arrows come upon me in the palace and slay me with her gentle shafts, nor did any disease come upon me which, especially with hateful wasting-away, drives the life from the members, but my yearning for thee, and my cares for thee, and my tender feeling for thee, glorious Odysseus, took away my honey-sweet life."

These further points may be noted. There is sufficient evidence that Homer knew something of the kind of women that made Solomon look upon the corner of a house-top as such a desirable place. Beauty and intelligence in women exacted the same tribute as to-day. When a woman took it into her head, she could outwit five score of men and ninety-five more, but a pedler from across the seas could outwit her.

When we leave Homer we plunge into a Newfoundland fog, which grows darker and darker until the glory of Greece has departed. Everything turns against woman, but especially literature. It is Hesiod that begins the dark work. He very piously prefaces by telling us that he is going to tell us the truth, and then turns to embellishing the tale of Pandora's box. Now, it is to be noticed that the story of the Fall has been used by many to justify ill-treatment of women, but as the majority are bad, and roll sin as a sweet morsel under their tongues, they have been willing to forgive Eve. Not so with Pandora. She turned loose not sin, but a whole

heart and soul; the day shall come for holy Ilios to be laid low, and Priam and the folk of Priam of the good ashen spear. Yet doth the anguish of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble me, neither Hekabe's own, neither King Priam's, neither my brethren's, the many and brave that shall fall in the dust before their foemen, as doth thine anguish when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee weeping and rob thee of the light of freedom..... But me in death may the heaped-up earth be covering, ere I hear thy crying and thy carrying into captivity." And the wife in turn was as tender; her husband was her all in all. "Nay, Hector," says Andromache, "thou art to me father and lady mother, yea and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband." And the wife was faithful through many trials, as the story of Penelope goes to prove. The home life seems to have been charming. The wife was regarded as the intellectual and moral companion of her husband. She graced his hospitable hall with her presence and conversation, and a good conversationalist she was as women have ever been. When Telemachus visits the home of Menelaus, Helen comes into the hall from her fragrant high-vaulted chamber. One servant provides her a seat, another brings in her richly-wrought work-basket; she at once enters the conversation and conducts it with great tact. She sees that her guest has a comfortable bed, and when he leaves has a rich gift for him, independent of her husband. But the best commentary on the relations of husband and wife are the words of Odysseus to Nausicaa: "May the gods grant thee all thy heart's desire: a husband and a home and a mind at one with his may they give, for there is nothing better and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart in a house; they are a great bane to their enemies, but to their friends a great joy, yet they feel best their joy themselves."

As a mother the Homeric woman has all the pride, tenderness and affection that the name suggests to-day. The sunshine of a smile breaks through the tears of Andromache as

a stove-polish manufacturer, in the dawn the appreciative Greek saw the presence of a goddess, ever young, ever beautiful, ever beneficent.

Coming to creatures of flesh and blood, it is in Homer that we find Greek womahood at its best. From the story of Nausicaa we gain some views of the bright dream of a girl's life a thousand years before Christ. She is a beautiful princess and all around her is beautiful; the maid-servants that sleep in her room are beautiful; her room is beautiful, and her dress is beautiful, too. She dreams soft, sweet dreams of marriage and goes to looking after her wedding trousseau, for she desires to be well spoken of and to please her father and motherr In the freedom of that unconventional age she goes, accompanied only by her maid-servants, driving a span of mules far from the city, to wash her clothes against the day of her wedding. After the work is done they engage in a game of ball. Their shouts awaken the ship-wrecked Odysseus sleeping near by. When he appears clad only in an improvised mantle of leaves her companions flee; not so Nausicaa. Strong in the strength of maidenhood she remains. Instinctively Odysseus feels a "sudden admiration and blank awe," and he keeps a respectful distance while he frames the wiliest speech of the man of many wiles—a speech so full of sly compliment and outspoken admiration that it might have turned the head of a girl of a much later period than Nausicaa's. But she answers him simply and directly, gives him clothes and conducts him to the city, only she will not suffer him to enter the city with her out of regard for her good name among the townsmen. Her conduct is ever free, but ever pure womanly.

But it is as wife and mother that the Homeric woman stands in such favorable contrast to all other women of antiquity. The wife was her husband's only idol, for polygamy was foreign to the temperate people of Hellas. He felt very tenderly towards her; she was his "fair prize," his "blameless wife." Hector says to Andromache: "Yea of a surety I know this in

everything, as Mr. Lafcadio Hearn tells us, is neuter. The languages of European peoples with their masculine and feminine, the architecture with its symmetry, the harmonious symphony of the music, and the ideas of proportion and form in the sculpture and painting, show what a chastening and elevating influenee the just appreciation of woman had towards reaching higher ideals. Beauty and strength, woman and man, and a sphere for each! It is this idea working in the brains of a thousand generations that has borne such rich fruit.

And now, while we are hearing so much of the "new woman," when Dr. Mary Walker, attired in the garb of a male, attends President McKinley's reception, and women lawyers plead in the police courts of New York, and the portraits of Dr. Talmage and the Rev. Thos. Dixon, Jr., are torn from the bill boards to make room for the more beautiful one of Miss Jones, and when, O, wonderful creation of womanhood, a woman's Bible has come from the press to call *men* to repentance, it may not be amiss to take a little retrospect and try to gain a few glances of womanhood in Greece.

Long before Homer wrote of Helen and Penelope, the Greeks had learned the love and tenderness of women. This we know from their language and mythology. All the gentler aspects of nature, all the kinder affections of the minds, all the cardinal virtues, were looked upon as feminine. The earth was the kind mother of all; one's father land and city were feminine. The divinity that personated the prime Greek virtue of self-control was Pallas Athene, and in the practical concerns of every-day life the Greeks most often turned to a female divinity, to a Hera, an Artemis, an Aphodite. In the fountain, on the mountain, in the depths of the sea, dwelt beautiful female forms, which the Greek imagination afterwards chiseled into life. And in that most beautiful of all natural phenomena, known to many of us, alas! only by the description of Edward Everett Hale or the advertisement of

bad for them poor fellers to have ter stay in the riggin' all night, but, as the old sayin' is, what can't be cured must be endured."

Just then it was noticed that the ship was moving. The rising tide, together with the beating of the waves, had gradually worked the ship across the "outer shoal," and she was making straight for the beach. She stopped some fifty or sixty yards from the shore, making a very sublime spectacle. The distress signals were plainly seen at the head of the masts, as she reeled back and forth. We could also see dark objects in the rigging, which we took to be men. The great waves broke over her "fore and aft," sending the spray fifty or sixty feet in the air. The popping of the main sail, which had blown loose, could be distinctly heard above the roaring, crashing sound of the breakers. It took only a few moments to shoot a line aboard, and the work of saving the crew began. The first to be landed was the captain's daughter, then his wife, and after her, one by one of the sailors. The captain was the last to be landed, but all reached the shore safely. They were in a half-frozen condition, but dry clothes and a warm room soon made them comfortable.

I left the station the next day, but from that night's experience I have always had a feeling of admiration for the courage and bravery of those rough, uncultured men, whose lives are spent in saving the lives of others.

SOME PHASES OF GREEK WOMANHOOD.

G. W. PASCHAL.

Across the bright page of European civilization is written the sacred name of woman. The marked characteristic of the great achievements of the Aryan people has been the element of femininity, while in eastern countries, like Japan,

our orders. Them fellers up at Washington City don't know nuthin' 'bout the life-savin' bizness. They send some stiff-necked feller down here every now and then, and he struts around givin' us orders thus and so. 'Twas purty weather then, but I reckon if he had to be neshiated sich a night as this he'd have more pity for us fellers. That's the way of the world, one half wears their shins off blackin' the boots of the other half. I guess, though, we ought not ter complain, hit's our own bargin, and we wus mighty glad ter make it too, but like all other fools we looked only at the money that wus in it, and never thought once uv hit's hardships."

Just then the door flew open, and in rushed one of the patrol-men, all wet and shivering, his shaggy beard covered with sleet. "Rack ashore!" he cried, "in the outer breakers." In a few moments everyone was at his post, and down went the life-boat across the beach. Peering through the darkness we could see the dark form of the wreck, with distress signals burning in the rigging. The fierce wind was sweeping along the bleak beach, and driving the sand and frozen rain in our faces, while the huge waves were rolling in, one after another in rapid succession, and breaking with the noise of thunder on the beach. It seemed like going into the very jaws of death to attempt the rescue, and yet the brave captain felt that his orders and duty bade him go. A short consultation between the captain and crew was held, and then everything was made ready. I could but admire the bravery and courage of the faithful men, but I felt sure that it meant death to attempt to board the ship. The boat was dragged to the very water's edge, but the huge waves came piling in with such terrific force, that even the brave captain hesitated before giving the final order. At length he said: "Boys hit's no use, that boat haint never bin timbered that 'ud ride sich waves as them. Hit 'ud only be throwin' our lives away ter attempt it. Maybe she'll not go ter pieces afore mornin', and then we can see better what ter do and how ter do it. Hit's turribul

A NIGHT IN A LIFE-SAVING STATION.

C. B. PAUL.

It was a cold, stormy night in January. A group of hardy men sat around a warm stove in the sitting-room of a life-saving station. The cold wind was sweeping furiously around the north corner of the building, and whistling through the rigging which had been fixed to a tall pole, representing a ship's mast. At first all seemed jolly and gay as each one told some startling tale of his adventure at sea, or his experience in the life-saving service. Little by little the interest decreased, and finally a stillness settled over the whole crew. Probably they were thinking of the long cold beat that each must walk before morning, or perhaps sympathizing with their comrades at sea, on such a fearful night. The old clock by the wall, ticking slowly, counted the moments away, heedless of the fierce storm that was raging without. In spite of the roaring of the wind without, and the rattling of the sleet against the window panes, all was so still within that one could not but feel that something dreadful was impending. Presently a gust of wind brought such a cloud of sand and fine shells against the north window that it startled every one. The captain, a great brawny man, sprang upon his feet, and began to pace up and down the room. All watched him eagerly, but no one spoke.

Finally he said, "Boys I'm afeard we're agoin' to have some tough work afore mornin'; I feel it in me, an' like as not every mother's son uv us ul be layin' keel up afore daylight. This is a bad night, turribul bad; don't think I've seen a wus since I been in the sarvis. Hit's low water now, and if a ship is forced ter run she'll fetch up on the outer shoal sartin, and that means we've got ter man that life-boat and go to 'er, or leastwise try it. That boat haint never had a keel on 'er that ud float out thar sich a night ez this. But lah! what difference does that make? We've got ter go, that's

slipped upon the oily floor. The madman gazed an instant upon the prostrate form, and then with a mighty effort seized the body in his arms and tossed it from the cab. Then he turned, pulled the throttle wide open, and laughed fiendishly as the speed of the train rapidly increased. In the cars the conductor knew something was wrong. He signaled to stop, but no attention was paid to the calls of the rope. Then he started to investigate. They were already on the steep downgrade to the river, and the train was swaying and jerking as it rounded the curves. The engineer was straining his eyes to pierce the gloom in front, when the headlight showed the form of the river bridge. A thought of the past came into his mind. He thought of the night of the disaster when so many lives were lost. He closed the throttle, applied the air-brakes, and then fell back in a faint. When the conductor reached the engine he beheld, to his amazement, the dead body of the fireman and the fainted engineer. They revived him with water, and he asked, excitedly:

"What's happened, Captain?"

He was perfectly sane. Passing over the place of the accident had caused a shock which restored his mind. But his memory was gone. From the time of the accident he remembered nothing save the fact of his stopping the train on that last run.

They tried him for his life—for the murder of the fireman and the engineer. The trial wore its length along wearily. Medical testimony was introduced in abundance, for the life of the engineer hinged upon whether the jury would believe that such a consequence could follow from a second shock. In the end science triumphed and an acquittal was secured.

John Brewer went into the world a sane, free man. But he never went into the railroad business again. He seemed to have an aversion to everything connected with the railway service. His experiences had broken his nervous organism, and he died, prematurely, a miserable death.

proached. Then he would lean far out of the window, and shrieks of insane laughter told the engineers on the passing trains that the poor fellow was still mad. Finally he had to be moved. "It makes our engineers nervous to see him," said the railway authorities. So they moved him to his former room. For a few days following he was wild and delirious. Then came a long calm. The physicians said he was recovering. Finally they allowed him some extent of liberty.

It was a dark night, the counterpart of the one with which our story opened. The asylum was wrapped in slumber. In his room, with the cunning of a maniac, John Brewer was planning his escape. No sense of fear came to him as he gazed from his high window to the ground beneath. He tore his sheet into shreds and strung them from the window. Then he began to descend. Half the perilous way was made, when the slender cords broke and John fell stunned and bleeding to the ground. When he regained consciousness it was raining softly, and the darkness was intense. Slowly and carefully he began to make his way to the railway shops. How anxiously he listened to every suspicious sound. Overhead the soughing of the tree tops filled him with glee. The spirit of a demon was within him. His gait quickened as he neared the station. There stood his train—his old 99—nearly ready for her trip south. The fireman and engineer were in the cab eating their supper. They did not see the figure of a man crawl upon the tender and conceal himself. The bell rang, and the train pulled out.

On it sped through the hills and valleys, rushing through the night. The engineer, leaning out of the cab, did not see a heavy iron bar descend upon the head of his fireman, but he heard his agonized shriek, and quickly turning, found himself in the grapple of one whom he recognized as the mad engineer of No. 99. Then commenced a death struggle in the swaying cab. On one hand fear, and on the other determination, struggled for the mastery. Finally, the engineer

Then he closed his eyes and awaited the terrible shock which he expected. The fireman jumped, but John had not that power, for he had fainted, his hand grasping the throttle. When he recovered, he looked about him. On the very verge of the high trestle stood his train uninjured. Staggering off the cab he sought the conductor, who was standing on the river's edge.

"What's happened, Captain?" he said huskily.

The Captain made no reply, but pointed mournfully to a confused mass of rubbish on the other side. The engineer turned, and the awful truth burst upon him. The hand of Providence alone had interposed to save him and his load of human freight from the jaws of death. No. 24 had plunged from the trestle into the raging torrent beneath, and on the bank his own train stood on the very verge of the precipice.

"A terrible accident," said the Captain. "Back the train to the station."

The engineer still stood gazing intently on the river. The Captain repeated his order. Then he heard John laugh wildly, and his eyes rested upon the face of a man whom he had known for years. But the face was not the same. The intense nervous strain to which he had been subjected had rendered his look old and worn. As the savage laugh died upon his lips, the conductor knew the truth. The engineer of No. 99 was mad!

The company sent him to an asylum, and the best of medcal attention was given him. The physicians were not hopeful of his recovery. "Only another shock," said they, "can restore his mind—and that is only a possibility."

And so the days wore on. John was confined in a back room, where he could hear, but not see, the trains. There he seemed so anxious to see the trains that the kind-hearted superintendant moved him into a room where he could see them as they passed close by. There he would sit close by the window, his face buried in his hands, until a train ap-

the wind shrieked and howled, bending the trees and lashing the branches in its fury. Out of the black clouds the flashes of lightning relieved the intense darkness of the night.

The engineer heard all the storm, and it seemed to him a premonition of danger, but the people in the coaches heard nothing. The noise of the storm was drowned in the roar of of the train as it sped through the darkness.

A wayside station was reached and the train stopped for water. The conductor came to the engine with some telegrams.

"Orders to meet No. 24 at next station, John," he called out cheerfully. "We are four minutes late, but we'll make it."

"What news from the river, Captain," asked the engineer.

"The agent says it is rising rapidly," responded the Captain.

The train pulled out, and the monotony of the run resumed. Back in the dingy little office at the station the telegraph operator, with white face, was listening to a message. It read: "Hold No. 99 at your station. Meet 24."

The operator seized the key and swiftly sent the message, "Too late!" and then catching up a lantern soon stood upon the porch of the station, straining his eyes to catch some glimpse of the ill-fated train. Nothing but the red lights of the train were seen in the distance, and soon they faded away in the darkness, and nothing but the blackness of the night was around him. As he thought of the awful fate in store for the trains, he sank back fainting.

On No. 99 nothing was known of the news. All unconscious of their fate, the train was on the down-grade to the swollen, angry river. John had whistled for brakes, and they worked well. He was leaning out of the cab, straining his eyes to catch sight of the bridge, when round the curve on the other side of the river shone the glare of the headlight of a locomotive.

John shrieked to his fireman and applied the air-brakes.

be passengers. Finally the instrument in the office began to click, and a small, self-assertive man pushed his way to the window and angrily inquired of the train. But his question died upon his lips, as he saw the white, anxious faces bending toward the instrument. The crowd in the station seemed to know something, was wrong, and the stillness of death fell upon the place. Finally a timid voice anxiously asked, "Anything the matter, Mr. Agent?"

The agent made no reply, but slowly posted on the bulletin board the sad tidings that train No. 38 had plunged into a washout, and that many dead and were wounded in the wreck. In the awful silence which followed, the voice of the agent as he announced the making up of an extra, grated harshly upon the ears of the people.

John Brewer was one of the best engineers of which the road boasted. For forty years he had been in the railway service, and the character of his work had shown to his superiors that he was a man upon whose shoulders could be laid tasks requiring unusual skill and bravery. He was sitting in the roundhouse that night, sadly discussing the terrible wreck, when orders came for him to take No. 99 upon the extra run. Although he much preferred being at home than upon his run, still he always obeyed orders, and he climbed upon his steaming engine and soon brought it, puffing and throbbing, before the station.

His fireman noticed an expression upon his face that he had never seen before, and jokingly inquired, "Not losing your nerve, are you boss?"

"I confess they are a bit shaken," responded the engineer gravely. "The unsafe condition of the road at this season and news of the wreck combined, naturally unstring a fellow a bit."

And it was with some anxiety that the engineer thought of the long line of Pullmans and of the human life that was entrusted to his care. The train started upon her run. Outside

The "starry universe" is suspended, as it were, beneath the Empyrean. To prevent commerce between the inhabitants of the universe with the population of chaos, there existed a substantial envelope around the furtherest limit of the universe denominated, according to the ancient astronomers, the "Primum mobile." At different intervals within this outer case were nine other spheres, or shells, on which were supported the planets and stars. The stars, however, were supposed to be attached only to the second sphere, that one next the "Primum mobile," while the planets revolved each on its separate support. These spheres were, of course, transparent, except that one furtherest distant from the earth. This Alphonsine system of spheres is briefly described in the flight from earth to the Empyrean where the ambitious souls—Book III, 481–483—

> " . . . pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,
> And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
> The trepidation talked, and that first moved."

THE ENGINEER OF NINETY-NINE.

R. C. LAWRENCE.

It was eight o'clock on a wild, stormy night. The crowd of people, gathered under the fitful glare of the electric lights in the Union Depot in the city of R——, were fretful and impatient. It was the middle of February, and for days the rain had poured down in incessant torrents, flooding the streams and delaying transportation. Already the Southbound Limited was an hour and forty minutes late, aud still no tidings came of its whereabouts. Thoughts of connections missed and business delayed, had subjected the railroad men to an endless stream of questions from the miscellaneous crowd, and their gruffness did not have a soothing effect upon the would-

tween 1610–'16, the most important of these, being the observation of the moon-like phases of the planet Venus.

Such was the unsettled state of affairs astronomical when Milton began to write; and there was no essential modification before the time when the great epic, Paradise Lost, was completed, about 1665. Iu this great work, which furnishes us the best index to the Poet's conception of the universe, we find sufficient evidence that Milton was thoroughly acquainted with both the views of Copernicus and Ptolemy. Moreover, it may be fairly inferred that at this time Milton fully accepted the theory of Copernicus, while still preferring the Ptolemaic system for poetic purposes. The uncertainty of the earth's central position in the universe is revealed in the conversation of Adam and the Angel Raphiel, when the former inquires—opening lines of Book VIII., Paradise Lost—

> "How nature, wise and frugal, could commit
> Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
> So many nobler bodies to create . . .
> . . . merely to officiate light,
> Round this opacious earth, this punctual spot.

Again, in Book IV., lines 592–597, Milton carefully avoids committing himself positively to either opinion, where the "Winged Warrior" addresses Uriel as follows:

> " . . . whether this prime orb,
> Incredible how swift had thither rolled
> Diurnal, on this less voluble earth,
> By shorter flight to the east . . . "

In Paradise Lost, astronomy proper is confined to a comparatively limited space in the infinite bounds of creation. The universe, within which alone astronomy is concerned, is only an "island" suspended in the darkness of chaos. This "island" of the universe must always be regarded as having our earth in its centre. The half-globe chaos is incomplete without the equally boundless region, the Empyrean, on the lower boundary of which there is communication with the universe.

ASTRONOMY IN MILTON.

WM. F. JOYNER.

The century of Milton stands perhaps unrivalled in English history as a period of reformation and revolution in thought. With the very dawn of the century, Puritanism began to battle with the extreme views of the age just past—the great Elizabethan,—a struggle destined to terminate not without the head of the king himself. Closely connected with the discussions of these opposing parties, for the most part differences of religious and political views, were various disputed points of recent scientific discovery. Among other late innovations was the Copernican system in astronomy, which was for more than a century fiercely attacked by astronomers, such as Tycho Brahe, who chanced to be also a good churchman.

This new system in astronomy had been originated by Copernicus in the year 43 of the preceding century. The new system was proposed as a substitute for the elaborate and complicated arrangement of epicycles and deferents then known as the Alphonsine system. The latter was itself but an improved presentation of the ancient system of Ptolemy, proposed during the second century, B. C. It had come to be so complex that King Alphonso, in honor of whom it was named, and under whose orders it was computed, remarked that "had he been present at the creation he would have given some good advice." Copernicus insisted that the apparent diurnal motion of the heaven could be much more simply explained by supposing the earth's actual rotation upon its axis, and also that the wandering motion of the planets was due to their orbital motion around the central sun. The earth was now removed from the centre of the universe to a less dignified place among the planets. Inspite of opposition, further observation and improved means of investigation tended to confirm the views of Copernicus. The final blow to the old system was struck by Gallileo in his discoveries be-

sweetest to her husband, the day he marries her and the day he carries her to her burial."

Now, when we remember that Hesiod was looked upon as the Bible of the Greeks and that any sharp-pointed saying tickled their itching ears, we can understand something of the immense influence such lampoons had. Mr. Pope could vent his ineffectual spleen in such lines as—

> "Most women have no characters at all,"

or Parnell could paraphrase Hesiod without seriously affecting the social life of the time. But the words of the Greek satirist produced fruit. In the time of Solon, Athens was ready for laws restraining the liberties of women, and Solon gave them. These laws had the effect of shutting the woman up in her quarters in her husband's home. Says Botsford in *The Athenian Constitution:* "This law marks an epoch in the history of the Athenian family. Heretofore the wife enjoyed great freedom —went abroad at pleasure and indulged her tastes, apparently without hindrance. Now the old freedom of Homeric days began to be restricted. The wife came to be confined more and more to the house, and her influence on the public life of Athens waned through the succeeding years." There is not much pleasure in following the gloomy prospect further. In the golden age of Athens when Pericles was at the head of the State, when Aeschylus and Sophocles were producing their best fruits of tragedy, and when Phidias was exercising his matchless art to produce a statue of Pallas Athene—

> "Beyond all work of those who carve the stone,
> Beyond all dreams of Godlike womanhood,
> Ineffable beauty—"

even at this time the state of Athenian woman was at its worst. Marriages were something like the French *mariages de convenance*—only the Greek husband, unlike the French, never seems to have thought it worth while to learn to love his wife after marriage. Without education, occupying a po-

sition in her husband's esteem only a little better than his horse, it is small wonder that the Athenian wife sometimes overturned the festive board of her husband or emptied a pail of water on his head. The wonder is that Athens was not full of Xanthippes. And yet these women, maltreated as they were, became the mothers of some of the greatest men the world has ever produced. To what heights of noble manhood and womanhood might not Athens have attained if it had only known in its day the things that pertained to its good!

We have one lone instance to show what culture the Ionian woman was capable of—Aspasia. To wed her, Pericles rebelled against the conventions of Athenian society. In her parlor met the greatest philosophers of the day; she it was—Plato is our authority—that wrote the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles. She was a woman of such learning and culture that the Athenians thought there must be something supernatural about her, and prosecuted her as a witch. Yet, the best thing she did was to make the home of Pericles happy: the tears of her husband, as he stood in court pleading for her life, tell how he loved her.

Such happiness was not known in many Athenian homes. "*Ausi omnes immane nefas ausoque potiti.*" If ever the Greek doctrine of Nemesis was proved, it was proved in their social life. Culture calls for culture, and the educated male turned from his ignorant wife to a class of highly intellectual and well-educated women of the lower sort, called Hetæræ. Even baser vices were indulged in, and society rotted to the core. Demosthenes could not save the city.

It is pleasant to note that even in this society there were some who could see that woman was treated wrong—some who had lofty ideals of the dignity of womanhood. Pericles I have already mentioned. The three great tragedians and Plato must also be put in this list. Æschylus, in the *Prometheus*, shows that he appreciates the love and constancy of

women. In the *Seven against Thebes* he portrays their patriotism, and in the character of "Clytemnestra"—not a whit inferior to Lady Macbeth—he recognizes their ability. Sophocles everywhere shows that he has a high ideal of woman, as daughter, sister, wife and mother. His Antigone is one of the finest creations in literature. Mr. Campbell says, in the words of Wordsworth:

> "A perfect woman nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort and command."

And Prof. Jebb is not behind in his praise.

It has been the custom to rank Euripides as a misogynist, because there are found in the mouths of his characters several such speeches as the following from the *Hippolytus:* "O Zeus, why, pray, didst thou bring women into the light of the sun, a counterfeit and evil for men?" and so on, deploring the necessity of women. But it would be just as absurd, because of these, to rank Euripides as a woman-hater as it would be to call Tennyson a man-hater because of sundry expressions in the *Princess.* There are some very fine women in Euripides. Alcestis dared to die for her husband. The following from the *Medea* shows him in a truer light (Medea speaks): "Of all that breathes and thinks, we women are most wretched. In the first place, with an excess of money we must buy a husband and take a master of our body; for this is an evil too great for a name. And the greatest risk consists in this—whether one gets a good or a bad husband. For divorces destroy a woman's reputation; nor is it possible to spurn a husband. Now when one goes to a husband of whose character and habits she knows nothing, unless she has learned it from his home, she needs must be a prophetess to tell about what kind of a man she must adapt herself to. And if one accomplishes this fortunately, and one's husband lives with her and bears his yoke without compulsion, her life is enviable; but if not, one must die. But when a man feels the

burden of life at home, he relieves his heart of ennui by going abroad, turning either to some friend or to some boon companions; but it is necessary for us to look to one monotonous life." There is a fragment of Sophocles much to the same effect. We have heard a great deal in recent years about the education of women, and are apt to imagine that much is new that really began with Plato. "None of the occupations," says he, "which comprehend the ordering of a State, belong to woman as woman, nor yet to man as man; but natural gifts are to be found here and there, in both sexes alike; and so far as her nature is concerned, the woman is admissable to all pursuits as well as the man, though in all of them the woman is weaker than the man." Hence, he proceeds to show, women ought to have the same education as men, and the same freedom. Let no one count it a defect that Plato reckons woman in all things as weaker than man. Darwin has the same view, and expresses it in language very similar to Plato's. But the opinion of Plato could not stem the tide of corruption, and Athenian society went down in gloom.

In the aristocratic state of Sparta woman never was dragged from her high estate, and in Dorian States in general she kept much of her ancient freedom. But in lack of the culture of Athens they have not left their names as heritages of history. Still, the laconic words of the Spartan mother to her son, "Return with your shield or on it," preserves in honor the memory of the women of the town without walls.

This article is long enough as it is, but I must add a picture of the life of Greek women in the larger Greek world of Alexander's successors, as we have it in the fifteenth idyll of Theocritus. I give it in Mr. Matthew Arnold's translation, together with his introduction:

"The idyll is dramatic. Somewhere about two hundred and eighty years before the Christian era, a couple of Syracusan women, staying at Alexandria, agreed on the occasion

of a great religious solemnity, the feast of Adonis, to go together to the palace of King Ptolemy Philadelphius, to see the image of Adonis, which the Queen Arsinoe, Ptolemy's wife, had had decorated with peculiar magnificence. A hymn, by a celebrated performer, was to be recited over the image. The names of the two women are Gorgo and Praxinoe; their maids who are mentioned in the poem are called Eunoe and Eutychis. Gorgo comes by appointment to Praxinoe's house to fetch her, and there the dialogue begins:

Gorgo.—Is Praxinoe at home?

Praxinoe.—My dear Gorgo, at last! Yes, here I am. Eunoe, find a chair, get a cushion for it.

Gorgo.—It will do beautifully as it is.

Praxinoe.—Do sit down.

Gorgo.—Oh, this gad-about spirit! I could hardly get to you, Paxinoe, through all the crowd and all the carriages. Nothing but heavy boots; nothing but men in uniform. And what a journey it is! My dear child, you really live *too* far off.

Praxinoe.—It is all that insane husband of mine. He has chosen to come out here to the end of the world, and take a hole of a place (for a house it is not) on purpose that you and I might not be neighbors. He is always just the same—anything to quarrel with one! Anything for spite!

Gorgo.—My dear, don't talk so of your husband before the little fellow. Just see how astonished he looks at you. Never mind, Zopyrio, my pet, she is not talking about papa.

Praxinoe.—Good heavens! The child does really understand.

Gorgo.—Pretty papa!

Praxinoe.—That pretty papa of his the other day (though I told him beforehand to mind what he was about), when I sent him to the shop to buy soap and rouge, brought me home salt instead,—stupid, great, big, interminable animal!

Gorgo.—Mine is just the fellow to him. But never mind

now; get on your things, and let us be off to the palace to see the Adonis. I hear the Queen's decorations are something splendid.

Praxinoe.—In grand people's houses everything is splendid. What things you have seen in Alexandria! What a deal you will have to tell to anybody who has never been here!

Gorgo.—Come, we ought to be going.

Praxinoe.—Every day is holiday to people who have nothing to do. Eunoe, pick up your work; and take care, lazy girl, how you leave it lying about again; the cats find it just the bed they like. Come, stir yourself; fetch me some water, quick! I wanted the water first, and the girl brings me the soap. Never mind; give it me. Not all that, extravagant! Now pour out the water, stupid! Why don't you take care of my dress? That will do. I have got my hands washed, as it pleased God. Where is the key of the large wardrobe? Bring it here; quick!

Gorgo.—Praxinoe, you can't think how well that dress, made full as you have got it, suits you. Tell me, how much did it cost? The dress by itself, I mean.

Praxinoe.—Don't talk of it, Gorgo: more than eight guineas [forty dollars] of good, hard money. And about the work on it, I have almost worn my life out.

Gorgo.—Well, you couldn't have done better.

Praxinoe.—Thank you. Bring me my shawl, and put my hat properly on my head—properly. No, child, (*to her little boy*) I am not going to take you; there's a bogy on horseback who bites. Cry as much as you like; I am not going to have you lamed for life. Now, we'll start. Nurse, take the little one and amuse him. Call the dog in, and shut the street door. (*They go out.*) Good heavens! what a crowd of people! How on earth are we ever to get through all this? They are like ants: you can't count them. My dearest Gorgo, what will become of us? Here are the Royal Horse Guards. My good man, don't ride over me! Look at that

bay horse, rearing bolt upright. What a vicious one! Eunoe, you mad girl, do take care! That horse will certainly be the death of the man on his back. How glad I am now that I left the child safe at home!

Gorgo.—All right, Praxinoe, we are safe behind them; and they have gone on to where they are stationed.

Praxinoe.—Well, yes, I begin to revive again. From the time I was a little girl I have had more horror of horses and snakes than anything in the world. Let us get on; here's a great crowd coming this way upon us.

Gorgo (*to an old woman.*)—Mother, are you from the palace?

Old Woman.—Yes, my dears.

Gorgo.—Has one a tolerable chance of getting there?

Old Woman.—My pretty young lady, the Greeks got to Troy by dint of trying hard; trying will do anything in this world.

Gorgo.—The old creature has delivered herself of an oracle and departed.

Praxinoe.—Women can tell you everything about everything, Jupiter's marriage with Juno not excepted.

Gorgo.—Look, Praxinoe, what a squeeze at the palace gates.

Praxinoe.—Tremendous! Take hold of me Gorgo; and you, Eunoe, take hold of Eutychis! Tight hold, or you'll be lost. Here we go in all together. Hold tight to us, Eunoe! Oh, dear! oh, dear! Gorgo, there's my scarf, torn right in two. For heaven's sake, my good man, as you hope to be saved, take care of my dress!

Stranger.—I'll do what I can, but it doesn't depend upon me.

Praxinoe.—What heaps of people! They push like a drove of pigs.

Stranger.—Don't be frightened ma'am, we are all right.

Praxinoe.—May you be all right, my dear sir, to the last day you live, for the care you have taken of us! What a kind, considerate man! There is Eunoe jammed in a squeeze. Push,

you goose, push! Capital! We are all on the right side of the door, as the bridegroom said when he locked himself in with the bride.

Gorgo.—Praxinoe, come this way. Do but look at that work—how delicate it is, how exquisite! Why, they might wear it in heaven.

Praxinoe.—Heavenly patroness of needlewomen, what hands were hired to do that work?

Another Stranger.—You wretched women, do stop your incessant chatter! Like turtles, you go on forever. They are enough to kill one with their broad lingo,—nothing but *a*, *a*, *a*.

Gorgo.—Lord, where does the man come from? What is it to you if we *are* chatter-boxes? Order about your own servants! Do you give orders to Syracusan women? If you want to know, we came originally from Corinth, as Bellerophn did; we speak Peloponnesian. I suppose Dorian women may be allowed to have a Dorian accent.

Praxinoe.—Oh, honey-sweet Proserpine, let us have no more masters than the one we've got! We don't the least care for *you*; pray don't trouble yourself for nothing.

Gorgo.—Be quiet, Praxinoe! That first-rate singer, the Argine woman's daughter, is going to sing the Adonis hymn. She is the same who was chosen to sing the dirge last year. We are sure to have something first-rate from *her*. She is going through the airs and graces ready to begin."

[The song I omit.]

"The poem concludes with a characteristic speech from Gorgo:

"'Praxinoe, certainly women are wonderful things. That lucky woman to know all that! And luckier still to have such a splendid voice! And now we must see about getting home. My husband has not had his dinner. That man is all vinegar and nothing else; and if you keep him waiting for dinner he is dangerous to go near. Adieu, precious Adonis, and may you find us all well when you come next year.'"

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

Education of the Colored Race.

It has been only thirty-two years since the war between the States ended, and the people of the South were confronted by the serious problem of what to do with the large number of new and illiterate citizens. The old order of things had passed away, and the former slave was now the equal of his old-time master, so far as citizenship was concerned. The problem to be solved was how to educate this mass of ignorance and superstition, which otherwise would be a continual menace to the welfare of the State. It was a herculean task, yet the people accepted the result of the war in good faith, and set to work to bring order out of chaos. The extent of this work cannot be rightly estimated without taking into account the deplorable condition of the country, drained and impoverished by the long struggle. Yet, in the midst of such disheartening conditions, the people went to work to educate and elevate that race which they had striven to keep in slavery.

Rome was not built in a day, neither could a people which had been steeped in ignorance for centuries be educated in a few years. A third of a century is a short time in which to accomplish any noticeable results in such a task; yet the peo-

ple of the South may, with pardonable pride, point to what they have already accomplished and say to the caviller, "See what we have done in this short time; you could not have done more." What has been done in North Carolina toward educating the negro race? Let us notice, first, what the State is doing in this matter. From the report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction for 1895-'96, the following facts are gleaned: The total number of colored school subjects in the State is 223,376, and the average attendance is 67,088, or 31 per cent. of the school subjects. To educate these children the State pays $246,946.82, or $1.11 per child. The average for each white child is $1.15. The total school tax paid by negroes is less than $100,000, so that the white race, after educating its own children, pays for educating colored children $1.50 for every dollar the negroes themselves pay.

Not only does the State furnish primary schools for the negroes, but also normal and technical schools for special training. There are normal schools at Salisbury, Goldsboro, Fayetteville, Franklinton, Plymouth, Elizabeth City and Winston-Salem, with an attendance of more than two thousand. Also, there is an Agricultural and Mechanical College at Greensboro, where technical training is given. And besides these schools supported by the State, there are private schools—such as Shaw University at Raleigh, and Biddle Institute near Charlotte, and a number of others—which are doing, perhaps, more for the higher education of the negro than is done by the State. Shaw University, which is controlled by the American Home Mission Society, has, besides the regular college course, a course in theology, a normal course, an industrial department, a law department, a school of pharmacy, and a school of medicine. And in testimony of the thorough work done at this school, it may be said that a graduate from the Leonard School of Medicine was the only applicant for license from the Virginia Board of Medical Ex-

aminers who received in every subject a rank of one hundred per cent. The Biddle Institute is under the control of the Northern Presbyterians, and is doing a great work for the negro.

When we consider what has already been done for the negro in this short time, we can pass by without notice the utterances of those who claim that about the only thing the South has done for the negro has been to string up one now and then to a limb. The State is actually doing more for the education of the negro than for the white race, and the negro is taking advantage of every opportunity to better his condition. Any unprejudiced person must admit that the South has done, and is doing, all that could be done, and more by far than the people of any other section would have done.

Extravagance in the Government.

President McKinley, following the example of his predecessor, began his administraton by calling Congress together in special session; and the object of this special session was to devise ways and means of increasing the revenue of the government. The expenditures have been more than the receipts, and so some means had to be hit upon to increase the receipts. It might have occurred to some of these statesmen that to decrease the expenditures would answer the purpose equally well, but it seems that such a course never suggested itself. It is claimed by the advocates of the new tariff measure, the "Dingley Bill," that it will add $70,000,000 a year to the revenue of the government, and so avert the threatened deficit in the treasury. There is a significant feature in all this, inasmuch as it shows the growth of a sentiment among the people favoring extravagance in the affairs of government. It is not enough to blame the members of Congress for the growing expenditures, for they only give voice to the sentiments of their constitu-

ents. This can be seen in the fact that no political party dares to advocate in its platform a reduction of the enormous amounts paid for pensions. There is an opinion among the people that the government can legislate prosperity to the country, and there is a steady growth of sentiment toward paternalism. The government must increase expenditures in order that more office-seekers may secure places; and this, too, in spite of the fact that many eminent statesmen are declaring that the country has come to the point where it is retrenchment or ruin. The hordes of office-seekers gathered at the Nation's Capital, clamoring for a share of the spoils, is a sight which is not at all encouraging. Here in our own State we had, not long since, an experience along this line which has caused many a thinking man to feel doubtful concerning the future. In spite of a reported deficit in the treasury, the Legislature increased the expenditures of the State. There was a deficit in the United States Treasury and Congress was called together—not to reduce expenditures, but to increase the revenue. Where it will end no man can foresee, but that our country is drifting toward dangerous shoals every thinking man will admit, since the opinion is growing year by year that one duty of government is to provide offices for all those who have made a failure in every other business. The following figures will, perhaps, aid in arriving at a conception of the rate at which the expenditures of government are increasing:

In 1886 the expenditures of the United States government were $244,126,244. In 1896 they had increased to $438,251,973, almost doubled in ten years; and that, too, in the face of the fact that the interest on the war debt has been constantly diminishing. In 1884 the expenditures of the State of North Carolina were $861,870; in 1894 they were $1,195,620. These figures show how rapidly we are rushing on into extravagance, and argue ill for the future of our country, unless a reformation is wrought.

The United States and Cuba.

The outbreak between Greece and Turkey has, for the time, diverted attention from the condition of things in Cuba, although Congress is still wrestling with the question of recognizing the belligerent rights of that little island, and long speeches are still made which are listened to by none. The people of the United States have expended a great deal of superfluous breath in clamoring for a recognition of Cuba's independence, but they are ready nevertheless to shout themselves hoarse for Greece. We Americans are great lovers of liberty. Bill Nye, in his humorous way, said that we are so anxious to give freedom to all others we forget to keep any for ourselves, and there is some truth in the remark. Of course every man hopes that Cuba will win in the struggle, but that is no reason why the United States should espouse her cause. It is one thing to wish Cuba success in her efforts to gain her liberty, but it is quite another thing to meddle with affairs which do not concern us. There is no valid reason why the United States should take part in the struggle between Spain and Cuba. In our zeal for freedom's cause we have held great mass-meetings and made great demonstrations, but fortunately the government has been cool-headed enough to see the many complications which would arise from any interference, and has kept out of trouble. Suppose our government should take the part of Cuba and wrest the island from Spain—what then? Would we annex it to the United States? The experience which we have had for the last thirty years with the negro ought to make us careful about making the Cubans citizens of our country. If Cuba becomes an independent republic through our aid, then we will be compelled to exercise a kind of authority over her to keep down the yearly revolutions which would break out, just as in the South American Republics. It were an act of folly to give perfect liberty to a people who are not in a condition to make use of it, and the Cubans are not eady yet for absolute freedom. We can hope that the result

of the struggle will be an amelioration of the condition of Cuba, but the United States does not need such a burden on her hands as Cuba would prove to be.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

R. H. McNEILL, Editor pro tem.

Mrs. James T. Fields has undertaken, at the request of Mrs. Stowe's daughters and the publishers of her works, Mrs. Stowe's biography.

It is believed that Dr. James Stalker, the close friend of the late Prof. Henry Drummond, will very soon begin on a biography of this great philosopher.

Charles Scribner's Sons have lately published, in eight well-bound volumes, the works of James M. Barrie. This, says Mr. Barrie himself, is the only real "American edition" of his works.

The *London Times* is to be congratulated on having secured Rudyard Kipling as its Cretan war correspondent. His fine descriptive powers will, no doubt, sustain the paper's wonderful reputation. He is to be paid $5,000 per month.

Among the celebrated illustrators of the literature of the day Charles Dana Gibson is most prominent. He is not yet thirty years of age, but by his high proficiency in the art of illustration and his splendid conception of character he is as prominent in the literary world as the best authors.

William Taylor Adams—"Oliver Optic"—whose death was chronicled only a short time ago, was a celebrated writer of stories. He was, in a sense, the founder of a school of writers for boys. He wrote over a hundred stories, all of which have had good sales, besides about a thousand short stories.

One of the most noted of modern novelists is Maurus Jokai—a Hungarian, a noble by birth, an academician, a statesman. He has written about two hundred and thirty novels, and still, although seventy-one years of age, is producing two volumes each year. His works have been translated into eighteen languages.

The old Wayside Inn at Sudbury, Mass., has been purchased by Samuel H. Howe, a descendant of the original owners of the Inn, and will be converted by him—after as complete restoration as possible to its shape when occupied by Longfellow—to a permanent memorial of the poet. It was here Longfellow did much of his best work.

Eugene Field's brother, Roswell Field, is fast forging to the front as an accomplished writer. Much of his brother's versatility in writing and cordiality of manner are possessed by Roswell Field. The most of Mr. Field's literary work has been on newspapers, but it is thought that he aided his brother in many of his best productions.

It is a little remarkable that one whose works have brought her so prominently before the reading public as in the case of Marie Corelli, should refuse to publishers a reproduction of her photograph, but this she has persistently done and continues doing. Her appearance, as her books would imply, is said to partake of the weird. She is not a beauty, but is famous for her perfectly modelled arms and hands. She is quite a noted pianist, performs well on the mandolin, and is a beautiful dancer.

Mark Twain is now absorbed in a history of his trip around the world. This book should receive a welcome among Americans if nowhere else, for the avowed purpose of its author in writing it is to secure money to pay off his creditors and to leave a competence to his family. Over sixty years of age, in poor health, and in a strange country (England), America's greatest humorist is perhaps working harder than ever before.

The warm reception given Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, gave an impetus to the literary spirit among the negroes which has developed Kenneth Young, a negro novelist—the first of his kind. He is possessed of a deep racial pride and his fraternal feeling for his own people is very prominent in his novel, "Selene." When asked why he wrote his novel, his reply was: "Because I wanted to read one in which the characters were all negroes."

Some time ago Alfred Noble, a celebrated Swedish inventor, died leaving a fortune of about $10,000,000. His will prescribes that this whole amount be given in prizes—five prizes of the value of $60,000 each annually—to those who do most towards scientific, literary, moral, social and philosophic development. Scientists and literary men can no longer complain that there is no encouragement given them. The contests for these prizes are open to men of all nations.

Very few readers of light literature are ignorant of the works ascribed to "The Duchess," but it is not likely that their real author is known to many of her readers, except under this *nom de plume.* Mrs. Margaret Hamilton Hungerford, who from her girlhood wrote under the now familiar name "The Duchess," during her life (which closed only a few weeks ago) wrote over thirty novels, besides numerous contributions to daily and periodical literature. By the sale of her novels she was enabled to support well herself and three small children.

BOOK NOTES.

R. H. McNEILL, Editor pro tem.

Adam Johnstone's Son. By T. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

This is a simple, unpretentious title, and these adjectives describe well the book itself. Its sustained simplicity, rather than lending a charm to it, by its sameness of incidents and repetition of thought, renders it monotonous. There is not à single approach to grandeur of scenery, characterization or plot. The whole story, with slight deviations, is monopolized by the commonplace courtship of Brook Johnstone, the hero, and Clare Bowring, the heroine—a courtship which involves nothing of the graphic in word-painting nor thrilling in action. This, for Marion Crawford, is exceptional,—he who has written so much that is splendid and gained such deserving prominence as a novelist. A determination not to arise from the commonplace seemed to have dominated the author when writing this novel.

One thing is gained by being so painfully simple in expression: one is never styled pedantic, and this means much to an author seeking to gain the favor of the great number who read novels.

The story itself consists in a summer courtship, which is comprehensively stated by the title, "A Drama of Divorces" The father and mother of the hero and heroine respectively, while yet young and newly married, are divorced. Their children are left in ignorance of their former relations until it bursts upon them at this watering place, after they are madly in love with each other. Pleas for forgiveness are entered and the old people, for the sake of the happiness of their children, forgive and forget.

Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities. Edited by Harry Thurston Peck, M. A., Ph. D. Illustrated. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1897.

Until the appearance of this book, it was a distasteful task for the scholar to look up many points in the field of classical literature. There were various cyclopedias, but they all were not without serious defects. Smith's numerous volumes were particularly uninviting. The print was too fine, and the pages were unrelieved by any beauty of illustration. They were comprehensive; perhaps so much so as to

confuse the ordinary inquirer with the mass of details on many subjects. But, on the other hand, they did not embody the results of the important recent discoveries in the fields of archeology, philology, etc. As to mechanical execution, Seyffert was perfect; but here the scholar looked in vain for enlightenment on many points. What was needed was a volume that should be comprehensive, up-to-date, well-printed and illustrated, clearly written, and easy to handle. In this new volume we have as nearly what we want as seems possible in a first edition.

"The purpose of this volume," reads the preface, "is to give the student, in a concise and intelligible form, the essential facts concerning those questions that oftenest arise in the study of the life, the literature, the religion, and the art of classical antiquity. Its further purpose is to indicate the sources whence a fuller and more critical knowledge of these subjects can be most readily and most accurately gained."

In pursuit of this purpose many subjects have been treated that have not before been found in classical dictionaries. For instance, under the general subject of Language, the most important linguistic questions, such as Grim's Law, the Pronunciation of Greek and of Latin. Alliteration are discussed. Here we have the results of the investigations of Schliemann and all the various schools of classical archeology which, for the last quarter of a century, has done so much to clarify our knowledge of many mooted questions. Another feature of much value is the bibliographies appended to the various articles. The illustrations, many of them, have quite a modern look, and at first glance seem out of place in a work of this kind. We have been so long accustomed to illustrations after the manner of Flaxman that perhaps our taste has been perverted. And coming to consider the matter, the stock representation of Hector or Achilles never did suggest a being of flesh and blood. Perhaps it is better that our illustrations should suggest the reality, freshness and modernness of classical literature.

In the preparation of the special articles the best talent of the country has been called into service. Such names as Gildersleeve, Allen, and Tarbell, are a sufficient guarantee for the scholarly character of the work. There is some pleasure in reading a work in which we have confidence that what we read is not antiquated or disproved by the light of recent discoveries.

A feature of the work which is to be commended is the system of cross references. The ordinary student would hardly think, for in-

stance, to look for Favorinus when he came across the Greek form of the word, Phaborinus.

Another thing that the classical scholar finds admirable is the biographical notes of the more noted classical scholars. The note on Parson is just as important for the classic scholar of to-day as that on Lasthenes.

It is not too much to say that the volume is a triumph of American scholarship. It may, in many places, closely follow previous works; but this is just as unavoidable as the form of the multiplication table. When a clear, concise statement of a subject has once been made, it is and ought to be the common property of the language. The student whose main interest is to get at the fact, will find no trouble on this score, but will regard it as one of the excellencies of his compendium.

G. W. P.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

HUBERT MARTIN, Editor pro tem.

—'48–'49. Dr. K. Thompson, who is now located at Low Gap, N. C., as a practicing physician, has been very successful in his profession. Dr. Thompson is noted throughout his entire community for his philanthropy and the great interest which he manifests in all things pertaining to the Master's cause. He will always prosper. Would that we had more just such men to live among us.

—'75–'78. A. C. Zollicoffer, Esq., who is now practicing law in the town of Henderson, N. C., is perhaps easily the leading lawyer of that bar. Mr. Zollicoffer has a very extensive practice, and has especially distinguished himself as an office lawer. He now ranks with the leading lawyers of our State.

—'77–'81. Perhaps there is no one of whom we have spoken who has made greater success as a business man than has Mr. A. McDowell, who is now President of Scotland Neck Bank, and also of Scotland Neck Knitting Mills. He is a man of excellent business qualities.

—'78. Mr. J. C. Caddell, editorial correspondent of the *Biblical Recorder*, had a very suggestive article in a recent number of that paper, on Biddle Institute. Mr. Caddell enjoys the distinction of knowing more men personally than any other man in the State.

—'78. Prof. N. D. Johnson, who was for some years Principal of the Fair Bluff Academy, but resigned his position to accept work elsewhere, has recently been recalled to that place. The fact that Mr. Johnson has been twice called to the same place as teacher attests his popularity among the good people of Fair Bluff, N. C.

—'81–'83. Mr. F. P. Shields, who was for some years Principal of Vine Hill Academy, is now cashier of the Scotland Neck Bank, Scotland Neck, N. C.

—'82–'84. Mr. J. L. Memory is now one of the most prominent merchants in the town of Whiteville, N. C. Mr. Memory is a very shrewd business man, and has always attended closely to his own business. We do not wonder at his success.

—'84. Prof. J. C. C. Dunford has recently been elected to the chair of Modern Languages in Arkadelphia College, Arkansas, and has accepted. We are sure that the trustees of that institution could not have made a wiser selection. Mr. Dunford has been constantly climbing to the top since he left college, until now he stands in the foremost ranks of our Alumni.

—'85–'91. Dr. Will A. Hannum, another old Wake Forest student, has also recently begun the practice of medicine in Philadelphia. He has fitted up his office at 1947 N. 18th St. We hope him much success in his new field.

—'86. Dr. A. C. Livermon is a very flourishing dentist of Scotland Neck. He has a very extensive practice indeed.

—'87–'90. Dr. C. A. Adams, who practiced medicine for

some time at Cary, N. C., is now one of the most flouishing physicians in the town of Aberdeen, N. C.

—'88–'91. Rev. C. W. Blanchard, who has labored so zealously for Christian education for North Carolina, as the Financial Agent of Wake Forest College, has recently accepted a call to the pastorate at Kinston, N. C., and will continue to delight the brethren there as he has done elsewhere heretofore.

—'89–'90. Mr. P. H. Cooke, who has been practicing law for some time at Louisburg, N. C., is one of the most promising young attorneys in that section of the country. Mr. Cooke, by his genial temper and splendid business capacity, has won for himself a name in his profession which ranks him with the leading lawyers of our State.

—'90. Dr. Carl D. Felt, who was considered one of the brightest and most popular boys of his class, has recently hung out his shingle at 1700 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia. Although Dr. Felt has been practicing for only a few months, yet we learn that he has already distinguished himself in his profession.

—'90. T. W. Bickett, Esq., of whom we have made previous mention in our columns, is easily classed as one of the leading members of the Louisburg bar. Mr. Bickett took a very active part in securing, at the last session of the Legislature, the passage of the Dispensary law for the town of Louisburg, N. C., and in so doing he has won the love and esteem of all the good people of his town. He will ever be remembered as one who labored most ardently to rid the town of its greatest curse.

—'91—'96. Rev. T. B. Hill, who is now attending school at the Louisville Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., has recently been called to the pastorate of a church near that place, and has accepted.

—'92. Rev. J. Paul Spence has recently been called to the pastorate of Newbern Tabernacle, and has accepted. We wish Bro. Spence much success in his new field.

—'92–'94. Mr. J. W. McNeill, who has been practicing law for several years in Winston, N. C., has recently formed a copartnership with Solicitor Mott of that city. Mr. McNeill has met with much success during the short time he has been practicing law, and especially at the bar. He is now among the foremost members of the Winston bar.

—'93–'97. Mr. Geo. W. Newell, Jr., who was licensed last September by the Supreme Court to practice law in North Carolina, is now reviewing his studies in the pleasant shades of the wide-spreading oaks of Franklin County.

—'96. Rev. Jasper Howell, Jr., who is now a student at Rochester, N. Y., has recently accepted a call at Dalton, N. Y. Mr. Howell is a fine pulpit orator and will no doubt please the people of New York with his excellent sermons.

EXCHANGES.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor

TWO SONGS.

Sweet and glad the song of life,
  When the harp of the heart is swept by Love;
Sweet and glad the spirit rife
  With pleasures pure as those above.

Sweet and sad the song of Death,
  When the heart is flushed and hope is fled;
Sweet and sad the parting breath,
  When the pulses cease and Love is dead.

—*Univ. of Va.*

THE TELLTALE EYE.

She tried to kill me with a glance,
  But I refused to die,
Because I saw a twinkle
  In one corner of her eye—

A twinkle that she vainly tried,
  Poor maiden! to conceal,
Because she knew a secret hid
  That twinkle would reveal.

That secret was a secret sweet,
  Not e'en to self confessed;
That I, the man she'd kill, was he
  She really loved the best.

—*The Public School Rec.*

"Meet me," she said, "by the orchard wall,
To-morrow night, as the sun goes down."
And this is to-morrow, and here am I,
And there's the wall, and the sun's gone down.

—*Ex.*

EASTER.

"What is Easter, brother Reg?"
Quizzed inquiring small Marie.
"Day the rabbit lays an egg!
That's what Easter is to me!"

"What is Easter, sweet mamma?"
Queried still the little Marie.
"Time for lovely bonnets—ah!
That's what Easter is to me!"

"What is Easter, father dear!"
Questioned last the tot Marie.
"Time to pay for all the year!
That's what Easter is to me!"

"Easter is the rabbit-day,"
Quoth the learned little miss,
"Time for bonnets, time to pay,—
Glad I know what Easter is!"

—*Univ. Tex. Mag.*

LIFE WITHOUT LEARNING IS DEATH.

He sits at his desk with a scholarly air,
His hand clutching hard his unfortunate hair;
He raises his eyes, and in deep tones he saith,
"Remember that life without learning is death."

His eyes wander mildly for something to spy.
"Young ladies, no talking," says he,
As some of our wickedness catches his eye.
"Life without talking is death, say not."

As years passed on we found, to our ruth,
The scholarly teacher had spoken the truth;
For ever and always without a rest,
'Tis "Vita sine literis mors est."

—*The Adelphian.*

THE HOSPITAL PATIENT.

Bare on the coverlet, the hand pale and white,
Tossing and restless through the long dreary night,
Waiting and watching for the message to come
That would end worldly suffering in the heavenly home.

Pale was the face and placid the brow,
Blue were the eyes and the voice sweet and low,
As waiting she spoke of the time near at hand
When she'd wander alone through the heavenly land.

Her life, a struggle from earliest youth,
Never had led her from virtue or truth;
Her death an ending of one of the blessed,
A leaf from the tree of life ne'er to be missed.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

THE SERMON OF A LIFE.

If thou would'st preach a grander sermon than from pulpit e'er was heard;
If thou would'st teach the noblest lesson found in all God's holy word—
Show thyself, before the world, pure and spotless in the strife,
And, like Christ, thy great example, preach the sermon of a life.

—*Peabody Rec.*

TIME.

Down cavern-corridors of hollow stone,
  Searching with puzzled heart along the ray
  That flickers from his torch in grewsome play,
A stranger passes through the dark, alone.

He glimpses walls beside him shadow-strewn—
  A mica-flake glints there amid the gray;
  The rest is night. And as he peers his way,
The echoes of his footsteps moan and moan.

Even so this consciousness of ours flows on
  Beneath this Now that ever spans its flow—
    A gliding light athwart eternity.
The way of buried days that we have gone
  Make, with the faithful way we have to go,
    One interfused, silent mystery.

—*Bowdoin Quill.*

The Criterion, Volume I, No. 1, is before us. It presents a very neat appearance, and the departments well arranged, but seriously deficient in contributions. This should be open to all under-graduates, as it aids more in developing the students than any other department. This is the first issue, and we hope to see the fair beginning bud into one of our best exchanges.

"Melrose Abbey" and "Art as a Study for Woman" are the best contributions in the March issue of *La Reveille*. This is the first number we have received, and its neat appearance and neatly arranged contents win for it a glad welcome on our list.

The *State Normal Magazine* (N. C.) is one of the best received this month. This is more than new magazines generally allow us to say for them, and it affords us pleasure to say this for it. Its editorials are well written and show good thought, and "College News" is free from nauseating jokes and stale nonsense. "Alumnæ Notes" and "About Former Students" are so closely related that we could scarcely distinguish them, and we think one heading sufficient for these.

The College Athlete for May has been received. It is the best magazine of its kind we have seen. This issue contains short sketches of athletics of the various Colleges and Universities, where special interest is taken in athletics. It also has a number of pictures of gymnasiums, ball teams and track captains. This is its first number.

TO ———

God spoke. The angel standing nearest heard
And, list'ning, caught the glad refrain,
And, whispering, told the news again—
A little child was born to bless the earth.
O, grand, O, wondrous mystery of birth!
A woman's life, a woman's heart and soul,
A part, a portion of God's perfect whole.
Love spoke. And all my being waked and heard,
And, list'ning, caught the sweet refrain,
While wond'ring if 'twould speak again.
Now upward from my heart, all full, complete,
A wondrous music rises, low and sweet.
And that white soul the angels smiled to see,
In woman's beauty stands, and smiles on me.

—*The Semi-annual.*

One of the most enjoyable magazines of the year is *The Semi-annual*, published at Hollin's Institute, Va. Everything in it shows excellent literary taste. We hardly know what to commend most. We enjoyed the "Storiettes" very much, especially "A Game at Hearts." This so clearly portrays human nature that a boy could hardly have so beautifully painted these characters. From the first we were much in sympathy with John Cunningham, and somewhat vexed at the cruel disposition of the older sister, Laura. But when she went off on a visit John went so often to see her younger sister, Bessie (of course just to hear from Laura) that soon Laura becomes anxious to see her old love, and gets back just in time to hear John propose to Bessie and be accepted. But when the curtain of the future was pulled aside and we saw Laura, an old maid seated by her cheerless fireside, we sympathized; but could only feel that it was the just reward for flirting and heartlessness. This issue has also some excellent verse.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor.

MRS. DICKINSON and son, of Richmond, Va., have been visiting Dr. Taylor, Mrs. Dickinson's brother.

MISS MINNIE GWALTNEY spent Easter at Kittrell, visiting her sister Miss Mattie, who is teaching there.

MRS. J. F. LANNEAU has returned home from a few weeks' visit to her niece, Mrs. John Mills, in Franklin, Va.

MISSES MARY TAYLOR and Marie Lankford have returned from a very pleasant visit to Raleigh, the guests of Miss Lizzie Briggs.

THE ESSAYIST medal of the Philomathesian Society has been awarded to Mr. J. C. McNeill, of Richmond County, North Carolina.

THE STUDENT is indebted to W. C. Horton, M. D., for a very neat invitation to the commencement exercises of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of Baltimore, Thursday, April 15, '97.

ON SUNDAY April 18, Rev. J. B. Boone, of the Orphanage, filled Dr. Gwaltney's pulpit, morning and evening, and preached pure and simple gospel sermons. At the close of the morning service he spoke very interestingly of the Orphanage and its work.

DR. W. E. HATCHER closed his revival meeting here on April 1, as he was called home on business. The Christian people were greatly strengthened by his pure, simple gospel sermons, so eloquently delivered, and there were several converts and additions to the Church.

MISS MINNIE L. HOLDING is visiting Mrs. W. W. Holding on the Hill, and her parents who live a short distance out in the country. Miss Minnie recently graduated at Newark Business College, in New Jersey, and filled very acceptably the position of typewriter for the last Legislature of North Carolina.

DR. SKINNER, president of the board of trustees; C. J. Hunter, secretary, and J. C. Scarborough, chairman of the executive committee, paid the College a short visit some days ago. Dr. Skinner gave the students a short talk at prayers, urging them to stay in North Carolina and help to lift her up in educational lines, and free her school appropriation bills from the clutches of such lobbyists as were in Raleigh during the recent Legislature. His excellent talk was heartily cheered by the students.

WE WOULD be glad to give a full account of the games of our baseball team, but as we cannot we will give the result of each:

March	26.	McCabe's School	6.	Wake Forest		4.
"	27.	Randolph and Macon	5.	"	"	12.
"	29.	Univ. of Virginia	10.	"	"	3.
"	30.	Richmond College	9.	"	"	2.
April	3.	Univ. of N. C., (in Raleigh)	7.	"	"	2.
"	16.	Lehigh Univ., (in Greensboro)	3.	"	"	1.
"	17.	Univ. of Georgia	11.	"	"	14.
"	19.	Univ. of S. C.,	2.	"	"	22.
"	20.	Y. M. C. A. of Charlotte	18.	"	"	23.
"	21.	Wofford College	8.	"	"	9.

On the trip to Virginia our regular catcher was not with the team. The game with Chapel Hill at Raleigh, was played in the rain and not finished—no special features. Perhaps the best play was a catch by Sams, E. The game with Lehigh University, at Greensboro, was generally conceded to be the best played there this season. Our pitcher, Williams (familiarly known as "Big Boy") puzzled the Lehigh boys and

struck them out in quick order. Neither team scored in the first six innings. The star play with the University of South Carolina, at Columbia, was Williams' catch of a straight liner; also Wofford game at Spartanburg—his catch of a high fielder.

THE FOLLOWING is a program of the Senior contest of Phi. Society for Orator's medal, held on the evening of April 24:

A Plea for Southern Literature.....*W. D. Burns.*
Our Destiny .....*A. B. Cannady.*
Success in Failure.....*S. E. Hall.*
The Old South .....*C. B. Paul.*
Tide and Time .....*R. H. McNeill.*

The medal was awarded to Mr. Cannady.

ON APRIL 13, Polk Miller gave a lecture here under the auspices of the Athletic Association. He has few equals in speaking the dialect of the old plantation darkey and making the banjo talk as in the good old times "'fo de wah." His stories, illustrating the customs, beliefs and superstitions of the old slaves, were very amusing; but he reached the climax on the song "De Huckleberry Party," but at no time looked more like a darkey than while singing "De Alabama Coon." He closed his two-hour lecture very fittingly with a song which at all times and on all occasions touches a tender chord and calls forth prolonged applause from a Southern audience—the "Bonnie Blue Flag."

ON FRIDAY EVENING, April 23, the Junior Class of the Phi. Society held its contest for the orator's medal. It was presided over by Dr. Taylor, and we furnish the program without comment:

The Crime of the Eighteenth Century.....*C. S. Burgess.*
Greece is not Dead, but she Liveth Still .....*A. C. Cree.*
An Educated Man.....*H. B. Folk.*
What are Our Ideas of True Greatness .....*A. J. Medlin.*
Air Castles .....*J. D. Larkin.*
The Perfect Man .....*J. H. Rich.*
The Standard of Manhood .....*T. H. King.*

The medal was awarded to Mr. Cree.

FELLOW STUDENTS, we appeal to you again to look at our ad. column and trade *only with these.* Many have asked who these men are who will not give us an ad., but we regret to name them. Two of King Leah's daughters received his favors and then turned him out in the storm to perish. That spirit is not dead. One dry-goods man here advertises in this issue; another refuses again, as he has often done before. As a final plea in the name of THE STUDENT, which you support, we beg you *not to trade* ONE CENT *with any man in this town who does not advertise in* THE STUDENT.

WE HAVE no war to wage on Northern capital, but the continual draining by Northern manufactures, insurance companies and banks is impoverishing the South, and we will hail the day when she will have all of these things within her own borders, and instead of making millionaires in the North compel them to come South or stop their business. The money should be kept in the South and her industries developed. No section of a country can prosper as it should and send its money to another. This is the main reason why the South has not prospered as the North since the war.

We are indebted to Mr. John T. Patrick for an invitation to attend the Southern Insurance Convention to be held at Southern Pines on April 27th and 28th.

IT WAS somewhat amusing to hear the remarks made by some of the Seniors as they first beheld the negatives of their pictures. One, pointing eagerly to the large nose and jawbone represented on his negative, declared that they were sure signs of success; that he had never known a man with those marks who did not succeed. Another, surrounded by friends, opened his precious package and gazed with astonishment, uttering something like unto this: "What —— is the matter with that face?" Of course his friends consoled him by telling him that it was perfectly natural.

A FEW NIGHTS ago, when the day's tasks were finished, we were meditating and gilding the future with beautiful air castles; lost in our thoughts, we were just yielding to the strong arms of Morpheus, when wafted through our window came the sound of some one in agonizing prayer. We were just enabled to catch these words, "O, Lord, give me power!" We dismissed him with the thought that our neighbor was more earnest than usual in the rendering of his evening vesper, but the next day we were informed that it was one of the students who thought he had hypmotized another one and could not wake him. When a messenger was started after a physician the boy opened his eyes to tell him he had not been hypnotized at all.

WE HAVE three bachelor professors in our Faculty, and in behalf of the Senior Class we would urge the importance of their all getting married before Commencement—on separate days, so that we will get a holiday on each occasion. We don't like to urge any one to enter bondage for life, but under the circumstances we think it is justifiable. And to the ladies of the Hill and elsewhere: If you ever intend to marry them do so now. We need not tell you they are all very handsome, for your optic sense is very deficient if you haven't already observed this. But in behalf of the brothers and sisters, who anxiously await the return of their pale-faced college brother; of fathers and mothers, whose prayers ascend each night for their son and whose brows show marks of anxiety for fear that their boy's health will be injured before Commencement; and in behalf of two-score of bright-eyed maidens, whose epistles from time to time have done so much to cheer us on our way and whose presence in future we expect to cheer us—we plead in the name of all these, as well as ourselves, that you will come to the rescue and secure us a holiday!

THE SECOND LECTURE of the year, under the auspices of the College Lecture Committee, was delivered on the evening

of April 22, by Prof. John E. Ray, Superintendent of the Deaf and Blind Institute at Raleigh. His subject was Helen Keller, a student now at Yale College, and in several respects the most remarkable woman known. She is not quite seventeen years old yet, but stood one of the best entrance examinations last year at Yale that any one has ever stood.

She was not born deaf, dumb and blind, but became so from an attack of fever at the age of fourteen months, and comes under the class of those born blind, as all do who become so under two years of age. She was born in Tuscumbia, Alabama. Her father was an officer in the Confederate army, and a relative of Gen. R. E. Lee. No instructions were given Helen until she was about seven years old. Her father corresponded with a Greek physician, who was instrumental in founding the Boston institute, and through him secured the service of Miss Annie M. Sullivan as Helen's instructor. Miss Sullivan had then recently graduated at the Boston institute and, although formerly blind, by a skilful operation had been enabled to see well enough to read. By some mechanical signs Helen's mother had caused her to know that some one was coming who would affect her life. When her mother went to the train to meet Miss Sullivan, Helen stood on the front piazza awaiting her return. When she felt that some one was near, she held out her little hand, which Miss Sullivan soon clasped, and from that day until the present they have been almost inseparable. Miss Sullivan gave her a doll which she had brought with her, and had in a short time won Helen's love. In a few days she caused Helen to feel of the doll, and then marked in her hand d-o-l-l. Helen then spelled it d-o-l, of course knowing nothing of the meaning. Miss Sullivan caused her to feel of the doll carefully again, and spelled it over to her by marking in her hand, and Helen repeated it correctly. It was two weeks later before she knew the meaning of it.

Here the speaker added one of his terse sentences: "Blessed is the young man who has a hard time."

Helen for some time mixed the words "mug" and "milk" until one day passing a pump her teacher pumped some water into the mug, had her to put her hand in it, and then marked in her hand the word, Water. A thrill came over her as she realized that this was the name and, hastily stooping, put her hand on the ground and held her hand up to ask what it was. She asked immediately several questions about different objects. Her sense of smell is very acute. She can name roses by smelling of them; can detect the presence of a person in a room, although he be hid, and can tell the owner of a pair of gloves by smelling of the gloves and the person's hand.

Prof. Ray spoke of his personal acquaintance with Helen. He met her at the dumb and blind Chautauqua in New York. The third time he met her she recognized him and introduced him to her teacher, although he had seen her only a few minutes on each of the former occasions, two and four days previous. She entertained an excursion crowd by very successfully arguing the "income tax" with a well-informed professor. She was at this time only sixteen years old, but delivered a very interesting lecture to a large crowd on the "Value of Speech to the Deaf." In this she described her feelings before she learned to speak, as being caged in by her finger-tips, like birds in a cage, until freedom came by education. She also spoke of the great joy it afforded her to talk with her people. She can now communicate her thoughts in seven ways. By manual alphabet, by writing on groove boards, by point writing, by glove with letters on inside to be pressed against the hands, by telegraphic alphabet, by typewriter, by mouth. Her first desire to speak was caused by visiting Boston and learning that the inmates there spoke. But it was some time yet before she learned to talk. Miss Fuller taught her to speak, beginning with the words "papa" and "mamma." She first felt of Miss Fuller's lips, then the

motion of her tongue, chin and throat. To understand one speaking, she puts one finger against the nose, one on the lips, one on the chin, and the thumb on the throat.

Last summer a professor from Paris, who has LL. D. to his name, wanted to talk with her, but could not speak English, so this deaf and blind girl of sixteen summers spoke to him in his native tongue. On being asked why she wished to pursue her studies in the languages and history said, that she might help others. Her instructor never allowed her to be spoken to about religion until she was about ten years old, when she was instructed by Phillips Brooks, and her conversations show an unfaltering trust in the Supreme Ruler.

THE SENIOR CLASS this year numbers forty-one, being five more than ever graduated in any previous class. Of course the quality is not inferior to the quantity. It is confidently claimed that a much larger per cent. of the class will average over ninety on their entire course than ever before. Below we give a few facts collected from a report kindly furnished us by the President of the Class, Mr. J. C. Watkins. The following will preach: Beeker, Cowan, Fry, Gillespie, Greaves, Griffin, G., Harris, Johnson, Mashburn, McIntosh, Paul and Walker. Those who will teach are: Biggs, Fore, Griffin, E., King, Lineberry, Mills, Shepherd and Staley. To practice law: Burns, Cannady, Caudle, Hall, Joyner, McNeill, Sams, Simms, Stancell, Sykes, Vann and Weeks. Physicians: Carstarphen, Palmer, Robertson and Rogers. Druggist: Dodd. Dentist: Watkins. Journalist: Heck. Electrician: Stillwell. Holland undecided. Of the above, Mashburn is taking the M. A. degree, and all the others B. A. Some averages of the Class are: Height, 5 ft. 9.74 in.; weight, 147.63 lbs.; age, 23 yrs. 7 mos. 9½ days; hat, No. 7 1-20; shoe, No. 7; smoke, 17½ per cent.; chew, 15 per cent.; favorite study, English; favorite poet, Tennyson; favorite novel, Ivanhoe; in love, 61 1-9 per cent.; remain in North Carolina, 69½ per cent.; troubled with eyes, 25 per

cent.; wear glasses, 10¼ per cent.; number paying their own way, 59 per cent., and 9 per cent. partly paying their way.

EASTER MONDAY was decreed a legal holiday to the Wake Forest students, and marbles, baseball games and picnics were the order of the day. Several of the ladies of the Hill and students, in springless carriages or phætons, repaired to Falls of Neuse to spend the day. As the evening shades began to obscure hill and dale they returned, with banners flying and making the quiet evening melodious with songs and college yells. The melody borne to our ears on the gentle zephyrs so charmed us that we could not name the songs, but a friend standing by assured us that it was "Annie Laurie," while another was equally certain that it was "Coronation." As they drove around the campus in this gay and joyous manner, a number of students gave them a very vociferous greeting, and in their ecstatic joy *showered* upon them their favors (?) in abundance.

AT A RECENT meeting of the Historical Society Mr. E. B. Gresham presented a paper on "Gen. T. J. Jackson," Mr. A. J. Medlin "Early Georgia History," C. S. Burgess "Tryon's Palace," and Dr. Gorrell gave a talk on "Burying Places in Europe."

On Sunday morning, April 11, Dr. Taylor gave a very interesting talk on Matthew T. Yates, whom he very aptly termed Wake Forest's greatest Alumnus. He was a native of Chatham County. His early life was one of many struggles, but he overcame all and was the world's greatest missionary. The life of Yates, by Dr. Taylor, will soon be published.

At night an interesting paper on the history of the Wake Forest Missionary Society was read by Mr. R. N. Simms.

DR. PLUMMER, a native of Boston, now pastor of the First Baptist Church at Altoona, Pa., preached for Dr. Gwaltney morning and night April 25. His force lies in clearness and simplicity.

OUR REPUTATION seems to have crossed the Atlantic and reached the city of fashions, as the Senior Editors received a small envelope with request on it for specimen copy of THE STUDENT, directed to *Wake Forest* (*north Carl.*), (*Etat Uni*). This card was within:

Henry Couzis, (*Avocat*,)
Bordeaux.

139 Rue de la Tresarerie.

SPALDING'S BASE-BALL GUIDE for 1897, which has just been published, is especially interesting to college men, as it contains a complete record of all the games played by the leading colleges during 1896, and portraits of the most prominent college base-ball teams of the country. The new playing rules have the alterations and amendments printed in italics, which is a decided improvement, and the lists of averages of all the leagues and associations are very complete. Besides the college portraits, the book contains pictures of all the leading teams of the country, embracing altogether nearly 500 separate photos. The Guide will be sent on receipt of ten cents to any address in the United States or Canada by the American Sports Publishing Co., 241 Broadway, New York.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Students and others who wish to improve their time profitably, while in school or during the summer months, should take an agency for "Everybody's Dictionary," vest-pocket size. This little dictionary contains over 33,000 words, and is the most useful book published. One man has sold more than 1,500 copies. It makes a splendid "side line" in connection with other business. Write for catalogue and terms to The Practical Text-Book Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Wingate is Ready, Boys!

Have finished up store at last, and am adding daily the cream of the new bargains from carefully-selected goods in the Baltimore and New York markets. Late purchases at my own prices in all lines of Dry Goods, Notions, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Hosiery, and all the latest novelties for citizens and students at lowest prices ever seen at Wake Forest.

ICE, ICE CREAM, AND ALL THE ICED DRINKS every day at popular prices.

☞Try me for everything.
W. J. WINGATE.

PHI. SOCIETY. STAFF OF EDITORS. EU. SOCIETY.

In memory's casket drop a pearl for your friend.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

Vol. XVI. Wake Forest, N. C., June, 1897. No. 9.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.

CHAS. L. GREAVES.

I watched a river, wide and deep,
Flow 'neath a wint'ry midnight sky;
I heard its billows sobbing creep,
Forever seaward rolling by.

No moon, no star, no friendly light
Sent through the gloom one trembling beam;
Some fearful spirit of the night
Seemed brooding o'er the troubled stream.

Oppressed by sudden, nameless fright,
I fled, as from the gates of doom,
While terror, like a winged sprite,
Pursued me, rushing through the gloom.

Again, 'neath smiling skies of May,
I stand upon the selfsame shore,
And watch the sun-kissed ripples play
Where rolled the cold, dark waves before.

And just beyond the sparkling tide,
Bloom fragrant flowers, rich and fair;
In verdant groves bright song-birds hide,
And warbles each his woodland air.

Its waters now I fear no more,—
No more they seem to sob and sigh;
But there is laughter in their roar,
As they, in playful mood, leap by.

Ah! thus in life it often seems—
Things clothed with terror in the night
Exchange, beneath the noonday's beams,
Their dismal shades for robes of light.

THE MATERIAL PROSPERITY OF THE CAROLINAS, AND HOW TO ADVANCE IT.

J. C. CADDELL.

These States are alike in so many particulars that they may be treated in one paper without disadvantage to either. The soil of the one is so substantially the counterpart of the other that the traveller would not know where one ended and the other began, while the citizens of each are closely allied in habits, in sentiments and friendly intercourse.

On the western border of these twin neighbors is a mountain section, the beauty and grandeur of which has attracted tourists and health seekers from this, as well as from foreign countries. Here on these rich mountain sides grow an abundance of native wood, in the greatest variety of species and of the most durable and valuable sort. At the foot of these lies a section which, in apparent gratitude for its protection from the cold wintry blasts and for the never-failing sources of beautiful streams coursing through its bounds, yields an abundance of the finest grasses, clover, wheat, oats, corn and fruits. No section gives better return for the efforts of the industrious husbandman or responds to fertilizers in a more prompt or permanent way. Adjoining this, and passing north and south almost across the two States, is a cotton belt, with a soil easily cultivated and susceptible of the high-

est improvement. Under intelligent methods of cultivation, it has proved equal to the lands of the best cotton-growing section—especially if the quality of the staple is considered with the yield per acre. In addition to its claim as a cotton-growing section, it ranks pre-eminent for the production of fine yellow tobacco. Intelligent labor is rapidly turning from the production of other crops to the "golden weed," and never fails to receive due reward when the faultless bright wrapper is placed upon the warehouse floors. Just outside of the cotton and tobacco section, and you are in the trucking fields, where old ideas of farming have passed away. Turpentine and tar likewise have had their day, and cabbage, early peas, asparagus, strawberries, grapes and peaches are among the new industries occupying the attention of the citizens in this section. Here those rare conditions—a perfect product, palatable, healthful, and an early market—have been fully met. This land, already fertile, has been amply secured against the poverty of its soil by liberal deposits of lime and marl, with which its wasting strength may be constantly renewed. Here, too, are our rivers, beautiful and clear, cut deep with nature's own spade, so as to aid in sending timber and commerce to the best markets of the world. In addition, these rivers and sounds contain an inexhaustible supply of fish and oysters, which, after supplying the home demand, find ready sale in the distant markets. These resources are ours. How may we turn them to the best account?

Running north, south, east and west, through the Carolinas, are three finely equipped railroads—the Southern, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Seaboard Air Line. There are also other roads of less magnitude, but equally zealous and capable. These are potent factors in the advancement of civilization, and for the more complete development of the material prosperity of the section through which they pass. A wise, conservative and liberal policy ought to be maintained by our law-makers toward these valuable additions to the

wealth and prosperity of our homes. They ought to receive every encouragement from our cities, towns and communities, not inconsistent with the best interests of the general public. And for these considerations they ought to be expected to render the best possible service, dealing fairly and equitably with every interest and section dependent on their service. These roads could, by a moderate outlay of money, in the establishment of farms along their lines, materially improve the agricultural interests of the community, and would serve to form in the mind of the tourist just and correct conclusions as to the value and adaptability of the section through which he might travel.

Our land is valued too low on the tax books. Only a certain per cent. of taxes is paid from land; so that a uniform high valuation would not work any additional burden to the individual tax-payer. On the other hand, a better valuation would increase the appreciation of the holder in his land and attachments. Certainly it would tend to heighten the respect of the stranger seeking a home in our midst to find that our land bore a respectable valuation.

The Carolinas have gone ahead of their sister States in the erection of cotton mills within the past five years. With their abundant water-power and magnificent sites for these enterprises, situated in the very midst of the cotton-fields, they have nothing to fear from competition. But it well becomes us, in the comparative infancy of these enterprises, to avoid the evils which have shown themselves in other manufacturing localities. How may this be done? In the first place, the managers of the mills ought, as far as they may, see to it that the law of God, which ordains that the parents shall provide a support for their children, is not reversed, thus depriving the children of the rest and recreation necessary for the development of physical strength. This can be accomplished if the owners of factories will provide schools, at which the children of operatives may attend, and not allow them to

enter the mill until they have reached the proper age, and are physically able to do their task. If houses for these operatives could be sufficiently roomy, and so constructed as to allow the observance of good home proprieties, it would aid materially the moral and social elevation of the members of the household. So much the better if these houses could be in close proximity to the homes of others who follow different pursuits, rather than form what is familiarly known as the "factory element."

The crowning interest in the material prosperity of the Carolinas is the successful cultivation of the soil. This first gave them wealth and prestige among their sister States. Accomplished, however, when men with trained intellects and the highest aspirations found congenial occupation in agricultural pursuits. Alas! that so many of these have been allured from the country home to follow other vocations; for with their departure has gone the beauty and independence of the country home. We need only to come to correct principles in the conduct of our farms, and our labor will be duly rewarded. The barnyard must furnish fertilizers for the farm, and not a commission merchant. A systematic rotation of crops is necessary to preserve the soil, and secure the best results of the farm. The raising of stock is a necessity to the successful farm, and so the mules and horses brought from other markets ought to be raised on our farms. Our markets are furnished largely with Western beef, while our own rich mountain sides and lovely meadows could produce an abundance and to spare. The farmer who would be successful must use every day in the year. No amount of organization can compensate for lack of personal attention to business. A farm, to be worthy of the name, must first of all be self-sustaining; then the surplus, whatever it may be, and whether large or small, is practically clear profit. The Carolinas are blessed with a homogeneous population. Let us keep them so to the last day possible, teaching our children that land is better

than bonds, and that the farm is not only the basis of all wealth, but is also a gymnasium where the greatest of American intellects have been produced.

The presence of the negro has been a constant source of anxiety since his sudden introduction to free citizenship. Mingled with his crude, sluggish and improvident nature, are virtues and capabilities worthy of consideration. The broad acres, deep canals, public buildings, and splendid railroads in the Carolinas, are so many evidences of his value as a laborer. The small wages his labor commands have kept from our midst the foreigner, who, in many respects, is less to be desired than the negro. Self-interest, if no higher motive, would demand that we make the best citizen possible of him, and encourage him to add to the wealth and prosperity of the land that has generously supplied him a home.

Napoleon learned that good roads in France were a necessary auxiliary to his military supremacy. It is not less true, that the advancement of the material prosperity of the Carolinas may be substantially aided by a complete revolution of their road system. Every county ought to utilize its convicts on its public roads, and in addition, sufficient taxes raised to intelligently superintend and work the public roads.

NINETY MILES AN HOUR.

CHAS. M. STALEY.

I.

The terrible storm which swept along the Atlantic coast from Florida to Maine, in the latter part of September, 188–, will long be remembered and talked of by the inhabitants of Haventon as the worst that ever struck the coast of Massachusetts. To this day they tell marvelous stories of the ruin and devastation wrought by that storm. Never before, within the memory of the traditional oldest inhabitant, had the wind blown with such violence, or the ocean raged so mightily.

All day the storm had raged and roared, with ever increasing strength and fury. Low, dense clouds raced overhead in flying racks, and poured down torrents of rain, which the wind drove over the land in broad sheets until every stream became a foaming, dashing flood. The river rose out of its banks and spread far and wide over the low, flat country. The wind raved and howled and shrieked around the corners of the houses like some demon whose prey had been snatched from its grasp. It seized on the scraggy, stunted trees that grew along the beach, wringing and twisting them in its rage, and at last, tearing them up by the roots, sent them flying through the air. Roofs were torn off the houses and chimneys blown down by the force of the blast, while the air was filled with flying shingles and falling bricks. Bits of seaweed and flakes of foam were flying hither and thither, and sand and pebbles beat and rattled against the sides of the houses like hailstones.

The people were frightened almost out of their wits by the violence of the tempest, and, huddled together in the corner of the room farthest from the chimney, lest they should be buried in its fall, asked each other in awe-struck voices what must be done. To add to their terror and dismay, just as night was settling down the steeple of the church, the pride and boast of the town, was blown down with a mighty crash. As it fell the great bell rang out a loud peal, which sounded in the ears of the terrified people like the knell of doom.

And the sea, generally so quiet and peaceful, how it raged! Great walls of water, white-capped with foam, came rushing in and struck on the beach with a boom like the roar of heavy cannons. The green, angry billows tumbled along one after another, crawling higher and higher up the strand, until it looked as if the whole town would be engulfed. Sea birds hovered and whirled above the crests of the angry waves like storm sprites. As each wave struck on the shore, with a mad bellow, and then hurried back to be collected into another

mountain of water, it dug out great caves in the sand, as if determined to tear down the barriers which nature had set up against its onslaught. Higher and higher crept the hungry waters along the beach, until they had undermined and carried away a row of huts that stood far above the line to which the sea had ever mounted before.

All night long the driving rain fell unceasingly, the howling wind rocked the houses on their foundations, and the ocean roared and bellowed. The darkness served only to increase the consternation and horror of the people who did not dare close their eyes, but who clustered in groups and waited for morning to come.

But morning brought no cessation of the storm, which still blustered and raved with unabated violence. The town presented a desolate appearance with the return of light, for the havoc had been great. The rain had washed great furrows and gutters in the streets, while here and there pools of water formed themselves against the ruins and rubbish of fallen chimneys. The ruins of the church steeple blocked up the main street, and shingles, rafters and uprooted trees were mingled in indescribable confusion.

It was about ten o'clock when a cry was raised, "A wreck! a wreck!" In a shorter time than it takes to tell about it, the whole town was in tumult and confusion. On all sides excited voices were calling out to each other, and people from every direction were running down to the beach to get a glimpse out at sea. Yes, there it was—a disabled ship, drifting rapidly toward the treacherous shoals which lay just outside the entrance to the little harbor. The tempest was so strong and furious that the people with the greatest difficulty kept on their feet, and now and then a more violent gust would send them rolling on the sand. But in spite of the storm, half the population of the town were down on the beach, gazing out to sea through the blinding showers of spray. It was a marvel how any vessel could have lasted so

long in such a gale, but her hours were numbered, for as soon as she should plunge on those dangerous shoals her doom would be sealed.

It was a large schooner, with one mast broken short off eight or ten feet from the deck, that was rolled and tossed about by the waves and driven along at the mercy of the wind. The other mast was still standing, with the rags of a torn sail and pieces of broken cordage whipping and beating to and fro. The vessel pitched and rolled heavily as she wallowed through the raging sea, now plunging into the trough of the sea, almost burying her hull beneath the waves, and now rising on the top of a huge wave, reeling and staggering like a drunken man, but steadily nearing all the while the spot where destruction awaited her.

The watchers could make out four persons on the deck, clinging for dear life to the shrouds, though at times almost buried beneath the waves which swept over the deck.

"Blast my eyes, mates, if one of them isn't a woman!" cried an old sailor who, sheltered behind a building, was anxiously peering through his glass. "If that one lashed to the mast isn't a woman, then my name is not Sam Briston."

By this time the ship had drifted somewhat nearer the land, and a groan went up from the crowd as they, too, recognized the form of a woman on the deck of the ill-fated vessel. It was horrible to see men go down in the boiling surf, but the sight of a woman struggling for life in that wild vortex, was more than they could endure. The women screamed and, wringing their hands, turned away their heads to shut out the horrible sight, while they implored the men to save those doomed wretches. But those hardy seamen, accustomed as they were to braving the perils of the deep, only shook their heads in reply to this entreaty. They had no boat that would live a minute in that raging sea. If they only had a life boat they might be able to rescue them; but as it was, they could do nothing.

While this was going on the schooner, head on, plunged forward and drove on the shoals. She staggered and reeled like a wounded animal, then slowly turned over on her side till the crew, clinging in the rigging, were almost submerged. But with a mighty effort she righted, and rising on a monster wave, drove still further on the fatal sands, where she hung fast, with the waves pounding her sides and sweeping over her deck. A cry of dismay went up from the shore as a great wave, towering high above its fellows, was seen to sweep over the vessel, carrying away one of the men and leaving the others half strangled. In a little while all must go down, for nothing of man's handiwork could long withstand those mighty billows that were racing and tumbling over each other in their eagerness to reach their prey.

"We could send to Marvin for the life boat," suddenly growled the old salt who had spoken before. "It is bad enough to stand here and see men go to the bottom without making an effort to save them, but shiver my timbers if I can stand it to leave a woman at the mercy of this sea."

"Yes, yes; let's send for the life boat!" was the eager cry. "Why didn't we think of that sooner? It is only twenty miles, and the ship can hold out till the boat comes."

A dozen men started on a run to the telegraph office, but there a bitter disappointment awaited them.

"The wire is down between here and Marvin," said the operator, "and it is utterly impossible to get a message through."

"There is no help for it then," and the men turned to go away. "Those poor fellows must go down, for we can't help them."

"Hold on a minute," said the operator, as an idea struck him. "I can send a message to Green Bay, but that is ninety miles off. How long will the vessel hold out, do you suppose?"

"Not more than two hours at the longest," was the answer. "Perhaps not more than an hour-and-a-half."

"I will send the message, though the boat cannot get here in that time, even if the crew will come, which is very doubtful," and he turned to his key and sent this message flashing over the wire:

"A vessel aground on shoals. Cannot last more than two hours. Send life boat to save crew. Quick, or it will be too late."

A deathlike stillness reigned in the little room as they anxiously waited for the answer to this appeal. Would the life-boat crew come to their aid, or would they consider it a dangerous and useless undertaking? Minute after minute passed without a word being said, though every man kept his eyes fastened on the telegraph instrument, waiting for it to speak. At last, when the suspense was growing unbearable, the answer came ticking back:

"All right. The boat starts in a few minutes. GREEN BAY."

With a feeling of relief and a gleam of hope in their breasts, the men hurried back to the beach to tell the good news.

II.

Harry Brentley, the day operator at Green Bay, was sitting at his table, gazing disconsolately out of the window at the dreary water-soaked landscape, and occasionally turning his attention to the clicking instrument before him, when the message from Haventon came. For a few seconds he was undecided what to do; then he drew himself together and straightened up with an eager, determined look on his face. He was a young man, full of the buoyant hopefulness of youth, and he did not stop to weigh the chances of success or failure, as an older man would have done. An appeal for help had been made, and he resolved to do his utmost to respond to the call.

He quickly dashed off a copy of the message and, calling up the messenger boy, despatched him with it to the captain of the life-saving station, while he himself, without hat or

umbrella, dashed out into the storm and across to the office of the general superintendent of the road, to ask for a special train to carry the life-boat to Haventon. He found that usually genial gentleman in a very bad humor, fuming and fretting over the delays which the storm had occasioned to general traffic. Besides, he had just learned that a "washout" had wrecked the southbound passenger train, killing and wounding several persons. There was a deep frown on his face as Brently dashed into his office.

"What in the thunder do you mean, bolting in here in such a manner?" he yelled. "What do you want, any way?"

"Here, read this telegram, sir," said Brently without appearing to notice the excited manner of the superintendent. "Can't you send a special to take the life-boat down?"

"Send out a special! Are you crazy?" demanded the superintendent sharply, as he ran his eye over the message; "do you suppose I am going to risk the company's property on any such a wild-goose chase?"

"Yes, but just think; you may be instrumental in saving those poor fellows on the wreck," urged the young man respectfully. "Just think what the papers will say of you, if you don't make an effort to save them from drowning. If the crew of the life-boat are willing to go will you not send a train to carry them?"

The older man looked intently at the bit of yellow paper in his hand for a moment without replying, then he said slowly:

"I do not expect that a train can get there in time to be of any service, and it is a dangerous trip. Besides that, I doubt very much whether any of the engineers will want to make the run, for two trains have been wrecked already this morning. However, I will have an engine and car ready by the time the boat is brought around." And, turning to the telephone, he ordered an engine brought up from the roundhouse.

Brentley hurried back to his office and sent the message to

Haventon, just as the captain of the life-boat came up and announced the willingness of himself and his men to make the trip. The boat was quickly loaded on a car and securely fastened, the engine backed up and coupled to the car, and everything was ready for the start.

Then there was a hitch in the proceedings. The run was a dangerous one, and no engineer could be found who would consent to take the risk, for the chances were ten to one that the train would never reach its destination.

"Here, Jack Howard, you are a bold, fearless fellow; can't you drive her through?" said the superintendent, who was now as anxious as any one that the bold project should not be defeated, addressing a tall, robust man whose face wore a reckless devil-may-care expression.

"I will go if you order me to," replied the man shifting his gaze uneasily; "but I can just tell you, I don't want the job. Jarrett and his fireman were both killed in the smash-up of the passenger train this morning, and I——"

"I shall not order any man to go against his will," interrupted the superintendent sternly, and turning to a group of engineers, who were discussing the probabilities of the train getting through safely, he called out:

"Who will volunteer to carry this train through? I will give five hundred dollars to any man who will make the trip." "Will none of you make an effort to save a fellow-being's life?" he continued, as no one moved.

One of the group mumbled out something about the duty a man owed to his wife and children, while the others kept silent.

"I will go" said a clear manly voice, and George Owen, the youngest driver on the line, stepped forward. "I have no family dependent on me as these others have, and therefore I can act with more indiscretion," and a smile in which there was a shade of contempt played around the corners of his mouth.

"George, you are a brave fellow, and I need not tell you that this is an extremely dangerous run" said the superintendent warmly. "You will have to go flying, or you will be too late. Keep a sharp lookout, and be careful about the bridges."

George nodded his head, and was mounting into the cab when the operator came out of the station with a telegram crumpled in his hand.

"It is hardly worth while to go," he said, with a dejected air. "The ship is going to pieces fast, and will not last an hour."

Owen said nothing to this intelligence until he had swung himself into his seat; then looking down into the upturned faces of the crowd, he sald firmly:

"Two years ago my only brother perished in a storm at sea: by God's help I mean to be there in time to save those poor fellows from such a fate." With these words he pulled out from the station.

The crowd which had gathered at the station stood there in the pelting storm for several minutes, looking after the train as it disappeared in the distance. As they turned to go away, an old engineer who had grown gray in the service of the road, said:

"I expect we have seen the last of George Owen, for there is no chance for him to make the trip safely."

"What a pity!" replied some one in the crowd. "He is by far the bravest man on the road."

"That may be so, or it may not," said the old driver curtly. "There are men, fully as brave as he, who have too much sense to risk their lives on such a dangerous run."

It was indeed an awful risk that the young driver was taking, and the odds were decidedly against him. But he was fully conscious of the perils he had to encounter, and he did not shrink. The rain for the last twenty-four hours had been something awful, and a "washout" or a tottering bridge

meant death to him and those brave fellows in the car behind him.

As he settled himself in his seat he pulled out his watch, which marked 11:15 a. m., and turning to the fireman he said, as he pulled open the throttle:

"In an hour we will be in Haventon."

"We could not make ninety miles an hour if the road-bed was perfectly smooth and solid," was the astonished answer; "surely you do not mean to try to make that rapid speed with the track in such an abominable condition?"

Owen made no reply to this, but sat there, fixed and immovable, with one hand on the lever of his engine and the other on the throttle, while his eyes were fixed on the track before him.

They were dashing on directly in the face of the storm, which now collected all its strength and force to check their progress. How the wind howled and shrieked and raved and thundered, beating in impotent rage against the windows of the cab! The rain rolled along in such blinding sheets that it was impossible to see more that a few rods ahead. It was a battle royal between this monster of iron and steel, the creation of man's ingenuity, and the elements themselves. The engine rocked from side to side as it plunged on against the roaring tempest. In the car behind, the men clung to their seats to keep from being dashed against the sides of the car in its mad lurches. Never in all their lines had they experienced anything like this wild ride. The clickety-click of the car-wheels, as they bumped over the joints of the rails, seemed one continuous sound. The brakeman who was clinging to the brake-wheel at the rear of the car glanced at his watch as the train shot by a little station, and shouted in a voice scarcely heard above the noise of the train and the rush of the storm:

"We made eight miles in just six minutes. That is eighty miles an hour. That blamed fool is crazy as a bed-bug."

In the cab not a word was said, though the fireman gazed with mingled admiration and amazement at the calm, emotionless figure that guided the panting, snorting, screaming monster on through the rain and storm. He expected every moment that the engine would go tumbling headlong down an embankment and bury them all in its ruins, yet he could not help feeling a thrill of admiration for the coolness and courage which could defy such dangers.

Nearly half the distance had been gone over in safety, but now they were approaching the spot where the greatest peril lurked in wait, and Owen steeled his nerves for a greater effort. A long wooden bridge spanned a little river which the rains had swollen far above its highest mark. If it was still standing firm and secure, all would be well; but if the rushing waters had weakened or destroyed it, death awaited them. A sharp curve hid the bridge from view until the train was almost on it, and it would be too late to stop. Should he slacken the speed or not? He decided to risk the bridge's being still there, and with a mental prayer to Heaven, he dashed around the curve with unabated speed. Hurrah! it was still standing, though the rolling current almost licked the sleepers as it lapped and splashed against the pillars. It looked like madness to attempt to cross on the swaying, tottering structure; but it was impossible to stop now.

Owen pulled the throttle wide-open and, like a race-horse that has felt the spur, the iron steed leaped forward and dashed on the bridge. The fireman leaped up with a cry of horror as he felt the bridge give way beneath the engine. But before he could do more than cry out they were across the stream and the danger was passed. The brakeman on the rear of the car shuddered, when he saw the structure over which he had just passed sink out of sight beneath the foaming waters, and his face was pale as death.

Fifty miles yet to go, and thirty minutes had passed since the start. Owen had said that in an hour he would be in Haventon. Could he make good his word?

"Stir up the fire!" he shouted to the terror-stricken fireman. "We shall need all the steam we can raise."

The speed, which before had been frightful, now became appalling. The car was rocking and slamming, bouncing and jumping at a terrible rate. The men looked at each other with blanched faces as the car lurched and rolled from side to side, threatening every moment to overturn. They were brave men, and had risked their lives on many a stormy sea, but never had they undergone an experience so frightful as this wild ride. And they whispered to themselves under their breath, "The engineer is mad, and we shall all be killed."

The storm still raged in fury around them as they rushed on. The trees bowed their heads to the ground before the blast. The wind snatched great branches from the trees and sent them whirling through the air. Now and then a huge limb would strike against the train, smashing the windows to bits and adding fresh consternation to the terrified men. But the train, belching forth fire and smoke, shot on like a solid bolt, dashing aside the tree-trunks which the wind had blown across the track like so many straws.

With a shriek and a roar like some unearthly monster, they dashed on through the woods, through open fields, over shaking trestles, and by stations. A rumbling, rushing roar, a thick cloud of smoke, a wild, unearthly scream, and the people gazed in astonishment and wonder down the line and asked each other what it all meant. For years afterwards those living along the road told marvelous stories of the speed at which the "life-boat special" tore along.

On and on they dashed through the storm, and raced across the lowlands, over which the water was out for miles and miles. The engine was pounding terribly, and the boxes were smoking and blazing, leaving a trail of fire behind, but still they thundered on. At last, with a long shrill blast from the whistle, they dashed into Haventon. George Owen had made good his word.

Eager hands were there, ready to carry the life-boat from the car down to the beach and launch it on the raging sea. They arrived not a moment too soon, for as the last person left the wreck it broke up and the pieces were strewn along the beach.

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The next day the papers were full of praise for the brave men of the life-boat crew, and for the noble part that was played by the Superintendent of the road. But the real hero—the brave young engineer who took his life in his hands and carried the train on through the storm at a speed unparalleled, thus making the rescue possible—was overlooked and unnoticed, while men all over the country were rejoicing over the glorious news.

LOVE AND DEATH.

R. H. M'NEILL.

"Die! you pitiless brute!"

Almost on the instant these words reached my ear a sharp shot rang out, and the forms of two men were for a moment outlined over the brow of a bold and rugged hill. The one in front wild-eyed and rushing for the nearest covert, as if a pack of hell-hounds were at his heels; the other wildly excited, too, with a smoking pistol in his hand, waving it recklessly above his head as he pursued the retreating man.

Before the only spectator of this scene had time to control himself and collect his disturbed thoughts, both pursuer and pursued had hidden themselves in the overhanging foliage of a near-by copse, and even their footfalls on the soft marshy ground could not be heard. Wonderingly he stood for a long time, almost where he was when the two mysterious figures had passed, trying to conjure up some explanation of what he believed to be but the earnest of a revelation of the past.

His meditation was soon disturbed by the appearance from the undergrowth, of a tall, dark-browed, giant-like man, his head dejectedly hanging, his eyes drooped, his step slow but firm, his arms hanging listlessly at his side, and a look of unutterable disappointment pervading his every movement. Slowly he approached the only witness of his attempted crime, unconscious that he was approaching any one or that he had been seen. When he had approached alongside, our watcher, Harold Vanwick, accosted him:

"My friend, will you explain to me why it is I find you here in this unfrequented spot, hotly chasing, with pistol in hand, the man who just escaped you in the copse?"

His answer was quickly forthcoming:

"Upon your question hangs a tale involving the recounting of deeds of blood and death. I cannot tell it in a moment. It involves the history of the lives of three people—lives checkered with jealousy, love and hate. But why should I open the inmost recess of my heart, which has been sealed for twelve long, bitter years to all the world, to you—a stranger met with by accident in this lonely place, close by the secluded spot in which was laid the body of one who was the world to me. Yet it seems to me that I must tell some one. For these long years, which have seemed a long requiem to all my hopes, have I dragged through the world with but one object, which has ever been before me, which would not down at my bidding, but continally urged me on to its own fulfillment; and I believe that, had it not been for this one object, I should have taken my own life years ago. But this object rose paramount to every other consideration—happiness, love, hopes of the future, sorrows of the past—and demanded, in tones not to be disobeyed, that it be accomplished. My story is one of sorrows, love and death, and I *must* tell it. Your face is noble and I believe you will respect the secret of a heart-broken, hopeless man: one whose life, until twelve

years ago when this dark shadow passed over it, had been a grand, sweet song, but which since has been a long, piteous shriek of despair.

"After listening to this gloomy introduction to a story even more gloomy, do you still wish to hear the story itself?"

"Yes, yes; I am intensely interested," replied the stranger. "Tell me the whole story, and it may be in my power to aid in the accomplishment of the one purpose which haunts your life. If so, you have but to command me."

"Little do you know what such a pledge as you have just made might involve you in, my stranger friend; but I shall respect your generosity and refrain from asking your aid in the accomplishment of a purpose which all the faculties of my being have decreed that I, and I only, shall accomplish. But to my fateful story:

"It was twelve years ago, as I said, and I was just blooming into manhood. No young man was ever more hopeful of the future. Already, as a lawyer, I had won distinction at the bar. In my imagination I could see the star of my destiny rise gloriously above all my fellows; my whole being was stirred by youthful ambitions, and I imagined myself often on the wings of my wild hopes, soaring to the highest embattled pinnacle of Fame's temple. Oh, sir! how little one knows of the storms through which one's bark of life must pass before it can be safely harbored. How little did I know! The curtain which hides the future was left undrawn and the one abiding sorrow of my life was to be endured before known. You will excuse this digression from the main current of the story, please; and now to return: At the age of twenty-three I had never learned what it was to love. My life had been spent almost entirely at school until I was twenty-one, when I began the practice of my profession, and I had never as yet seen the woman I could love as a man should love a wife.

"My life, though, was not to continue for long in this

rushing, practical way. Soon a being was to step into my life who was to draw from my soul all its warmth and fire of love. It was in this way: At a social gathering in the old castle-like building which you see yonder, half-hidden in the trees, to which I and several of my townsmen had been invited, I was carried into one of the parlors to meet the daughter of the host. I had been told to expect a beautiful woman, but had been given no true conception of her real beauty. Never before had I seen a human form of such goddess-like bearing, nor a human face so queenly in its maidenly dignity and purity. Charmed almost to the loss of my senses, with her soft brown eyes and captivated by the sweet smiles which played over her face like sunshine, I could hardly stammer my expression of pleasure at the introduction given me, and was forced to retire in confusion. Cupid's dart had struck home at last, and I was madly in love with Madge Allen, and with a spirit of determination I declared, even in my confusion and before love's indomitable spirit had yet worked its full power upon me, that Madge Allen should be my wife, despite all obstacles.

"Before leaving her hospitable home I had, in a manner, attoned for my rudeness in madly rushing from the parlor, and had secured her permission to call again. How wonderfully less did the few intervening miles between her beautiful old colonial home and my little dingy attic seem to grow after my first riding over them. My horse just seemed to glide over the road on the wings of the cool zephyrs. Upon every repeated call I fell more and more madly in love, until finally my whole being was a consuming fire of passion.

"Nor was I the only worshipper at this shrine of beauty and maidenly sweetness. There were others as much in earnest as I, and seemingly as deeply in love, who were determined, if persistent effort could accomplish the end, to win Madge Allen's heart.

"Among this number was a tall, dark-eyed man who looked

the possessor of a fox's slyness and a serpent's cunning. You saw him a few moments ago. He it was whom you saw fleeing from me. Every attention paid to the woman he loved by any one seemed to stir his whole soul into a flame of passion and to light the fires of his hate against the one who dared oppose his ends.

"It was generally thought that I was the chief obstacle in his way to preferment to a place in Madge Allen's affections, and as a consequence all his hate and jealousy centered on me. He tried to conceal his feelings, but I could read them in his every action. Madge, too, (God bless her!) would tell me of his angry hints against me, whenever she saw fit to say anything in my praise; how the demon of jealousy would cause a flush to mantle his cheek and a dangerous light to flash in his deep, dark eyes; how his hands would, unconsciously to himself, clinch each other, and his lips become firmly compressed together, as if he were trying to restrain some angry utterance.

"Madge didn't know how to get rid of the fellow. She had the heart of a tender child and didn't want to wound the feelings of any one. She consulted her father, who told her to treat the man kindly, as she had done, and possibly he would become hopeless and quit calling. She tried to follow his request, but it only resulted in making her indefatigable wooer the more obstinate. I could not help but see that there was something weighing on her mind, and I pleaded with her to reveal it to me, in order that I might help her. She hesitated, but finally yielded, and did tell me. My whole soul went out to her in sympathy. How I wanted to bear her troubles for her, but how? Directly a hope awoke in my soul, and I determined to place my future in Madge's hands and ask her to become my guardian angel. So I spoke to her, in tones of intense feeling, and said: 'Madge, there is an easy way out of this difficulty. Promise me here to be my wife and then when Jack Carlton comes, you can tell him you are the affianced bride of another, and he will hardly call again. Say

you will, my darling.' Her answer came softly sweet, and I sealed the compact so abruptly made with a lingering, passionate kiss. Oh, sir! that we could have died then. Then was our love joy-crowned, and our souls entwined by the cords of a before unexpressed but yet an eternal love, now glowing with a glorious splendor.

"Still hopeful, Carlton soon called again, and again declared to Madge his love, and pleaded with her to give him some slight encouragement in order to keep alive his hope. Madge rose in her queenly dignity and said, in her softest tones, and yet in tones of deep meaning, to Carlton:

"'Mr. Carlton, I have told you before that I could not love you. Once more I repeat it, and while the bestowal of your affections on me is the greatest thing a man can do for any woman, I am compelled to thank you, only, and to ask you to be content with my friendship. Further, I am betrothed to Harold Harding.'

"When telling me of this scene on the following evening, Madge said: 'I saw a wild glare in his eyes, as I told him of my engagement to you, and he could not restrain the demon which mastered him, and through his thin lips he hissed the words, 'You shall never marry that man!'

"I knew not then the dark significance of his threat, but a few days later it was revealed to me in a way the terrible horror of which beggars description. According to her daily custom, Madge was one evening taking an evening stroll in the grove surrounding her home, when she was accosted by Carlton. He saluted her coldly; she replied pleasantly, and began a conversation along general lines, but Carlton interrupted her to say: 'Madge, promise me you will not marry that fellow Harding. My God! woman, it would kill me. Don't drive the man who has loved you all his life mad. Tell me you will not. No! no! I see from your face you are determined to disregard utterly my pleas, but if my petitions are

in vain I will try the virtue of a command and say that you shall not become the wife of Harold Harding.'

"Madge's reply came quick and in no faltering voice: 'Mr. Harding is a gentleman, and I love him and intend to become his wife, and you, sir, shall not prevent it. I have always tried to treat you as a gentleman, but I see I was mistaken in the man and shall henceforth treat you with justice—as a base slanderer of a gentleman's honor.' With this defiance Madge turned to retrace her steps home, but Carlton placed himself in the path and, as she attempted to pass, seized her wrists and fairly hissed: 'Ha! you dare defend him, do you; you dare defy me, do you; you are going to marry him despite my protest, are you? We'll see!' And as he ceased speaking there gleamed aloft a glittering dagger. Swiftly it descended; it pierced her ivory breast, she fell, and there we found her, cold and dead. And above her corpse I swore by the Maker of the world that the villain—her murderer—should die by my hand.

"Every one knew Carlton had murdered her, but he was gone, and no one knew where. For two years I searched for him, but every trace was lost almost as quickly as found, and, hopeless, I returned here, and for the next ten years doled out my existence with a last glimmering, flickering hope that some day the murderer would return to view the scene of his crime, and to-day my hope was fulfilled, but I am yet to secure my revenge. To-day as I approached to deck her grave, which I have kept green since her death, I saw Jack Carlton—the red-handed fiend—gazing upon the grave of her who was to have been my wife. The sleeping devil in me instantly awoke, and I rushed wildly upon the profaner of my darling's tomb and shrieked: 'Thou blighting curse to holy love, die the death!' and with my cry, I drew a revolver and fired upon him; but he escaped, as you saw. The end is not yet, and before it can come, he must die."

With this the poor, passion-blinded man finished speaking, and with a plea to me to guard well his secret, he walked

sadly away, and I cried after him these words, thinking they might still the tempest in his bosom: "'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord;'" but he cried back, "No! no! He wants nothing to do with such a demon, surely. This time *vengeance is mine.*"

Only a few days after the occurrence of these scenes I read in the village newspaper the account of a murder—the murdered man being Jack Carlton, the murderer Harold Harding—and I remembered his parting cry to me, 'Vengeance is mine.' And I knew that Madge Allen's death had been avenged, and that his oath made upon her grave had been kept.

THE SECULAR HYMN; OR, CARMEN SAECULARE.

WM. F. JOYNER.

The Roman religion, like that of the Greeks—both nations bringing their customs largely from a common Aryan ancestry—required the observance of certain national festivities and games in honor of the gods. There is a striking similarity between the ceremonies of such occasions at Athens and Rome; but the Greeks were far more zealous to perform regular sacrifices than the Romans, who often entirely neglected the gods while "summer-time" lasted, making supplication only upon the approach of dreaded calamity to the State. Again, the Grecian mode of worship should be more favorably considered as the origin of that great contribution to literature, the drama; while there remains but a single song to reveal the character of religious thought at Rome.

This celebrated bit of Roman religious literature, the Secular Hymn, or Carmen Saeculare of Horace, was written as a part of the program to be used at the great revival of the Secular Games, which occurred in the year 17, B. C. Augustus, at this time in the tenth year of his reign, in obedience to the oracles of the famous Sibylline books, or more prob-

ably wishing to please the people with a magnificent display, had ordered a renewal of these long neglected games. Horace, who had won the favor of the Emperor through the influence of his teacher and friend Maecenas, was appointed to compose a suitable hymn for the occasion.

The festival about to be celebrated originated in ancient tradition, connected with a volcanic portion of the Compus Martuis, called the Tarentum. In 509 B. C., which was the first year of the Republic, an early family custom of worshiping at this place the gods of the lower world became national under the name of the Ludi Tareutini. About the middle of the third century B. C., in obedience to the Sibylline oracles, with further direction from the same authority that they must be repeated at the expiration of each Saeculum, the games were again observed. The Saeculum, a word meaning literally "an age," was not a definitely fixed period, but varied very little from one hundred years; hence the games became distinguished as the Ludi Saeculares or Secular Games.

So far the growing popularity and prominence of these games had not at all changed the general purpose for which the festival was instituted—the worship of the gods of the lower world, of whose presence the natural disturbance around the Tarentum was considered a faithful expression. Not until the time of Augustus were the heavenly deities permitted to share the honor of this festival, but now the occasion was raised to still greater prominence in becoming a period of general worship from which none of the gods were excluded.

In order to understand clearly the effect of the Secular Hymn, its connection with other features of the celebration should be understood. There were sacrifices, games and races usually arranged by the Pontifex Maximus, which occupied almost without interruption the time of three days and nights. The altars of Jupiter and Juno were propitiated with a sacrifice of a white bull and a white cow. On the third day the

ceremonies were conducted on the Palatine hill, where was situated the temple of Apollo. Augutus wished to make this deity the patron god of Rome. Here the hymn was first sung, and afterwards repeated at the capital, to avoid the appearance of neglecting the olden Roman deities.

In spirit the hymn thoroughly accorded with the purpose of the games—the propitiation of the gods—the hymn itself being a profound supplication for the good will of the gods to be realized in another Saeculum of peace and plenty. The opening verses are prayerfully addressed to Apollo and Diana, the Fatal Sisters are implored to continue propitious, and the earth is exhorted to yield to Ceres a sheafy crown. The poet begs probity of manners for the youth, a pleasing retirement for old age, and all glory to the Roman people, recounting past victories from the time of Æneas.

The hymn was sung by twenty-seven boys, assisted by as many girls. From references of other writers, it must be inferred that there were complicated group arrangements of these singers, something after the manner of the chorus singers in the Grecian drama. We may imagine that many Grecian ideas were introduced by Horace, with which people he became thoroughly acquainted during his study at Athens. The voices in the chorus were accompanied by instrumental music.

In this paper the name Carmen Saeculare has been without distinction applied to the single hymn of Horace. Something of the same nature must have been written for each celebration of the Secular Games; but any such, through accident or otherwise, have not been preserved. No doubt there never again could be found so celebrated a Poet Laureate as Horace, though the games were certainly observed till the year 247 A. D.

A RURAL GHOST STORY.*

C. L. G.

"Bill, you'd be afeared!"

"What, me afeared o' ghosts? Not much. Anyhow, I'm willin' to bet my black shote against your speckled one that I'll spend a night in Ike Barnes' old house, and ghosts, men nor devils wont drive me out, neither."

"I'll take the bet, Bill, an' throw in a coon dog for good measure."

"All right, 'nough said. I'll sleep in that house to-night or bust a saplin'."

Such was the conversation that caused that "fool of a Bill Bates" to undertake to spend a night in the old haunted Barnes' homestead, which had been uninhabited for twenty years, and had, according to popular report, become the residence of numerous ghosts and devils.

During the daytime Bill had a bed carried to the house and placed in the darkest, dingiest little room he could find; he also carried thither a lamp, a table and a chair.

Just at nightfall he made his way to this room, and having taken his fiddle with him, sat down and began to play as coolly as he was wont to do sitting by his own door. Now and then a bat would flit into the room, and circling around for awhile, fly out again ; or a whippoorwill would sound his plaintive note from the old elms without, or an owl disturbed in another part of the house, would set up a whoop that was re-echoed from garret to cellar ; but our hero was used to all these things, so he sawed away on his fiddle until he began to get sleepy.

"What fools folks are for being afeared o' ghosts," he muttered, as having blown out his light, he crawled into bed. "I guess I am dead sure o' Jake's shote, an' his coon dog to boot."

*[The writer picked up this story in the country. The main events he records as they were told him, but he has taken the liberty to make some slight changes and additions.]

So saying he turned over and closed his eyes to go to sleep, but just as he was beginning to doze, he felt the counterpane slipping slowly from off his person and down toward the foot of the bed. He leaped up and quickly struck a light. He was alone in the room, only the coverlet, by some mysterious agency, had slipped about three feet and was trailing on the floor.

"Pshaw! I was just dreamin' and kicked it off," he said to himself, and rearranging it he again blew out his light and composed himself for sleep, but did not now feel much like sleep. After a few moments the coverlet again began to slide off. Bill clutched it with both hands. "Now pull it off, you blamed fool ghost," he said, half frightend and half angry. At this polite request, the disturbing agency was, for a while, quiet. But not for long. As soon as he relaxed his grasp, the coverlet was snatched from his fingers and slipped rapidly off the bed, and he heard it being drawn across the floor. He leaped up again and struck a light. The counterpane was lying on the other side of the room, at the end of the bed. "Well, lay there, dog ye, if yer want to; an' if yer don't, go to China—I don't keer!" So saying he again put out his light, and decided to sleep without a coverlet.

Suddenly there was a great slamming of doors, creaking of shutters, and strange ghostly cries echoing through the distant parts of the house. "Go on with yer camp-meetin', jest so ye let me alone," said Bill, as he turned his face to the wall. But they did not let him alone long. Soon there was a strange, uncanny jingling of chains under the very bed on which he was lying. Again he struck a light, but could find nothing under the bed.

"Reckon I can't sleep; jest as well set up an' fiddle," he growled. So he dressed himself and again began to fiddle. Presently, in another part of the house, he could hear dancing. "Dance on, then," said Bill, "I can play for the whole devil's set o' ye." At last he became tired of fiddling. "Guess

I'll go see if I can't find them dancin' ghosts," he said, and laying his instrument aside, he started to take up his lamp and go on the quest. But, oh horrors! The light suddenly flickered and began to burn with a ghostly blue flame, and to throw a weird glow over the dingy walls of the room. At length Bill had too much.

"Blamed if the devil can't take this old house, and Jake can have the shote, an' keep his old coon dog. I'm got enough o' this." And then our hitherto dauntless hero broke into flight. Having made up his mind to run, his terror grew, and he ran with all his might. A howl of triumph rang through the old house as he leaped the rickety fence; and, looking back, he could see through the window strange, dark figures dancing around the horrible blue light he had left burning on the table. Suddenly the light went out and all was still, but he had no inclination to return. He was vanquished.

The next morning he drove his black shote into his friend's yard, and in the broad glare of day returned to the scene of his defeat to carry away his bed and other chattels. Any one passing a few moments afterward might have been treated to sulphurous eloquence "long drawn out."

Attached to the counterpane, Bill found a small, black waxed cord, which passed through a knot hole in the partition. He found a similar cord attached to a small bit of chain suspended under the most remote corner of his bed. In the lamp he found—alcohol! Somebody had visited the room, after he left it and before he returned, on the previous day. They had filled the lamp with alcohol, leaving a small portion of oil, which gave a white light as long as it lasted, and then the alcohol gave blue. Of course it was an easy matter to account for the noises he had heard. Therefore Bill was very angry, and gave vent to the very unbecoming expressions we have noted above.

WHEN THE RIVER WAS HIGH.

TOLBERT H. LACY, '98.

The group of loafers in front of the old warehouse were all seated in the shade. Those who had fans were using them to the best advantage, the others used their hats instead. It was terribly hot—98° in the shade said the old thermometer on the wall, but the thermometer was not reliable.

"Well," said the farmer, "if this drought lasts much longer I reckon the county will have to feed the old woman and me next year. A third of my tobacco is lost already, and it's losing two dollars an hour right now."

Just as he spoke the prophet came up. "Boys," he said, "it's going to rain before night; there's a cloud rising in the west." They all got up and went to the corner of the warehouse. A slight breeze had sprung up and the cloud was there. The farmer looked and looked, and as he looked the cloud grew larger and blacker, and the wind freshened and smelled of damp earth. When the first big drops of the longed-for rain began to fall, the farmer drew a deep breath, and murmered, "thank God!" and he meant it. When the rain began to fall hard and fast, the farmer went back into the warehouse and watched the gutters fill, and laughed to see the drops patter into the puddles. So ended the long drought.

Five days later the farmer drove up to the warehouse with a load of last fall's tobacco. As he shook the water from his coat and hat, he remarked to the proprietor that he reckoned this would be his last load, if it didn't stop raining. He knew that a foot of water had fallen every day since the rain began.

The river began to rise two nights after the rain began, and continued to rise, slowly at first, but faster and faster later on, until the rain stopped at the end of a week. Then it had risen thirty-two feet, and the big jam against the railroad

bridge was nearly level with the cross-ties. The farmer had given up all hope for his river corn.

A great crowd ran to the bridge that afternoon, because a boy came running to the depot and said that the middle pier had fallen, and that the bridge was going under. I noticed among them a handsome young man, clad in summer garments of white duck. He looked like a man who was fond of living, if one might judge by the way he wore his hat, and by his beautiful walk. I had seen him on the street the day before, and had met him at the door of the hotel office as I came from dinner. They said that he had not been there long; and no one of the busy-bodies knew his business.

The bridge of course was not damaged, and some of the people were going back, when a little girl, perhaps three years old, broke away from her nurse and ran out on the bridge. Several of the younger men rushed after, but they couldn't catch her. She had fallen through the bridge before they got to her.

The handsome stranger had been standing on the bridge when the baby got away, and he went over the side almost at the same time as the little one. The people were straining their eyes to see him through the water when he came up, perhaps fifty feet down the stream, with the baby in his left arm. He was swimming with powerful strokes of his free arm, and he continued to do so until he overtook a drifting log. He laid the baby down, flat on its back, on the log, and strapped it with his belt to a projecting knot.

Meanwhile somebody had found a boat, and two stalwart negro river-men were moving it towards the log with all their might. They soon overtook the log, but the young man was not in sight. One of the negroes took the little girl and laid her down in the bottom of the boat, while the other searched in vain for the stranger.

They carried the baby back to her nurse, and the doctors soon resuscitated her.

When the river went down the next week, they found the body of the young man lodged in the top of a willow tree. The hotel register said that the young man lived in Baltimore, but no one in Baltimore knew of his name. They buried him in the cemetery, and the little girl's mother put a monument over his grave.

THE JOY OF TO-DAY.

The bugle of spring is calling, calling,
  Sweetly waking the earth
From her sleep through the month of winter
  To sunlight and gladness and mirth.
My darling, when robins are singing
      Their love ditties sweet
      From their shady retreat,
  Let us merrily, merrily, onward go
  And drain life's cups while they overflow,
And the fresh blood of youth is springing!

In the fulness of summer roaming,
  Into the dusky grove,
  Into the noontide gloaming,
We walk in the prime of love.
Above us the young brood is crying,
  Around us the bee
      Drowsily, drowsily
  Hums as he sips at the flowers.
We see not the shadowy, silent hours,
      Flying, flying, flying.
  Let us forget them, ignore them;
  My sweetheart, they'll rob me of thee!
  They are deaf,—no need to implore them;
  They are blind, they are cold, they are free.
      But always flying, flying,
      Flying.

When the dark, dreary days have assailed us,
  When the wide world is full of new hope,
(Our hope shall have long ago failed us,
  While we fearfully, doubtingly grope
Through the numberless shadows and by-ways)
  Let us flee to some castle secluded,
  Some hiding-place lone and secluded,
Where the noise and tumult of highways,
      Ne'er can trouble us more.
      While we wait, only we,
        Silently, sllently,
      For winter to open his door.

But now, while spring's bugle is calling,
  While life's fountains leap to the brim,
The time when the leaves shall be falling,
  Is distant, uncertain, and dim.
  We will merrily play,
  Through this month of May,
And when autumn, pale and weeping,
  Dies at the wrath of winter's cold breath,
  We shall lie in our graves softly sleeping,
        Sleeping.

SONNET.

To-night in realms of mystic music sweet,
  Where never note of discord jars the air,
  And every sound doth melody declare,
Alone I roam with slow and aimless feet.
With many wanderings, a golden seat
  At last I reach, where sits a goddess fair,
  Who wears above her softly flowing hair
A radiant crown with many a gem replete.
Around her move an ever-shifting train,—
  A throng of bards profest, and singers too,
  And some who go with laurel-cinctured crowns,—
In never-ending strife her smile to gain;
  And when on some disdainfully she frowns,
Songless they stand among the singers true.

—*Hubert M. Evans.*

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CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

Local Taxation for Public Schools.

The question of increasing the school fund, by local taxation, which will be submitted to the voters of North Carolina in August, is the most important by far of the many important questions of state. It is the entering wedge, which will eventually burst asunder the bonds of indifference and ignorance which hold our people tight-locked. It may not be adopted by many townships at first—we hardly think it will, for all reforms work slowly—but it is a step in the right direction, and will gradually lead to a better system of public schools. The State has increased year by year the school fund, until now it amounts to nearly a million dollars a year. And yet, despite this, the schools are no better than they were ten years ago. The average attendance is no greater than it was then ; the school term is no longer, and the percentage of illiteracy is just as large. What is the matter? Is it a need for more money? The latter question can be answered in the affirmative, but there is a still greater need, and that is for a livelier interest in education on the part of the parents. If the school fund were doubled the increased good done would scarcely be perceptible, unless there should be greater interest manifested by the people. We believe that one reason for the present deplorable state of

affairs is because the State has undertaken to do too much for the public schools, and consequently the idea has gotten into the minds of the people that the State alone is responsible for the education of the thousands of illiterate children. The people have come to look on the question of education as a matter which does not concern them very much after all, inasmuch as the State will look after it. So they are indifferent about the subject; send their children when it is convenient, and when it is not keep them away, and then complain and whine about the State not giving money enough to the public schools. And this is the natural result of the State trying to do all, and leaving nothing for the parents to do. This feeling of dependence on the State to do for a man what he ought to do for himself bodes ill to our form of government. It is a mistaken idea that it is the duty of a State to educate its school subjects. It is wise on the part of the State, as a prevenative measure, to educate those who otherwise would grow up in ignorance, but it is an act of folly for the State to try to educate every child within its borders without help from the parent. We are told that even the gods helped only those who helped themselves, but we expect the State to do the work while we stand by and look on. And we venture the assertion that the public schools of North Carolina will never be much better than they are now until the system of local taxation is adopted. Under the present system the people regard what the State does as a kind of gift, to be used or not according to each man's wish. But just let the collector come around to collect a special tax for the support of the schools, and there will be an awakening. The people will realize at once that this is a matter that concerns them, for it touches a sensitive spot—the pocket-book. Every man would feel an interest in the schools, for there is no one who is not interested in whatever directly increases his tax. One dollar raised in this way will be worth more to the cause of education than three given by the State, since it would appeal to that ele-

ment in man's nature which causes him to take a deep interest in that which affect his pocket. The election will show, at any rate, whether the people as a whole really care for education or not, and also it will show who are the true friends of the cause of education and enlightenment.

Class Honors at College.

It is a question whether the practice of awarding the honor of Valedictory Address on Commencement day to that member of the graduating class who has made the highest average grade of scholarship is not productive of more harm than benefit. It is true that the hope of winning this distinction nerves and stimulates a student to greater exertions, but at the same time it often leads to his neglecting other things which are equally as necessary to the development of a well-rounded man as a knowledge of the dry facts contained in text-books.

The student whose highest aspiration is to make high marks on examination, misses the true essence of knowledge, and leaves college a narrower man than he who, without neglecting his studies, devotes a part of his time to reading good, helpful books, and to the work of the literary societies. Just as the practice of giving medals in certain departments of the college work was abandoned because it tended to make the students devote all their time to that one branch of study, so, for a similar reason, the practice of awarding Valedictory and Salutatory honors will, sooner or later, be abandoned. The student who does honest, faithful work in his text-books, and who makes use of all the opportunities of a college life, is as deserving of honor as he who devotes all his energies to the one purpose of making a high grade, and who sometimes takes advantage of short cuts. As it is now, only two men in the graduating class receive any honor at all for their work; the others, so far as honors are concerned, might as well have barely pulled through with the requisite grade of 75. A much

fairer method would be to give honorable mention at Commencement to every graduate whose average grade is above a stated point. Then every man could receive due credit for his work. This question was agitated by the present graduating class and also by the class of '98, but there was considerable opposition to any change from the old order of things, and the matter was dropped. It is to be hoped that Wake Forest will soon follow the example of other leading colleges and universities, and either abolish entirely the giving of class honors, or adopt a method which will admit of more than two men receiving any honor.

Unwarranted Newspaper Attacks.

One of the most valued privileges of American freedom is that of unrestricted utterance of opinion. It is our boast that we have free speech and a free press. But this privilege, like all others, may be so abused that it will become necessary to restrict its scope. One of the most crying evils of our times is the utter recklessness with which the newspapers make charges and accusations, false and without a shadow of foundation, against the character of any man who aspires to a position of public trust. A prominent daily paper in this State, when called to account for charges made against an honest, upright man, during a municipal campaign, offered as an apology the statement that what had been said was only "campaign utterances." Have we come to such a pass that a paper can say what it pleases about a man, just because he is a candidate for the suffrages of the people? We hear a great deal said about the New South, but if such as this is to be allowed, then we have retrograded from the days when such utterances would be settled for according to the rules of the Code of Honor. The charges and countercharges made by the newspapers of all political parties during the recent national campaign were of such a nature as to disgust all fair-minded men. It seemed

that they considered they had perfect liberty to say what they pleased concerning any man whose political views differed from theirs. Yet public sentiment tolerated such, and the paper that could say the worst things about the other man was read with the greatest avidity. The result of this disgraceful course is that good men are deterred from running for office. No man who respects himself as he should, wants to have such abuse and calumny heaped upon his name; and the country is so much the worse off. Unless there is a halt called in this matter, the time is not far distant when the freedom of the press will be restricted. It will be a sad day for this country when the newspapers, the moulders of public opinion, will have sunk to such a depth of reckless contempt for all propriety and decency that it will be necessary to have censorship of the press. Yet that is what it will come to unless there is a change. Already thoughtful men are considering and discussing the advisability of such a censorship.

With this issue of THE STUDENT ends the work of the present staff of editors. We will not attempt the thankless task of telling why the magazine has not been better, or how it can be improved. The work for the whole year has been pleasant on our part, and we can only hope that THE STUDENT has been the source of some little pleasure to its readers. We will offer no advice to the incoming staff, for we are sure that they will sustain the present standard of the magazine, and perhaps elevate it to a still higher plane.

Not only does our connection with the magazine cease, but also with the college. Before this meets the eyes of the reader, the class '97 will have gone out from college full of the eager hopefulness of young manhood, with its aspirations and hopes; the bell, which for four years has called us from one duty to another, will be silent; the campus will be

deserted, or given up to the fair maidens who can dare venture within its boundaries without the fear of hearing some jublilant Freshman, with his head thrust out of a window in the dormitory, yell out "Angels!" the recitation rooms will be vacant, and the ghosts of by-gone students troop up and down the halls in the dormitory building. With only pleasant recollections of college life, we reluctantly lay down our pen and go out from among the friends of our college days.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

HUBERT M. EVANS, Editor pro tem.

The venerable John Ruskin is now in good health again, but abstains from all literary work.

Paul Dunbar's lecture-tour through England proved a failure, and now he is trying his hand on a novel. An English edition of his "Lyrics of Lowly Life" will be issued shortly.

Joel Chandler Harris says that his Uncle Remus is a composite of three or four old negroes whom he knew when a boy, and that his Brer Rabbit stories are, for the most part, plantation tales.

The Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England has refused to consider the petition sent up by certain ministers and elders, and Ian McLarin (Dr. John Watson) will not be tried for heresy.

A new edition (Gadshill) of Dickens is being issued by the Messrs. Scribner. The form is a square crown octavo, and there will be thirty-two volumes. The special feature of this edition is the introductions to the several novels by Mr. Andrew Lang. He will write a general essay on Dickens in one of the later volumes.

At a recent sale of old books in London, a presentation copy of Keat's poems, first edition, with the autograph, "To W. Wordsworth, with the author's sincere reverence," brought $230. The leaves were uncut.

It is said that Miss Lillian Bell, in her "Little Sister to the Wilderness," has drawn her hero from life, and that the Rev. Thomas Dixon, of the People's Church, New York City, has been identified with the original.

Mr. Gladstone's famous collection of miscellaneous articles and essays, "Gleanings of Past Years," has been continued in a volume of "Later Gleanings: Theological and Ecclesiastical," which is to be published very soon by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Life of Tennyson, on which his son, the present Lord, has been working for some time, has now gone to the press, and will be published in two good-sized volumes in the fall. The Messrs. Harper and Brothers were fortunate enough to secure the American rights of this work.

The Macmillan Company has added to the Temple Classics "Le Morte d'Arthur" of Sir Thomas Mallory. The student of Tennyson's Idylls of the King will welcome this little book with pleasure, since it is the great storehouse of the Arthurian legend from which Tennyson got most of the material for his "Idylls."

The popular novelist, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, has entered into a contract with Major J. B. Pond to deliver next season a hundred lectures upon Italian art, together with readings from his own novels. It is said that Major Pond is also negotiating with Anthony Hope, the author of "A Prisoner of Zenda," and other popular novels, for a lecture-tour in this country. Mr. William Dean Howells, whom Mr. Harry Thurston Peck, the (editor of *The Bookman*), calls the most eminent of living American men of letters, will take the platform with a course of fifty addresses on "Novel Writing and Novel Reading."

James Theodore Bent, the distinguished traveler and author, who was born in Liverpool in 1852, died in London on May 6. Besides being the author of a number of books, he conducted excavations in Greece for the British Museum and the Hellenic Society.

The Century Company announces that it has in preparation a new edition, with an additional chapter, of Joseph Jefferson's charming Autobiography. This will be greeted with pleasure by the large host of admirers of the clever artist, and the inimitable "Rip Van Winkle."

Rev. Henry Van Dyke, who is best known in the literary world by his book on the study of the poetry of Tennyson, has recently made his first venture in a volume of verse, "The Builders and other Poems" (Scribners). "The Builders" is an ode which he read at the Princeton celebration.

"Hilda Strafford" is the title of a beautiful little illustrated volume by Beatrice Harraden, just published by Dodd, Mead & Co. Miss Harraden is now in Bournemouth, in England, but will return to California soon, when she hopes to be able to take up again and finish her long novel, which was to have been published last autumn.

Certainly one of the most important literary events of recent years is the visit to this country of M. Ferdinand Brunetière. Its significance and influence may be compared only with that of Matthew Arnold's visit fifteen years ago. M. Brunetière is easily the greatest of French critics, as was Arnold the greatest of English critics. M. Brunetière's lectures in the United States have attracted wide attention.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," in a private letter published in the Boston "Literary World," says that to Americans the English language owes nearly all its new expressions: "There does not seem to be left in us the power to hit off a new spark of language. We are like a lot of boys with our hands in our pockets, looking on at the blacksmith, and racing for his red chips."

A book which is probably talked about more than any other just now, is Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's "Farthest North." (New York: Harper & Bros.) Dr. Nansen has recently achieved, in addition to his reputation as an explorer and an author, a considerable reputation as a linguist. He surprised his English friends by the idiomatic purity of his English, and now he has surprised his Norman brothers just as much by the excellent quality of his French.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish very soon "The Life of General Grant", by Col. W. C. Church, in the Heroes of the Nation series. A companion volume in this series will be "The Life of General Lee," by Prof. Henry Alexander White of Washington and Lee University, who was closely connected with Lee during the last years of his life. Another life of Grant, by Gen. James Grant Wilson, has been announced by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., in their Great Commanders series.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has published in book form some of the letters which he wrote for the New York *Journal* while he was in Cuba last winter. Besides these letters, the book contains additional information about the situation in Cuba, suggested by numerous questions asked him since his return. He advocates warmly interference by the United States, solely on the ground of humanity, and cites the reports of our consuls in Cuba to verify the accusations which he brings against the Spanish authorities. The book is profusely illustrated by Mr. Frederic Remington.

In the profusion of praise that has been bestowed on Paul Dunbar of late, some of his admirers have said that he was the first negro poet to publish a creditable volume of poems. Mr. C. A. Parker, in a recent number of the *Outlook*, refutes this statement very substantially by citing the work of the negro poetess, Phillis Wheatly. She was born in Africa about 1753, and died in Boston in 1794. Her volume of

poems went through several editions in Boston. Later she addressed a poem to George Washington, which was acknowledged by him in a very neat and courteous note.

"Mark Twain" says, that, notwithstanding the news of his death has been circulated, he was never in better health than at present. He is now living very quietly in London lodgings, getting ready for publication his new book of travel, "Round the World." Originally, he intended to finish the book with a record of his travels in India, but his publishers requested an additional 30,000 words on Africa, and it is on this that he is now at work. This book, which Mr. Clemens says is the best thing he has ever written, will describe his experiences in Australia, South Africa, and India. It will be published early in the coming autumn, and will be fully illustrated.

One of the best and most unique classifications of reviewers which we have ever seen is that given by Mr. H. G. Wells a short time ago in a speech before the "New Vagabonds" club in London. After describing authors as seedlings, Mr. Wells divides reviewers into various families: "Slug reviewers, who prey on the first tender leaves of authors; bird reviewers, who peck here and there, and possibly do damage; heavy reviewers, who crush with their feet whole beds of shoots." Mr. Wells then continues by complaining of the methods of irrigation. Some reviewers, he says, drench the plants with the water of flattery, which causes decay at the roots; others neglect to water the plants at all till they are dried up. In addition, there is the wise, far-seeing horticulturist, but he is very uncommon.

BOOK NOTES.

HUBERT M. EVANS, Editor pro tem.

A Child-World. By James Whitcomb Riley. The Bowen-Merrill Co. $1.25.

In recent years, a great deal of interest has been taken in the study of childhood and children's ways. Hundreds of books have been written about children; many in a fanciful, interesting way; some in the heavy, scholarly style of an encyclopædia; but, for the most part, these books have been written by scientists, and for purely scientific purposes.

So Mr. Riley, in choosing this theme for his last book of verse, has only caught the spirit of the age—though not the scientific spirit, to be sure, but rather that kindly spirit which induces us to study, and to know children for the pleasure we can give them, and, too, for the pleasure which sympathetic companionship with children gives to us.

One, who has come to know and appreciate Riley, opens this little volume of red and gilt with a certain pleasurable excitement, feeling that there is a treat in store for him. He is almost assured of this by the frontispiece, which gives him a glimpse of the child-world; but when he reads the *proem*, he has no occasion to doubt his first impression. We should like to quote the whole of this introductory poem, but can quote only two stanzas, the first and the last.

The Child-World—long and long since lost to view—
A Fairy Paradise!—
How always fair it was and fresh and new—
How every affluent hour heaped heart and eyes
With treasures of surprise!

* * * * * * * * * * *

O Child-World: after this world—just as when
I found you first sufficed
My soulmost need—if I found you again,
With all my childish dream so realized,
I should not be surprised.

As one reads this collection of stories, told in that natural, easy, childish prattle, he realizes that behind them there is a heart that has been in the closest, most responsive touch with child-nature, and a

mind thoroughly familiar with child-life. In fact, so well does Mr. Riley know this child-world which he describes, that one can easily think that he himself must have been one of its inhabitants.

We have seen in the frontispiece the engraver's representation of the child world; but, in the first poem, the author introduces us into this little world, and describes it to us in detail; and, too, in a way that appeals peculiarly to anyone who has known the pleasures of childhood spent on the farm. We see the old farmhouse, the wood-house, and the work-house near by with the work-bench and the tools hanging along the wall. And there are the cherry trees, and "the old sweet-apple tree." We feel as if we were walking around in the garden, so real and natural it is made to appear--the grape-arbor near the centre, the row of currant bushes by the fence, and the occasional quince trees. "Sounds drop in visiting from everywhere." The covered wagon of the emigrant rumbles down the road; in the porch, the pump and the churn are going continually; in the kitchen, the door of the cook-stove bangs, the pots sizz, stew, and blubber, diffusing in the air a smell of cabbage, potatoes, and home-cured meat, all mingled with the tempting, exasperating odor of pudding, cake, and "custard pie." In the trees, there is the trill of the bluebird, and the humdrum note of the robin. Someone halloos at the gate, and there is heard on the porch the skurry of little bare feet.

Not less accurately are the inhabitants of this child-world described--the "five happy little Hoozier chaps," Johnty, Bud, Maymie, Alex, and Lizzie.

The remainder of the book is taken up with stories by these children, and by certain older people, as "Uncle Mart," and "Noey Bixler," who give themselves up to the children, and are necessary to their happiness. Though each of these stories is complete in itself, yet, by the interspersion of certain delightful interruptions, they are so bound together that they form a connected chronicle of life in the child-world.

No one can criticise Mr. Riley's verse. It is just as he intended it to be, and is perfect in its way. He makes no effort to do something that he does not know how to do, and what he has done seems to have been done without any effort at all. This is the beauty of Riley and the secret of his charm—his freshness, his ease, his naturalness, and the homely things which he tells us about—those things that he knows. If he gives us prose in rhyme, we scarcely notice it, as, lost to our present self, we wander again in that land of dreams, that "wonderland of wayward childhood."

Fugitive Lines. By Henry Jerome Stockard. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1897.

A volume of poems by a North Carolinian! Perhaps it is an evidence that the sleep of the Rip Van Winkle State has not been entirely dreamless. We may at least hope that this modest little book is the announcement of greater things yet to be done in the field of poetry by sons of North Carolina.

It is lyrical throughout—sonnets, songs, and irregular bits of verse that bring restful and sometimes pathetic pictures of Southern life to the mind. The author knows how to value the effect of melody in verse, as witness the following selection:

"'Knee-deep, knee-deep!' I am a child again!
I hear the cow-bells tinkling down the lane,
The plaintive whippoorwills, the distant call
Of quails beyond the hill where night-hawks fall
From lambent skies to fields of golden grain.

"I hear the milkmaid's song, the clanking chain
Of ploughman homeward bound, the lumbering wain,
And down the darkling vale 'mid rushes tall,
'Knee deep, knee-deep!'

"We're all at home—John, Wesley, little Jane—
Dead long ago—and the boy-soldiers twain
That sleep by purling stream or old stone wall
In some far-off and unknown grave—we're all
At home with mother!—heartache gone, and pain—
'Knee-deep, knee-deep.'"

Is there anything great in this little poem? If universality is greatness, yes; it touches a chord in every breast—the chord, as the author in another place himself expresses it, "of childhood's lost sweet years." In it we find no profound thought, no violent passion, only quiet emotion. Like all good poetry, it produces the same indefinite, indefinable sensation as music does. The general tone of Mr. Stockard's poetry is rather melancholy. He yearns after the olden times; in poem after poem the same cry arises, which reminds us of Byron's exclamation: "The days of our youth are days of our glory!" In a sonnet to the past, however, he seems to find comfort in the idea that "life's earlier land lies on before."

"As brave Magellan who sailed the uncharted sea,
Full-circling earth, saw his home shores arise,
So shall we come again on our lost, happy years."

Not all of his poetry, indeed, is a mere musical complaint. In places he dives deeper; he sometime hears the thunders of the sea of eternity; occasionally he thinks seriously of the mysteries of life and death, and now and then he catches a glimpse of

"A land of ease,
Morn-lit and murmurous with melodies
That hint of slopes and groves of paradise."

As a writer of sonnets, Mr. Stockard is clever—he has the trick. The sonnets to Shakespeare, Poe, and the Southern Dead strike me as being the best in the book, although one can hardly be said to soar far above the others. This is the fault with his sonnets, they are too much on a dead-level. Some of them are like King Edward II., in that they do neither harm nor good.

I quote a stanza that seems to me characteristic of the whole. It is correct, musical, well-polished, its figures are skilfully handled, and, in short, it belongs to that class of verse usually known as "pretty."

"And memory soft as the night-wind steals
From radiant reaches and from gulfs of dole,
And faintly taps the portals of my soul:
As whispering down its corridors she feels,
She stirs the portraits hanging on its walls."

I said that Mr. Stockard's sonnets are too much on a dead-level. That remark will not apply to his poetry generally. No one can justly accuse him of being "neither cold nor hot," because some of these lyrics speak ill for his taste. For example, the lines to "My Fountain Pen" are nothing—absolutely empty. It is unfortunate that such pieces as this should have been put into a volume of selections so faultless as the most of the present author's are.

J. C. McN.

Coppee-Maupassant: Tales; Selections from Loti. Edited by A. Guyot Cameron.

The increasing popularity of modern French writers and the need of a more intimate acquaintance with the various schools of literature that have arisen in France during the last half century, have called for numerous editions and translations of the best representative works of this literature. The demand for school and college editions has also increased, by the fact, that the frequent moral laxity reflected in these works renders an unedited or unexpurgated text unfit for the use of our young students.

It is in answer to this call that Prof. Cameron has given to us last year a collection of tales of the distinguished *Parnassien* of Paris and of de Maupassant, who, at the time of his pathetic death in a madhouse, was probably the best writer of short stories in the modern literary world. The same editor has followed up these efforts by a late presentation of some excellent selections from that most anomalous writer, Pierre Loti, who has so cleverly concealed his true name, Louis-Marie-Julien Viaud.

The work of selection has been done appreciatively, and with the greatest care, so that there is nothing to be found in these pages to offend the taste of the greatest stickler for proprieties. The editor has also shown great taste in giving an accurate illustration of the varying phases of French life: the humorous, the wierd, the supernatural, the pathetic. All the restless elements that jostle us as we wend our way leisurely through the Latin quarter or along the magnificent boulevards, are set as living pictures before our eyes: the noisy street urchin, the old soldier, the æsthetic student, the dandily dressed *gommeux*, the gesticulating politician, and the bloused workingman who sips his cheap *absinthe* before the *cafe*. And then, in the edition of Loti, we are introduced into that peculiar kind of melancholy which finds no satisfaction except in a continual change of scene, and steeps itself with an infinite number of delicious sensations.

There is no better way of learning the French character than by drinking generous draughts from just such writings as these, and it is just on this account that such editions are of inestimable value to American students.

But we must not give unconditioned praise. There should certainly be given a clear estimate of the writers, and this in simple language, easily grasped and retained by the average student. It is with regret that we say that the editor has signally failed just at this point. There is no lack of elaboration, but it must be confessed that the true character of the writers are hidden under a large mass of verbiage, a curious effort after stylistic effect, and a general looseness of sentence construction. A few quotations will suffice to show these faults, among which alliteration is the most common: "We are so used to the praise of Paris or to hearing platitudes of Parisian life, that we forget the perpetual power of his psychological or even physical possibilities;" "he has created a new poetry of Paris, with its bourgeois and barriere life, its balls and benches, its picturesque and pathetic sides, its gray tones of light and life, and the gamut of grief it contains * * *" The climax of this overloaded style is reached in the following sentence, which should be submitted for analysis to an

expert in English Grammar: "Let any man who has suffered, strained in bitterness of soul, known anguish, felt the foundations of faith undermined or rocking, known the cruelties of life, striven to solve impenetrable mysteries * * *; let any man, whether by that elasticity of soul the possession of some, his scale of suffering includes all, or simply one of these, read M. Loti, and out of it, out of a kinship of sympathy, out of the feeling that, as the officer's command may conceal sentiment * * *, will appear strengthened fibres of faith of the force of man's littleness, and yet, from the humbleness of his place, a spiritual uplifting."

It is a great pity that a work of genuinely appreciative criticism should be marred by such serious blemishes of style.

J. H. G.

EXCHANGES.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor

"SALVE ET VALE."

With this issue we lay down our quill. A large number of the magazines which come to us we have learned to love, for the good that is in them, and look for their arrival with pleasure. Some have never failed to furnish a literary treat each month, and no pleasanter hours have we spent than while reading them. Some, however, contain very little, and that little not worth much. To be plain, they have "bored" us, and we soon learned their faces and never attempted to wade through the contents. Some persist in publishing what they call "local hard hits"—we would suggest the name of "drivelling rot" as more appropriate. One of the kindest wishes we can extend to our successor is that he may not find such stuff in them next year. It develops a sordid and unnatural taste among the students, degrades the writer, bores other exchange editors and, does no one any good. We have not been able to devote as much time to this work as we wished for, but no magazine has come to our table without being noticed during the year. The very marked improvement in many would have given us pleasure to notice them again, but time and space prevented. We would rather praise than censure, but have at all times given our opinion frankly, and intended it to be only in a kind spirit. We have been benefitted by the work very much, but now must say "hail and farewell."

The Polymnian is published by the literary societies of the Charlotte Presbyterian College. This is its first issne, and we are much pleased at its very favorable beginning. It is neatly bound, its departments well arranged and edited, and the contributions show a good literary taste, always commendable.

EASTER LILIES.

I stole to church at Easter-tide,
My heart replete with woes and pains.
My soul was cursing God and heaven,
And would not heed the organ's strains.

I stole to church at Easter-tide,
And there the choir-boys' sweet refrain,
In Easter anthems pealing forth,
Eased not my heart of all its pain.

I knelt me down at Easter-tide,
'Twas then I heard the preacher's voice,
When lo! the lilies fragrant, chaste,
Did whisper low, "once more rejoice."

I knelt me down at Easter-tide,
And prayed the Saviour dear, to make
My heart as pure as was the flower
That caused my soul to thus awake.

—*The Polymnian.*

NOON AND NIGHT.

At noon-tide's hour, amidst the noise and glare,
The strife of worldly men and hot debate,
Sometimes I think of her I loved, and straight
My heart grows hard and stern, I cannot bear
To think she went away and did not care;
And yet I know 'tis true. And so fierce hate
And pride do conquer love; I curse the fate,
The hour that brought me one so false and fair;
But then comes night, with peace and healing too,
And cools my burning brow with gentle breeze;
The moonlight, soft and fair, around, above,
Brings back that glorious night when she was true!
Then sobbing low, I fall upon my knees,
And breathe my old-time prayer: "God bless my love."

—*Guilford Collegian.*

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

On yonder mountain's chiefest, loftiest peak
I sat, with beauteous nature smiling round,
Listening, and glad at every joyous sound
From happy birds, that flitting round did speak
Their salutation. Hurrying down a creek,
Its banks with loveliest woodland flowers crowned,
About the crags and stones in hurry wound;
To me the murmer of the brook did speak:

"Thou who sit'st and dream'st of castles fair
And ponder'st o'er the wondrous deeds of time,
Spendest thy youthful life in hurtful waste,
And dost not know these castles are but air;
And that these deeds were done by men sublime.
Go forth! Upon thee, too, a burden 's placed."

Univ. Va. Mag.

SO LONG AGO.

So long ago I held you, love,
Close to this heart of mine.
So long ago I felt your arms
About my neck entwine.

So long ago I heard you swear,
"Forever and a day."
So long ago I sealed the vow,
And, parting, went away.

So long ago? Again I stand,
And read the old-love light,
The while you swear you love me now,
Just as you did—*last night.*

—*Davidson Monthly.*

THE POINT OF VIEW.

They talk of the wearisome sameness of life;
Of its hollowness, mockery, sorrow and care;
They talk of its struggles and unending strife;
Yet, life is worth living, I think; don't you?

They talk of its snares, and its thorns, and its clouds,
But they leave out its sunshine, its flowers, and its joys;
They mope in its shadows, and wrap in its shrouds;
Why, life is worth living, I think; don't you?

They are deaf to its music, and blind to its light;
They taste not its sweetness, and feel not its warmth;
They have never met *your* girl, that's evident quite;
Then life is worth living, I *know*, don't you?

—*The Southern Collegian.*

"WHEN THIS ONE CALLS."

I thought that I had won her heart—
That she was mine alone,
No more would rivals rouse my fears,
Henceforth her love I'd own.

For she had asked, in tender tones,
In which true-love sighs were,
If I my latest photograph
Would kindly give to her.

Deceitful wretch! she gave it to
The maid who cleans the halls,
But first she wrote upon its back,
"I'm out when this one calls."

—*Ex.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

HUBERT MARTIN, Editor pro tem.

—'60–'61. Mr. W. C. Greene is practicing dentistry at Wilkesboro, N. C.

—'76. Dr. N. H. Street is taking a prominent stand, both as a business man and a physician, in the hustling city of Newbern.

—'78. Rev. Rufus Ford has just completed a $10,000 church building at Bennettsville, S. C.

—'81–'83. Mr. B. H. Knight is a successful physician at Williamston, N. C.

—'90. T. W. Bickett is a rising young lawyer at Louisburg, N. C.

—'91. R. L. Burns is a member of the law firm of Seawell & Burns at Carthage, N. C.

—'91. John A. Oates, editor of the *N. C. Baptist*, was married on the 20th instant to Mrs. Emma Estelle Dodd. The STUDENT extends congratulations.

—'92. Rev. J. W. Millard, pastor of the Eutaw Place Church, in Baltimore, has been elected a Trustee of the Theological Seminary at Louisville. We are glad to note that Mr. Millard has fully recovered his health.

—'92. C. D. Graves, who has been teaching in Edenton, has resigned his position and will enter the ministry. Mr. J. C. Kittrell ('93) has been elected to fill the vacancy.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor.

MISS GRACE FLOWERS, of Pierce City, Mo., is visiting Miss Mary Lanneau.

PROF. GULLEY tells us he is indebted to his "legal" friends, Messrs. T. M. Pittman and T. T. Hicks, of Henderson, for forty-one volumes of very valuable books.

DR. TAYLOR, Professors Brewer and Poteat, and a few of the students, attended the Southern Baptist Convention at Wilmington and report a very pleasant time.

THE STUDENT staff, elected by the societies for next year, are: *Eu.*—R. C. Lawrence editor, and Hubert M. Evans associate editor; *Phi.*—J. C. McNeill editor, and T. H. Lacy associate editor.

THE SPEAKERS elected for next Anniversary are: *Phi.*—Orator, J. D. Larkin; first debater, P. S. Carlton; second debater, W. L. Cahoon. *Eu.*—Orator, T. N. Johnson; first debater, Jackson Hamilton; second debater, A. W. Cooke.

THE improvement medal in the *Phi.* Society has been awarded to D. M. Stringfield, and in *Eu.* Society to A. W. Cooke. The orators' medals in *Eu.* Society are: Sophomore, D. M. Pressley; Junior, J. S. Snider; Senior (Tom Dixon medal), R. N. Simms, and Dixon essayest medal, R. C. Lawrence.

FIFTY rose bushes purchased in Dayton, Ohio, have just been planted in the Campus. The old bushes have been trimmed and worked, and many improvements made in the Campus this year. Much credit is due the committee, Profs. Gulley and Ferrell, who, instead of allowing servants to loaf about and smoke their pipes, put them to work on the Campus.

MISS LOUISE GORRELL, of Lexington, Va., a sister of our very popular Professor of Modern Languages, is visiting Misses Fannie and Mary Taylor.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION has organized for '97–'98 by electing Professor Paschal president, W. O. Williams captain, and J. C. Howard manager. These are excellent selections and we hope a good ball team will represent Wake Forest College on the diamond next year.

REV. T. C. STUDD recently paid us a visit and filled Dr. Gwaltney's pulpit on Sunday morning, and also spoke in the evening and at night. His theme was missions. He is an Englishman and has been in China ten years, but is now visiting the colleges in America, and will take a part in the summer school at Knoxville. He is a very fluent speaker and consecrated man.

WAKE FOREST played two games of ball with the Franklin, Va., team. In the first the score stood 11 to 4 in favor of Franklin; and second game, 5 to 1 in favor of Wake Forest. In the first game Franklin caught on to Edwards' balls and made their score in second and third innings; then Williams went into the box and no runs were scored on him. The second game was a good game from start to finish.

REV. E. M. POTEAT, of New Haven, Conn., stopped with his brother, Prof. Poteat, for a few days on his return from the Convention, and gave us a very good lecture on Patriotism. He seemed to be puzzled to know how our recent Legislature could turn a deaf ear to the educational needs and demands of the poor children of the State until *thousands* had been expended on higher education. He attributes it to a lack of patriotism of the majority of the Assembly, and we would like to add, a lack of principle. The friends of the poor, hungry and ragged children of the State asked a piece of dry bread for them; but the dude came along, in fine clothes, smoking his cigar, and his friends demanded the finest of cake, and cake he gets if the treasury holds out.

THIS YEAR Commencement began on Monday night with a lecture to the law class by Judge Walter Clark. His subject was "The Right of the Government to Control Freight Rates." He showed that this had been customary in ancient times, and referred to decisions of the Supreme Courts of many States which held it to be lawful and right. He said he had no war to wage on railroads, but that they would make more money and accommodate more people if they would reduce passenger and freight rates, as this would greatly increase the business of the road, and instead of running empty passenger cars they would be filled with people. The State has no right to interfere with the private business of people, but this is public, because they receive charters from the States for the benefit of the public, and can compel a right of way, and the people have a right to demand that they be for the public benefit. Editors, lawyers, judges and legislators are perfectly able to pay their way, and the poor people are charged high rates to pay for them. They not only have a right to know the salaries of railroad officers and the amount of their income, but will, sooner or later, make use of this right. Judge Clark is one of the foremost thinkers of his age, and is not afraid to speak his opinions. His address was clear and logical throughout. He paid a very high compliment to the law school and its professor.

THE EXERCISES Tuesday night were opened with prayer by Dr. McConnell, and after music by the band, the President of the Alumni Association, Rev. W. B. Morton, introduced the orator of the evening, Dr. L. G. Broughton.

His subject was "Christian Citizenship; or, the Relation of Secular to Sacred." He could not see why getting religion injured citizenship—for everything should be sacred unto God. Man born again is born again, and no power can shake him. Many men are so afraid of secularizing religion that they won't let it touch their daily life. But the time will come when it will be a disgrace to get rich. The society man

is generally the senseless dude, whose religion is not visible. Religion is not in politics to-day. A bill was introduced in the Virginia Legislature to prohibit preachers meddling in politics, and to make out for them a program for their daily work—so much time to visit, etc.—and only one hour was left for the preachers to sleep each day, and one minute to kiss their wives and babies. Preachers should be heard until the flow of sin at the church-door is stopped. There is no calculating the influence of environments. There are places in Greece where no vegetation will grow, on account of the odor from copper mines. So you cannot grow stainless christianity in a polluted atmosphere. A college that does not urge students to seek God fails to give culture. No man should tamper with the human mind, unless he is a child of God. The day when being the son of an ex-governor was sufficient to welcome a young man into the homes of the best people is gone, and a man must stand on his own merits. The question is, Who are you, and what can you do? The men in Congo Free States say to the missionaries: "Back to America, for your rum ruins more than missionaries can do good." Trace the cause of a man's getting whiskey in North Carolina, and it goes back to a majority of the voters. There is a continuous chain from the drunkard to the Christian, from hell to heaven, and where will the chain divide? No man has any power in saving souls, but in preserving them. The disposition to let alone the State and be content is why we support so many orphans and insane. Eighty-seven and one-half per cent of saloon licenses in New York are signed by men who complain of the poor. Let our religion go out and take hold of our citizenship. There will be a mighty struggle before the church triumphs. Such evils as socialism and communism are in search of the home life, and the remedy is for God's people, with ballot in one hand, coat of arms in the other, and God in the heart, to vote. Politics to-day have no sympathy for God. Once Napoleon's men were repeatedly

mowed down by Austrian bullets in attempting to storm their walls, until they refused to charge. Then Napoleon stepped up the ladder, and they rushed up and over, defeating the Austrian army in the name of France. So Christians have been waiting on politicians and praying. Now we should leap the walls of sin and defiance until the blood-stained banner of Christ is raised, until the world shall acknowledge that He is King.

After the address, the Alumni Association was called to order by the President, W. B. Morton. The class of '97 and a few other names were recommended by the Commlttee for Membership, and unanimously elected. E. E. Hilliard, of Scotland Neck, was elected orator for '98, and C. J. Thompson, of Virginia, alternate. A committee was appointed to revise the constitution, also one to consider publishing an annual.

WEDNESDAY MORNING came, and a very large crowd met in Memorial Hall to hear the literary address. Quite a number of distinguished men were seated on the stage. Among them were J. E. Ray, Capt. Kitchen, Rev. R. T. Vann, Dr. Skinner, E. E. Hilliard, J. C. Caddell, Carey Hunter, and others. The exercises were opened by Rev. R. T. Vann.

Hon. C. M. Cooke introduced ex-Senator Ransom as an unfaltering soldier, a great statesman, a wise man, and a noble citizen. Three times he has been elected to deliver the literary address at Wake Forest, and three times he has accepted.

Senator Ransom arose amid cheers and thanked the societies for the honor they had conferred on him by electing him so many times to this position.

The subject of his address was "Our Country and Its Government." He showed very plainly the relations between a country and its government. Air does not affect the physical universe more than government affects a country. As disease follows corruption in the world, so it follows corruption in government. He referred to the progress of one hundred

years. An increase of population from three to seventy-two millions of people; thirteen States grown to forty-five. A system of transportation unequalled, and a system of education unparalleled. Churches in sight of every home. Foreigners coming from every land to find liberty. Our commerce traverses every ocean—a power unequalled in human history.

What has brought about this change? A desert changed into a garden, a land of beauty and glory. One cause is the character of our government. One mind has done much. With seventy-two millions of souls, what will the consummation be? Clothes, engines, steamships, even flowers have been improved.

The poorest man now is a prince compared to the richest one hundred years ago. American liberty has done all this. No profession, no science, no art it has not improved. We ought to fall in thankfulness to God for this advancement. All this is to prepare us for the greatest question: Shall this Union be preserved, or shall it go down in sorrow and tears? It must be preserved. We can preserve it, and we will, if we are true to ourselves and our country. This institution and others similar to it are the support of the government; they are the greatest agencies for the preservation of the Union.

Lamps on the streets of New York prevent crime in that great city. Light always prevent crime. Let light be put upon the affairs of the government. How shall it come? It must be light on the soul; it must be knowledge. It must be brought about in schools, colleges aud universities. We can't give all college training, but we can make a general intelligence. You can't fool anybody with a yardstick and with weights; but the magician can impose upon people, because they don't know.

How shall we preserve the government?

1st. Cherish liberty. Ignorance is a despot. The ignorant are slaves of ignorance, the victims of fault. Educa-

tion tells us what is right and makes us do what is right. Let education prevail. It lifts a man to a higher life, nearer to his God. Educate the *people.*

2d. Make government just. Justice is the mother of peace, secret of success, the North star of the universe. It is such a composer of strength; such a peace-maker. Let this government be the fountain of justice. Put this test: Is it just? In everything, is it just?

3d. Keep the government pure. This is difficult, but not impossible. Men go to different places for a cure when in bad health, but sleep when there is corruption in the government.

4th. Teach your children, neighbors and yourselves to love their country. It is a noble sentiment. A man should love his country. It is his home, his fireside. Our government is helping mankind, improving all nations; the pride of the earth, the beauty of the earth. Let us love it. Man's first duty is to his God; then to his country. To fail to love it is a crime, a wrong, a sin!

Where does the safety of the government rest? Presidents may falter; senators, congresses, courts may go wrong. Safety lies in the *people*. Make them intelligent, just, pure, to love their country, and all trickery will fail. Other countries did not have the blessings we have: Christianity and the Saviour of mankind. We ought, we must preserve our country. Love country, truth and God; fear nothing but to do wrong. Let duty be your star. Let honor be the jewel shining on your bosom. There is no good, no excellence, no happiness without toil.

Aspire, look to the stars; but never forget your country. One joy will stand: The consciousness of good deeds done in life.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT exercises were opened by song and prayer by Rev. J. A. Campbell; reading by Rev. J. O. Alderman of 103d Psalm; prayer by Rev. J. B. Boone; then Dr.

F. C. McConnell, of Lynchburg, Va., read from 8th chapter of Romans and took for his subject: "Blessedness of believing or blessed state of believing." First, is our faith well founded? Second, will our church prove our overthrow? Third, will our fickleness prove our ruin? We are approaching an age of thought when emphasis must be put on the Bible. You and God are a majority in the field, on jury and everywhere. If you receive but one message, let that be, "make God your helper and support." No use for a religion that draws a man away from life and makes him dwell in other but one in man, government and law. A man ought sometimes to get righteously indignant. Do not be too good to kill a gnat, and too honest to tell the truth. Don't trust wholly in science and say the Bible is an Eastern tale. Wake Forest men believe in the Bible. Don't think that man is saved and then snatched away from this world before the devil can get him: Point to Calvary of purpose and idea of salvation. We are not authorized to go into sin because saved from death. Only he can do the best work who feels the Almighty arm around him. Do not do right for fear of hell—for a scare never carries a soul to heaven; but love of God draws with tendrils around us and draws us up. Do right because you love God. God justifies. No human parallel is sufficient to explain to us the full meaning of the word "justify." It means God has excused and has a *right* to excuse. No affection can chill the ardor for God. Many a time husband and wife are drawn closer together because they have lost a child. They have loved in pain. You can't get too high to remember God. Nothing can separate. After singing "Blessed Assurance," the congregation was dismissed by a short prayer by Dr. McConnell. Thus ended one of the best Baccalaureate sermons ever heard at Wake Forest.

ON THURSDAY morning the Trustees and Faculty occupied one end of the rostrum, and the largest senior class in the history of the College occupied the other. The exercises were

opened with prayer by Dr. Simms. Salutatory address by R. N. Simms. He said that no welcome was necessary, because the visitors had been there so long. He mentioned the Bible School as a new department, yet very popular. What a kingdom is without a king or queen, what a home is without a mother, what a wedding is without a bride, a commencement is without the ladies. Woman caused the downfall of man, but she has been toiling to restore him to his best estate. For a moment his enemy, for 6,000 years his best friend. His subject was "Meliorism." What is it? Betterism; the mean between optimism and pessimism. Pessimism looks at the darkest side; it is the creed of villains and devils. Optimism says the world is as good as can be; it is the creed of sluggards and fools. Meliorism sees both the good and the bad in the world, and finds a remedy for the bad; it is the creed of great and godly men. Our republic is developing into centralized power. Ill fares the country whose government grows while the people decay. The creed of meliorism is to right wrongs. The duty falls on the young men of to-day.

GREAVES—*Truth Triumphant.*

Forward seems to be the cry of the people to-day. Other creeds and forms are demanded, but truth will triumph over all. Error has sought to impress itself on all reforms. The gospel has been the rock of truth. Infidelity and skepticism have attempted to quench the truth. In science, error tries to down truth. True religion has nothing to fear from true science. No truth can ever be crushed.

SAMS—*Tyranny of Public Opinion.*

Governments have ever rested on public opinion; it is a powerful force in human affairs. Few have opinions, thousands have no opinion. People are swayed by passion other than by opinion. Manners, fashions and customs are works of public opinion. Public opinion is hostile to individuality; it is the source of corruption in politics. Public opinion is

fickle. One thing to-day, another to-morrow. Manhood is measured by a different standard.

LINEBERRY—*Freedom: Its Origin and Dangers.*

The tendency is to legislate principle into the people rather than to gratify their needs. Gladstone's law would be enacted were it not for public opinion. Opinion of people is wiser than that of a few. Danger of American institutions lies in centralization of wealth. Wealth is a blessing well used; a curse when misused. Let the youth consult the oracles of the living God and preserve the government.

CANNADY—*International Arbitration.*

The policy of the United States has always been for peace. Cleveland will go down in history as the greatest arbitrator of our country. Those who clamor for blood do not fight the battles. Arbitration is necessary on account of the cost of war. Six millions of lives were given for Napoleon's ambition. The war between the United States and Mexico cost the United States more than it would have cost to buy the territory gained. Ask a veteran, ask a Southern woman, ask a crippled soldier, ask a tax-payer, ask the United States what war is. The late war is a stain on our history. It cost the United States eight billions of dollars, more than the slaves were worth. It cost the North more than it would have cost to buy the slaves. War brings destruction. Arbitration, peace. Christian people are not doing their duty. Christian Armenia and Crete are being devastated and Christian Europe remains dormant. Six-hours ride from our coast we allow as brave soldiers as those who followed Washington to be butchered. A word from America would be sufficient.

HECK—*The Mission of the Poet.*

The function of the poet is to breath out the inner emotions of the soul. Poetry is the emotion in metrical language. All men are poets; that is, they are endowed with souls that delight in *something* beautiful. Can man forbear to exult in

the beauties of Nature? He who sees Divine beauty has touched the keynote of life. Poetry is the deepest truth known to us. The poet is a preacher declaring the truths of Nature.

HALL—*Political Bossism.*

Conditions are favorable for preservation of the government, but dangers threaten us. Commerce has experienced a revolution. The greatest trouble is not financial but moral distrust. All parties have bosses in States and sub-bosses in counties who control them. They buy and sell legislatures as men do groceries. They have taken the power from the people. What will be the result? The ends of the government cannot be accomplished unless the government is renovated.

MASHBURN—*How Shall we Readjust Ourselves to our New Conditions?*

Gold standard was the absorbing question during the last campaign; tariff is greatly agitated to-day, but these are not the greatest questions. The South has made wonderful progress, but greater glories are in store for her. The barrier of slavery no longer exists. She is developing all her resources. These new conditions address themselves not to the old men of the South, but to you and me who are young. Shall we be worthy to be called the sons of our fathers? We will be called upon to show our metal. We will have to oppose things now sanctioned by law. The highest destiny of the South must be reached by the education of all the people. Answer to the question is, have convictions and follow them. Let us give our best talent to get these principles into the people.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS BY G. R. KING.

There are great possibilities in school days. A wise man makes a mistake once; fools more than once. Labor will conquer. When we entered college we thought the Faculty were great men; our minds have changed since. Now we know they are great men. He referred very touchingly to the

pleasures of college life, to the kindness extended to students by the people of the Hill, and the honor of having so many visitors at Commencement.

ALL THE speakers acquitted themselves with honor. Dr. Taylor read the roll of honor and mentioned the high grade of Mr. Heck, of Raleigh. He then delivered diplomas to 7 who had merited the B. L. degree, 39 the A. B. degree, and 1 the A. M. degree. He then exhorted the young graduates to have high ideas of personal character; to labor and toil for distinction and to take God as their life's companion. Ex-Senator Ransom presented to the College and Phi. Society a handsome painting of John G. Williams. Dr. Taylor responded with very appropriate remarks. Dr. Skinner, President of the Board of Trustees, made a short report. Five hundred volumes have been given this year to the law library.

THURSDAY NIGHT was given up to the musical concert and the reception in the literary halls. It was an imposing picture to gaze over Memorial Hall and see the varying expressions which passed over the countenances of the throng. Bright eyes sparkled with anticipation as beautiful women thonght of conquests to be made that night. A strange quietness had come over the spirits of those who had just received the coveted diploma, and Sophomores were chattering as though their lives depended on the number of compliments they could pay before the night was over. Sweet strains of music mingled with the hum of conversation, and all went merry as a marriage bell. In the halls the pictures on the walls looked down on a joyous scene. The lights shone brightly, and displayed to advantage the fleecy, shimmering dresses of beautiful women and the commencement suits of brave men. But not every heart was glad and joyous; to some it was the hour of parting, and their lips refused to speak the emotions of the heart, and wistful, longing looks alone could tell the sad story. The windows and the dim corners

of the library have listened to many a secret, but they jealously guard the secret of low-whispered words and broken sighs.

The swift-gliding hours are almost gone, and the last word will soon be said, the last vow made, the last tender glance from eyes that carry a sweet message will be exchanged, and the curtain will fall on the last act. Even now the music is hushed, the halls are silent and deserted, the flowers are withered which but lately rejoiced the heart of the speaker, the lights are burned out, and the Commencement of '97 is a thing of the past. But friend will meet friend again, eyes shall sparkle and dance when they again look into other eyes, hands that clasped in farewell shall touch again in greeting, and words and tender vows shall again be whispered into listening ears. Time will show the results which follow this pleasant and enjoyable occasion.